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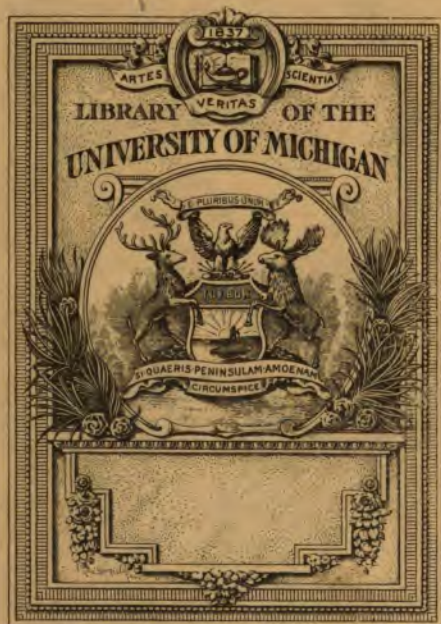
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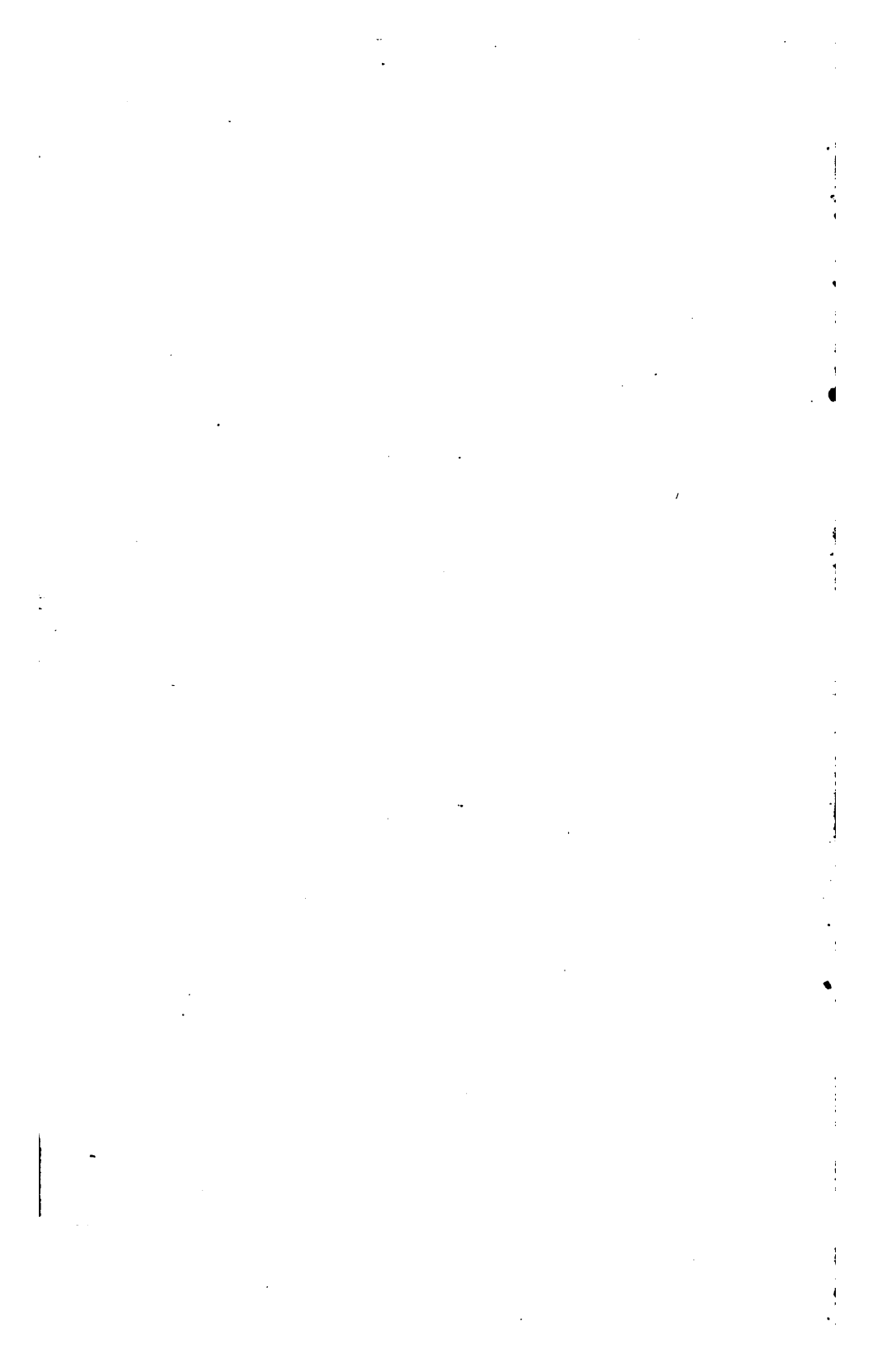
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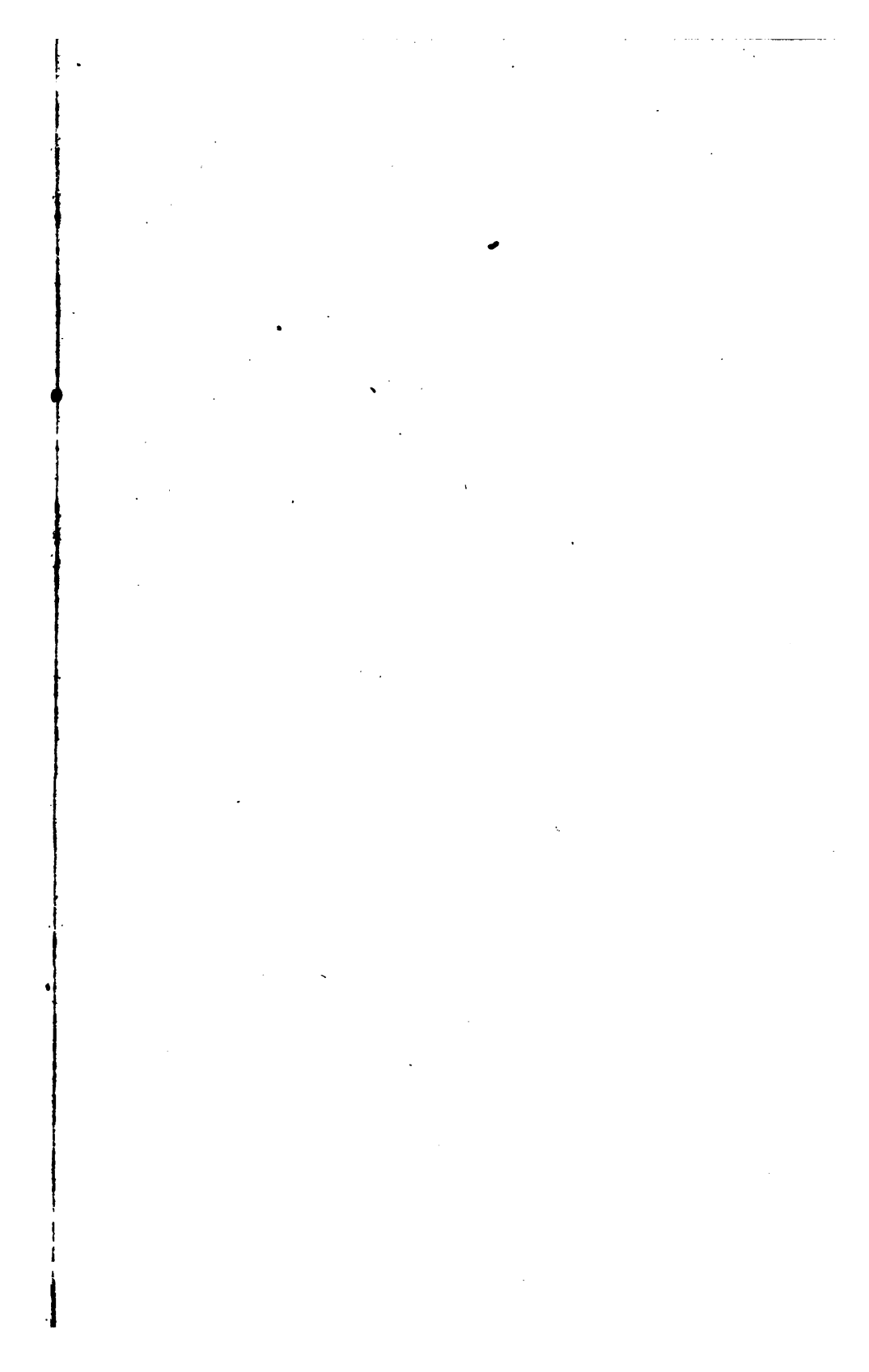
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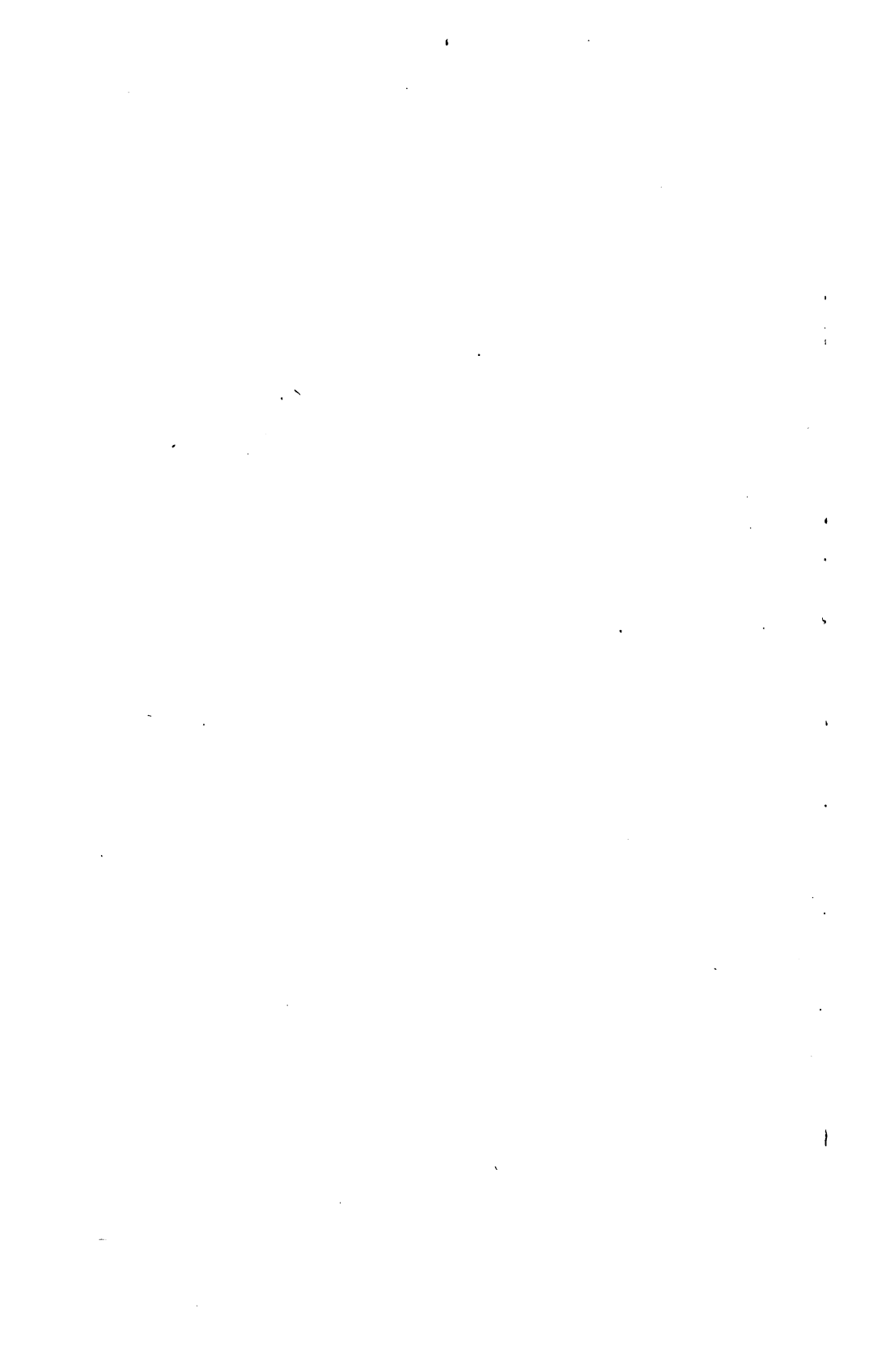
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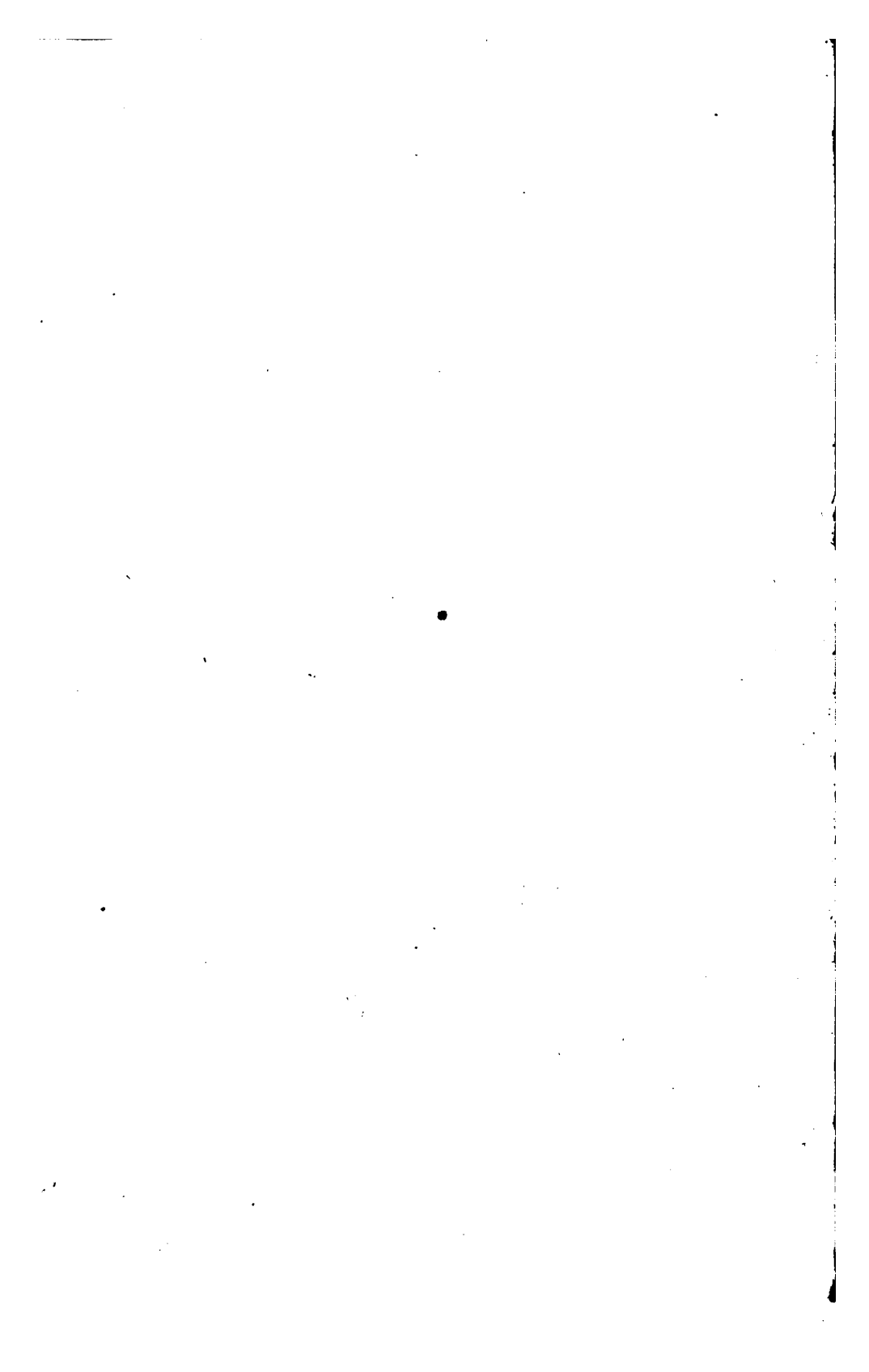
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CONTENTS

OF

VOL. VI.....NEW SERIES, VOL. I.

No. I.

- ART. I.—Selections from the Writings of Fenelon, with an Appendix, containing a Memoir of his Life. By a LADY. 1
- ART. II.—1. Mrs Hemans's Earlier Poems.
2. Records of Woman ; with other Poems. By FELICIA HEMANS. - - - - - 35
- ART. III.—Narrative of an Ascent to the Summit of Mont Blanc.
By JOHN AULDJO, Esq. - - - - - 52
- ART. IV.—1. Library of Useful Knowledge.
2. An Address delivered before the Members of the New Bedford Lyceum. By THOMAS A. GREENE. - - - - 71
- ART. V.—The Course of Time ; a Poem, in ten Books. By ROBERT POLLOCK, A. M. - - - - - 86
- ART. VI.—1. Letters of an English Traveller to his Friend in England, on the 'Revivals of Religion' in America.
2. A Sermon, preached in the Presbyterian Church at Troy, March 4, 1827. By Rev. C. G. FINNEY.
3. Letters of the Rev. Dr Beecher and Rev. Mr Nettleton, on the 'New Measures' in conducting Revivals of Religion. With a Review of a Sermon, by NOVANGELUS.
4. A Delineation of the Characteristic Features of a Revival of Religion in Troy. By J. BROCKWAY.

5. A Contrast of Josephus Brockway's Testimony and Statement. By a BRIEF REMARKER.
 6. Revivals of Religion, considered as Means of Grace; a Series of Plain Letters to Candidus, from his friend HONESTUS.
 7. The Importance of Revivals as exhibited in the late Convention at New Lebanon, by PHILALETHES. - - 101
- ART. VII.—1. The Franklin Primer.
2. Secondary Lessons, or the Improved Reader. By a FRIEND OF YOUTH.
 3. The General Class-Book, or Interesting Lessons, in Prose and Verse. By the AUTHOR OF THE FRANKLIN PRIMER, &c.
 4. Essays on the Philosophy of Instruction, or the Nurture of Young Minds. - - - - - 130
- ART. VIII.—Sabbath Recreations; or Select Poetry of a Religious kind. By Miss EMILY TAYLOR. First American Edition, by JOHN PIERPONT. - - - - 135

No. II.

- ART. I.—Remains of the late Rev. Charles Wolfe, A. B. Curate of Donoughmore, Diocese of Armagh. With a brief Memoir of his Life. By the Rev. JOHN A. RUSSELL, M. A. - - 137
- ART. II.—Correspondence between John Quincy Adams, Esquire, President of the United States, and several Citizens of Massachusetts, concerning the Charge of a Design to Dissolve the Union alleged to have existed in that State. - 146
- ART. III.—Provincial Antiquities and Picturesque Scenery of Scotland, with Descriptive Illustrations. By Sir WALTER SCOTT. - - - - - 170
- ART. IV.—1. Pelham, or Adventures of a Gentleman.
2. The Disowned. By the AUTHOR OF PELHAM. - - 173
- ART. V.—Memoirs of a New England Village Choir. With Occasional Reflections. By a MEMBER. - - - - 189
- ART. VI.—A Commentary on the Epistle to the Hebrews. By MOSES STUART. - - - - - 198

CONTENTS.

ART. VII.—1. Address of the National Society for Promoting the Observance of the Sabbath.	
2. Memorials to Congress on the Subject of Sunday Mails.	
3. Reports of Messrs JOHNSON and McKEAN, Chairmen of the Committees of the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States, to whom were referred the several Petitions on the Subject of Sunday Mails.	226
ART. VIII.—1. A Plea against Religious Controversy. By N. L. FROTHINGHAM.	
2. The Final Tendency of the Religious Disputes of the Present Day, impartially considered. By OLD EXPERIENCE.	241
ART. IX.—Memoir of Mrs Ann H. Judson, late Missionary to Burmah, including a History of the American Baptist Mission in the Burman Empire. By JAMES D. KNOWLES.	
	252
ART. X.—Letters written in the Interior of Cuba. By the late Rev. ABIEL ABBOT, D.D.	
	259

No. III.

ART. I.—1. Eighteen Sermons and a Charge.	
2. Sermons by the late Rev. John Emery Abbot, of Salem, Mass. With a Memoir of his Life, by HENRY WARE, Jun.	273
ART. II.—Examples of Questions, calculated to excite and exercise the Minds of the Young. By Mrs ELIZABETH HAMILTON.	
	287
ART. III.—1. Narrative of the Survey of the Intertropical and Western Coasts of Australia. By Captain PHILIP T. KING, R. N. F. R. S. &c. &c.	
2. Two Years in New South Wales; comprising Sketches of the Actual State of Society in that Colony; of its peculiar Advantages to Emigrants; of its Topography, Natural History, &c. &c. By T. CUNNINGHAM, R. N.	291
ART. IV.—1. A Grammar of the Modern Greek Language; with an Appendix, containing Original Specimens of Prose and Verse. By ALEXANDER NEGRIS.	

2. Article 'Greece' in the London Encyclopedia, and 'Neugriechische Sprache' in the German Conversations-Lexicon. - - - - -	324
ART. V.—A Commentary on the Epistle to the Hebrews. By MOSES STUART. - - - - -	330
ART. VI.—Winer's Hebrew Lexicon. - - - - -	347
ART. VII.—The New Testament in the Common Version, conformed to Griesbach's Standard Greek Text. - - -	353
ART. VIII.—The Republic of Cicero, translated from the Latin, and accompanied with a Critical and Historical Introduction. By G. W. FEATHERSTONHAUGH, Esq. - - -	370
ART. IX.—Essays on the Pursuit of Truth, on the Progress of Knowledge, and on the Fundamental Principles of all Evidence and Expectation. - - - - -	380
ART. X.—Natural Theology: or, Evidences of the Existence and Attributes of the Deity, collected from the Appearances of Nature. By WILLIAM PALEY, D. D. Archdeacon of Carlisle. With Paxton's Illustrations, Additional Notes, &c. &c. - - - - -	389
ART. XI.—The Journal of a Naturalist. - - - - -	393

I N D E X.

A.

- Abbot, Rev. Dr, his Letters from Cuba, 259
- Abbot, Rev. J. E., Sermons by, with a Memoir of his Life, 273, 281, *et seqq.* his character, 282
- Absentee, Miss Edgeworth's, her best work, 184
- Adams' correspondence, 146—his allegation of a Northern Plot, 146
- Alien and Sedition Laws, violent language of Virginia respecting, 169
- All Things to be Changed, 136
- Amended Text of the New Testament, 347—reasons for adopting an, 364
- Annals of the Parish, 86
- Annual Register, Edinburgh, prompted the ode on the death of Sir John Moore, 141
- Apollos, probably the writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews, 338.
- Apostles, the, miraculously instructed in Christianity, 344-347.
- Arcadia, Sir Philip Sydney's, 51
- Architecture, church, of Edinburgh, 171—of Boston, 172
- Augustin, quotes Cicero's Republic, 371, 372, 376
- Auldjo, John, his ascent to the summit of Mont Blanc, 52-71
- Australia, or New Holland, its singular structure, 291—attempts to explore, 292—its rivers, and conjectures respecting them, 293—its natural productions, 295—all its quadrupeds Marsupial, 295—its inhabitants, 301-320. See *Natives of Australia*.
- Authorship of the Epistle to the Hebrews, 198, 380. See *Epistle to the Hebrews*.
- Autumn Evening, by Rev. Mr Peabody, 136

B.

- Baillie, Mrs Joanna, her Dramatic Works, 52
- Balwhidder, the Rev. Mr, 86
- Barclay's Argenis, 180
- Bates's Four Last Things, 286
- Baxter, 235—his Saints' Everlasting Rest, 286
- Beattie, his paraphrase of Horace's version of Lucretius' theory of man, 377
- Beaumont and Fletcher's Plays, 51
- Beausobre, ascribes the Epistle to the Hebrews to Apollos, 339
- Beecher, Rev. Dr, his and Mr Nettleton's Letters on the 'New Measures,' 101—his letter to Beman of Troy, 105—his letter of advice to Mr Nettleton, 107—the projector of the famous New-Lebanon Convention, 108—his severe invectives against his Western brethren and their 'new measures,' 118-120—remarks on Davenport's revival, 119—said by Mr Beman to oppose revivals, because they were getting to be unpopular, 123—admits that disgraceful extravagances have attended the most notorious revivals, 126
- Bentley, on the various readings of Terence, 355
- Boswell's Life of Johnson, 183
- Botany Bay, its extent and population, 291
- Brief Remarker, his contrast of Brockway's Testimony and Statement, 101
- Brockway, J., his Delineation of the Characteristic Features of a Revival

- of Religion in Troy, 101—his account of the 'prayer of faith,' 120—of 'particularity in prayer,' 121
- Brown, Dr, on Cause and Effort, 383
- Bunting, the common, its devastations, 399
- Burke, 244—his power, 162
- Burman, 134
- Burning, instance of, without sensation, 393
- Buxtorf's Hebrew Lexicon, 347, 348
- Byron, Lord, on the literature of Modern Greece, 325, 327
- C.
- Cabot, George, an eminent Federalist, 166—his character as illustrative of that of the Federal party, 167
- Calvin, on 1 John, v. 7, 366
- Candidus, Honestus' Letters to, 101
- Cannibalism of the natives of Australia, 304
- Canonical books, what is meant by, 343—not a revelation, but the records of one, 344
- Cappe, 236
- Carpzov on the Epistle to the Hebrews, 340
- Catholic Religion, its power to form great and good men, 8-11
- Catholics and Protestants, reasons for mutual concessions, 8-11
- Characteristic Features of a Revival at Troy, 101
- Cheverus, Bishop, character of, 9
- Christians, the, generally Unitarians, 102—advocates of revival measures, 102
- Church Architecture, 171
- Church Music, whether to be performed by a choir, or the congregation, 193—letter upon, 194
- Cicero, his Republic, translated by Featherstonhaugh, 370—his vanity, 374
- Clarke, Dr, his attempt to ascend Mont Blanc, 64—his account of the loss of Dr Hamel's guides, 65
- Clarissa, Richardson's, 178, 181
- Classics, study of the, 379
- Cocceius' Hebrew Lexicon, 347
- Collation of manuscripts, what, 358, *note*—advantages of the, 359, 360
- Collins, the Deist, 355
- Commentary, Stuart's, on the Epistle to the Hebrews, 198, 330
- Condorcet, 188
- Congress, its legislation should be simple, 154—complaints of its inefficiency and the cause, 155
- Contrast, a, of Josephus Brockway's Testimony and Statement, 101
- Controversy, Religious, defended, 241
- Cook, Captain, 298, *note*.
- Cooper, 139
- Correspondence between J. Q. Adams and citizens of Massachusetts, 146
- Cottager in England, his progress, 397
- Course of Time, the, a poem in ten books, 86. See *Pollok*
- Cuba, Abbot's Letters from, 259—religion and priesthood of, 266
- Cumberland's novels, 183
- Cunningham, T., his Two Years in New South Wales, 291
- Custom houses, 157
- D.
- Dampier's account of the natives of Australia, 316
- Dante, 9
- D'Arblay, Madame, her novels, 183
- Death of Christ differently represented by St Paul and the writer to the Hebrews, 211
- Dermid, the Grave of, 143
- Des Cartes, 9
- De Saussure, his ascent of Mont Blanc 53, 71
- Devouassoud, his account of the loss of Dr Hamel's guides, 66
- Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, 71—Society for the, and its publications, 72
- Diomedes, has preserved parts of Cicero's Republic, 371
- Disowned, the, by the author of Pelham, 173—its character, 187
- Doddridge, 285
- Dog, the, of Australia, 296
- Dornford, and Henderson, their attempt to ascend Mont Blanc, 68
- Dream of Scipio, preserved by Macrobius, 371
- Dryden, 51—his poems, 179
- Duck bill, or Ornithorhynchus, of Australia, 296, *Note*.
- E.
- Ecclesiastical History, the want of one, and what should be its character, 4-6
- Edgeworth, Miss, her novels and books for children, 175, 177, 183
- Edinburgh Review, 88
- Education, remarks upon the prevailing modes of early, 132-135—early improvements in, 287
- Edwards, 88—admits that disgraceful extravagances have attended the most remarkable revivals, 126
- Eighteen Sermons and a Charge, 273—their literary character, 283, 284
- English Church, an illustration of the poverty of religious literature, 2-5

- English Traveller, letters of an, on the revivals of religion in America, 101—his remarks on the New-Lebanon Convention, 110—reviewed in the Spirit of the Pilgrims, 109, *note*
- Epistle to the Hebrews, not by St Paul, 198, 330—because the general character of the writer's mind differs from his, 199—because it limits the blessings of Christianity to the Jews, and in this differs from St Paul, 200–208—when written, if by St Paul, 204—its imagery from the Law, presents christian truths differently from St Paul, 208—speaks of Christ as a high priest, 208–211 its language on the death of Christ different from St Paul's, 211, *et seqq.*—its doctrine, on the whole, corresponds with St Paul's, 220—compared with the Epistle to the Romans, 224—would not have been addressed by Paul to the Jewish Christians at Jerusalem at any time, 331—and especially not when it must have been written, 332—the writer of it gives such notices of himself as to show that he was not St Paul, 333—ch. ii. 3, enough of itself to show it was not St Paul's, 335–338—probably by Apollos, 338—asccribed to Apollos by Beausobre, Luther, and Le Clerc, 339, 342—Corpuzov on the, 340—how the fact of its not being St Paul's affects the value of the work, 343—not canonical, 343
- Essays on Truth, Knowledge, and Expectation, 380
- Essenes, 341
- Eusebius on the Ebionites, 333
- Evidence and Expectation, essay on the principles of, 388
- Executive, contests for the office of the, dangerous to the Union, 161
- Experience, Old, on the Final Tendency of the Religious Disputes of the Present Day, 241, 244, 250
- F.
- Fanariotes, their influence upon the revival of Modern Greece, 326
- Featherstonhaugh's translation of Cicero's Republic, and its character, 370, 373
- Federalists, 146—their character, 165—enjoyed the confidence of Washington, 165—causes of their failure as a party, 166—not more unfaithful to the Union than others, 169
- Fenelon, selections from the writings of, 1—character of his mind and writings, 6—claimed by the Quakers, 6—charged with a refined Deism, 7—his insight into the human heart, 7—views of human nature, 7—his Telemachus, 7—memoir of his life, 1, 11—his habits of intercourse with all classes, 11—anecdotes respecting him, 12—the good Archbishop, 12, 13—his death, 13—popularity of his Reflections, 13—his style, 13—his system, or characteristic views examined, 14—his views of God, 14—of the perfection of the human soul, 15—of self-love and self-crucifixion, 15–24—of love to God, 25, *et seqq.*
- Fielding, 180—compared with Richardson and Smollett, 181
- Finney, Rev. C. G., his sermon at Troy, 101—seconded by the Western Recorder, 107—Mr Nettleton's remarks on his sermon, 116—Novanglus on the same, 116—defends the 'new measures', 122, 123—attributes opposition to them, to the grovelling state of the heart, 124
- Flint, Rev. Dr, his character of Dr Abbot, 259
- Franklin Primer, 130, 131
- Freeman, Rev. Dr, Sermons by, 273–281
- French Revolution, 147
- Friendship of Animals, example of, 399
- Frothingham, Rev. Mr, his Plea against Religious Controversy, 241, 246
- Furness, Rev. Mr, author of the 'Widow of Nain,' 136
- G.
- Galatians, Epistle to the, when written, 201
- General Class Book, by the author of the Franklin Primer and the Improved Reader, 130, 131
- Gesenius' Hebrew Lexicon, 347, 348, 350—translated by Gibbs, 352
- Gibbon, his attacks on Christianity, 4—the chief authority in ecclesiastical history to most English readers, 4—his remarks on modes of teaching, 134
- Gibbs' Gesenius' Hebrew Lexicon, 352
- Glowworm, natural history of the, 401
- 'God is good,' 136

Goldsmith, 177—his novel, 183
 Good, Dr, his abuse of the kindred dialects of the Hebrew, 349
 Greece, Modern, 324—changes of its language from that of Ancient, 325, 327—330—its literature, 325, 326, 327
 Greene, Thomas A., his Address before the New Bedford Lyceum, 71, 73, 83—on the name of Lyceums, 83
 Griesbach, his Standard Greek Text, the English N. T. conformed to, 353—363—a Trinitarian, 365
 Griffin, Dr, his remarks on the style of preaching of the Western Revivalists, 116
 Gusset's Hebrew Lexicon, 348

H

Hamel, Dr, his attempt to ascend Mont Blanc, 65, *et seqq.*
 Hamilton, Mrs, her Examples of Questions, and Hints to Parents, 237
 Hebrew Lexicography, its imperfections and sources, 347, 348, 349
 Hebrews, Epistle to the, Stuart's Commentary upon, 193, 330—authorship of, 198, 330. See *Epistle to the Hebrews.*
 Hemans, Mrs, her Earlier Poems, 35—43—extract from a letter of, 36—the Abencerrage, by, with extracts, 37—40—character of her versification, 40—on the death of the Princess Charlotte, 40—her apostrophe to Wallace, 42—her Records of Woman, 35, 43—47—Switzer's Wife, by, 44—her Edith, 45—the Spells of Home, by, extract from, 47—the variety of her genius, 48—her Cader Idris, 49—her dramas, 52—her Forest Sanctuary, 52
 Henderson, his attempted ascent of Mont Blanc, 68
 Honestus, his letters to Candidus on Revivals, 101—his character of the Western Recorder, 107
 Horace, his version of the theory of Lucretius, 377
 Hornet, its mode of destroying its prey, 403
 Howard's ascent of Mont Blanc, 70
 Human nature, its perfection, Fenelon's views of, 15, *et seqq.*—the hope of, 71—the poor chance it has had, 76—what it might be, contrasted with what it is, 72—77—means of improving it, 79—82
 Hummings in the air, 405

I

Impartiality in the General Government, a means of preserving the Union, 155
 Importance of Revivals, as exhibited at New Lebanon, 101
 Importance of the National Union, 147, *et seqq.* See *Union.*
 Improved Reader, 130, 131
 Infancy, its value as a season for instruction, 133
 Inquiry, prejudices against, examined, 381
 Insects, natural history of, 400
 Internal improvements, 156—objections to their being undertaken by Congress, 158
 Irenæus on the Ebionites, 333.

J

1 John, v. 7, still retained in the N. T. though spurious, 366—Calvin upon, 366—reasons for dropping it, 367
 Johnson's Lives, the poets commemorated in, 52—his *Rasselas*, 173, 183
 Boswell's Life of, 183—on the morality of works of fiction, 179
 Journal of a Naturalist, 393
 Judiciary of the United States, its importance as a means of preserving the Union, 160
 Judson, Mrs, Memoir of, 252—expediency of her missionary enterprise, 256
 Jugurtha in Prison, extract from Wolfe's, 141

K

Kangaroo, description of the, and its habits, 295, *note*, 297—an article of food, 503
 King, Capt., his work on Australia, or New Holland, 291
 Knowledge, essay on the progress of, 335
 Knowles, Rev. J. D., his Memoir of Mrs Judson, 252

L

Lactantius, the Christian Cicero, cites Cicero's Republic, 371, 376
 Leeke, Col., on the Orthography of Modern Greek, 329
 Legislation, importance of simplicity in, as a means of perpetuating the Union, 153
 Letter on Church Music, 194
 Letters of an English Traveller, on Revivals, 101—reviewed by the Spirit of the Pilgrims, 109, *note*

Library of Useful Knowledge, 71—
of Entertaining Knowledge, 72
Literature, national, importance of a,
164
Literature, religious, 1-6—its connex-
ion with religion recommended,
30, 81
Locke, 8, 244, 384.
Love to God, Fenelon's views of,
24-28
Lucretius' theory of man, 376—given
in substance by Horace, paraphras-
ed by Beattie, 377
Luther, 245
Lyceums, 82—remarks on the name,
83—their moral advantages, 83, 84
—an experiment, 84
Lylly's Euphuës, 51

M

Macrobius, the Dream of Scipio pre-
served by, 371, 378
Mai, Angelo, his discoveries among
the palimpsest MSS., and especially
of Cicero's Republic, 372 *et seqq.*
Mill, his collection of various read-
ings, 360
Manilius, variations of, 355.
Marsupial animals, the only quadru-
peds of Australia, 295
Martial, variations of, 355
Matanzas, landing at, 264—church
and services at, 267
Mather, Cotton, his warning, 103—
quoted, 277
Maury, Cardinal, his remark upon an
anecdote of Fenelon, 12
Maxims of Rochefoucauld, 7
Meletius, his Geography, 327
Memoirs of a New England Village
Choir, 189
Merusi, Prince Demetrius, his exer-
tions for Modern Greek, &c., 326
Methodists, the, are Arminians, 102—
were the first to reduce revival mak-
ing to a system, 102
Miller, Rev. Dr., his character of
Wolfe, 140
Milton, 86, 244—character of his
poetry, 51
Modern Greece, language and litera-
ture of, 324. See *Greece*.
Modern Poetry, character of, 50-52
Mole, the structure of its fur, 398
Mont Blanc, the summit of, Auldjo's
ascent to, 52-64—its height, 52—
Parcard and De Saussure's ascent
to, 53—the dangers of ascending,
53—date of first attempt to ascend,
54—Auldjo's descent from, 64—new
route discovered by Messrs Hawes
& Fellows, 61—prospect from, 63—
stillness and temperature of the air
on, 64—number of successful at-
tempts to ascend, 70
Moore, Sir John, Ode on the Death
of, 137, 141, 142
Morality of works of fiction, 176
Music Church, letter upon, 194
Mystical interpretation of the Old Tes-
tament by the Jews, 199

N

Napier, the inventor of logarithms,
notice of, by Sir Walter Scott, 170
National Literature, importance of,
164
Natives of Australia, their physical
characteristics, 301—their progress
towards civilization, 302—their food,
303—cannibals, 304—go naked, 304
their dwellings, 305—government,
305—their canoes, their propensi-
ty for war, and their weapons, 306-
311—interview with, at Port Bow-
en and other places, 311, 312—their
attacks upon the colonists of New
South Wales, 312—have but little
courage, 313—marriage among
them, 314—natural affections of,
315—their religion, 315—a misera-
ble people, 315, 316—insensible to
the value of European arts, &c, 317
—effects of their intercourse with
the colonists, 317—compared with
Africans and Americans, 318—arts
among them, 320
Natural History, on the study of, 395,
408—modes of taking life for the pur-
poses of, 406
Naturalist, Journal of a, 393
Natural Theology, Paley's, with Pax-
ton's Illustrations, 389
Negris, Alexander, his Modern Greek
Grammar, 324, 330
Nettleton, Rev. Mr., his and Dr
Beecher's Letters on the 'New
Measures' in conducting Revivals,
101—his letter to Mr Aikin, of
Utica, 105—charge against him by
the Western Recorder, 107—letter
to him from Dr Beecher, 107—op-
posed to the New Lebanon Conven-
tion, 108—his objections to it stated,
109—his account of Finney's 'New
Measures,' 116—his remarks on
Finney's Sermon, 116—admits that
disgraceful extravagances have at-
tended the most noted revivals, 126
Neugriechische Sprache, article in

- the German Conversations-Lexicon, 324
- New Holland, 291. See *Australia*.
- New Lebanon Convention, origin of the, 103—projected by Dr Beecher, 108—account of its proceedings, 109
- Mr Edwards's Resolutions at the, 111, 112—disappointment of the Eastern members at the result of, 113
- New South Wales, its extent and population, 291—its natural productions, 298—arrival of the first convicts in, 321
- New Testament, in the common version, prejudices respecting, 353, conformed to Griesbach's Text, and reasons for its general use, 353—363, *et seqq.*
- Novels and novel reading, 173
- O.
- Observance of the Sabbath, Address of the National Society for promoting the, 228—measures to secure it, 228—character of a proper, 231—utility of, 233
- Old Authors, on the study of, 387
- Origen on the Ebionites, 333—on the Essenes, 341
- Ornithorhynchus, or duck bill, of New Holland, 296, *note*.
- P.
- Paccard, his ascent of Mont Blanc, 53
- Paley, 3—his Evidences, 3, 4, 392—Horæ Paulinæ, 4—Moral Philosophy, 4, 392—Natural Theology, with Paxton's Illustrations, 389—his style, 389
- Palfrey, Rev. Mr, his English Testament conformed to Griesbach's text, and reasons for its general adoption, 364 *et seqq.*
- Palimpsests, account of the MSS. so called, 371
- Parry, John, his Selection of Welsh Melodies, 49
- 'Particularity in prayer,' account of, 121
- Paxton's Illustrations of Paley's Natural Theology, 389
- Peabody, Rev. Mr, author of the Autum Evening, 136—his Poetical Catechism for Children, 136
- Pelham, a novel, 178—its character, 184—187
- Pestalozzi's plan of education, 287, 288
- Philaethes, on the Importance of Revivals as exhibited at New Lebanon, 101—his comment on Mr Edwards's resolution, 112
- Philo, 339—on the Jewish high priest, 210—on the Essenes, 340
- Philosophy of Instruction, Essays on the, 130, 131
- Pierpont, Rev. John, his edition of, and additions to Emily Taylor's Sabbath Recreations, 135
- Plays, by Beaumont and Fletcher, 51
- Poetical Catechism for Children, Rev. Mr Peabody's, 136
- Pollok, Robert, his Course of Time, critique upon, 86—100—his notice of Unitarians, 87—his account of images painted on the walls of hell, 88—his philosophy, 89—his two principles, 90—his conception of a saint, 92—his description of God, 93—examples of his dilation, iteration, enumeration, and exclamation, 94, 95—his description of the judgment, 95—examples of his coarseness of conception, &c. &c. 97—100—remarks on the religious system upon which his poem is founded, 100—causes of his popularity, 100
- Porter, Miss, her novels, 183
- Post Office, its value as a means of preserving the Union, 159
- Poverty of Theological Literature, stated, illustrated, and accounted for, 1—6
- 'Prayer of Faith,' account of the, 120
- Preaching, practical or evangelical, 284—287—Unitarian eminently such, 286
- Presidency, contests for the, dangerous to the Union, 161—nature and importance of the office, 162—164
- Priesthood of Christ, how set forth in the Epistle to the Hebrews, 208
- Protestants and Catholics, reasons for mutual concessions, 8—11
- Q.
- Quarterly Review, on Mrs Hemans's Earlier Poems, 37
- Quintilian, on infant education, 134—his remark respecting Cicero, 374
- R.
- Reading, remarks upon the manner of instructing in, 132
- Received Text of the New Testament, how formed, 357—what changes in, required by the various readings, 357—what, 361—not so pure as a version made now might be, 362—reasons for improving it

- by, and changing it for, Griesbach's, 363 *et seqq.*
- Reformation, the, a controversy, 245—English, 246, *note.*
- Religion, its claims on intelligent men, 29, 30—its connexion with literature recommended, 30, 35—its power of imparting free action to the mind, 31—no enemy to the sportive and comic forms of composition, 32
- Religious books, their dulness, 1
- Religious Literature, 1-6—its poverty 2—of the English church, 2-5
- Remarker, Brief, his contrast of Brockway's Testimony and Statement, 101
- Republic of Cicero, notices of, in his other works, 370—passages of, preserved by the Fathers, 371—discovered by Mai, 372—analysis of, 373 *et seqq.*
- Restrictive System, involves a Constitutional question, 156—not politic, because not easily understood, 156—a source of discord, 156—duty of Congress in relation to, since its adoption, 169
- Review of a Sermon, by Novanglus, 101
- Revivalists, dissensions among the, 101, 122, 124—to be explained on philosophical principles, 104—as exhibited at New Lebanon, 109-113—not composed by that body, 113—nor by the publication of Dr Beecher and Mr Nettleton's Letters, 113—their political effects in the West, 114—their acknowledged tendency to promote 'Socinianism, Unitarianism, and Universalism,' 114—curious document published by the parties, 115
- Revival of Religion in Troy, its characteristic features, 101, 120-122—in the upper counties of New York, 101
- Revivals of Religion, Letters of an English Traveller on, 101—Messrs Beecher and Nettleton's Letters on the 'New Measures' in conducting, 101—considered as a means of grace, 101—their importance as exhibited in the New Lebanon Convention, 101—but recently in favor with Calvinists, 102—opposed not only by Unitarians, but by Catholics, Lutherans, High Churchmen, Quakers, and Universalists, 103—how regarded by some Presbyterians and Orthodox Congregationalists, 103
- Revival System, 102—its disorders opposed by some New-England Revivalists, 105—responsible for the extravagances always attending it, 127—its obnoxious measures not mere abuses, 128—not productive of more good than evil, 129
- Rhizos, on the revival of Modern Greece, 326
- Richardson's Clarissa, 178, 181—Pamela and Sir Charles Grandison, 181
- Rousseau, his objection to fables, 174
- Russell, Rev. John A., his Memoir of the Rev. C. Wolfe, 137
- S.
- Sabbath, on the, by a Lady of Boston, 136
- Sabbath, proper observance of the, 231, 240—utility of, 233-240
- Sabbath Recreations, Emily Taylor's, Pierpont's edition, 135
- School books published at Greenfield, 130
- Schultens, his abuse of the kindred dialects of the Hebrew, 349
- Scott, Sir Walter, his metrical romances, 52—his Provincial Antiquities, 170—his notice of Napier, 170, 171—on church architecture, 171—on novels and novel reading, 175—his delineations of character, 180—his success as a writer of fiction, 184
- Seasons, effects of different, on vegetation, 403
- Secondary Lessons, or the Improved Reader, 130, 131
- Sedgewick, Miss, her delineations of American manners, 189
- Self-crucifixion, Fenelon's views of, 15
- Self-love, remarks upon, 15-24
- Separation of the United States, evils of a, 149-152. See *Union.*
- Sequel to the Franklin Primer, 130, 131
- Sermon, a, Review of, by Novanglus, 101
- Sermons, Rev. J. E. Abbot's, 273—their literary character, 283
- Serpents, their power of infatuation, 398
- Simon's Hebrew Lexicon, 347, 350, 352
- Shakspeare, his calmness and cheerfulness, 34—his dramas, 51, 52, 147, 179—his Henry VIII and Cordelia, 178
- Sherwill, Captain, his attempt to ascend Mont Blanc, 64

- Slaves, their treatment in Cuba, 266
 Smollett, and his novels, 181, 182
 Snakes, venomous, of New South Wales, 299—cure for their bites, 300
 Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, its publications and plans, 71-73
 Sparrow, habits of the, 407
 Spirit of the Pilgrims, its review of the letters of an English Traveller, 109, *note*—its unredeemed pledge of an article on the New Lebanon Convention, 110, *note*.
 Steamboats and canals, importance of, to the Union, 159
 Sterne, as a novelist, 183
 Stewart, Dugald, anecdote of, 72
 Stock's Hebrew Lexicon, 347, 348
 Stuart, Moses, on the Epistle to the Hebrews, 198, 330
 Sunday Mails, Memorials, and Messrs Johnson & McKean's Reports to Congress upon, 226, 229
 Swan, black, of New South Wales, 298
 Swift, the Yahoo of literature, 179
 T
 Tariff,—See *Restrictive System*.
 Taylor, Emily, her Sabbath Recreations, 135
 Testimony and Statement, a Contrast of J. Brockway's, 101
 Terence, various readings of, 355
 Therapeutæ, a class of Essenes, 341
 Triad, a Welsh, 50
 Truth, essay on the pursuit of 380-383
 U
 Union, National, importance of the, 147—its chief benefits, 148—evils that would come from destroying it, 149-152—means of perpetuating it, 153—to be preserved by simplicity of legislation, 153—by impartiality in the General Government, 155—by the Post Office, 159—the National Judiciary, 160—endangered by contests for the Presidency, 161
 Unitarians, notice of, in Pollak's Course of Time, 87
 Unitarian Miscellany, poetry of, 136
 V
 Valetas, Spiridion, his translation of a work of Rousseau, 326
 Van Rensselaer, Dr, his ascent of Mont Blanc, 70
 Various readings of the Scriptures, what, and their number, 354—those of the N. T. do not affect doctrines, and could not be avoided in common course of things, 354—unreasonable to expect that the N. T. should be exempt from this course, 357—what alterations of the received text they require, 357—how made so many, 358—the number of those that are important, 359—Mill's collection of, 360—1 John, v. 7, the most important of the, 366—1 John, v. 13, an example of one of merely critical importance, 366
 Vicar of Wakefield, 173, 183
 Village Choir, Memoirs of a New England, 189
 Virginia on the Alien and Sedition Laws, 169
 Vegetation, as effected by different seasons, 403
 W
 Ware, Rev. H., Jr, Memoir of the Rev. J. E. Abbot, by, 273
 Wasp, its nest, 402—its prey, 403
 Welsh Melodies, Selection of, with characteristic words, by Mrs Hemans, 49
 Welsh Triad, descriptive of the attributes of genius, 50
 Western Recorder, the, an advocate of the 'new measures' in Revivals, 107—its charges against Mr Nettleton, 107
 Whitefield & Wesley, their modes of getting power imitated by some of the Congregational and Presbyterian clergy, 123
 'Widow of Nain,' ascribed to Rev. Mr Furness, 136
 Winer's Hebrew Lexicon, 347—on the basis of Simon's, 350—his article on the name of God and its plural, 351
 Wolfe, Rev. Charles, Remains of, 137—his Ode on the Death of Sir John Moore, 141—outlines of his biography, 138—his death, 139—his Jugurtha in Prison, 141—his Grave of Dermid, 143—his words for the air of Gramachree, 144

THE CHRISTIAN EXAMINER.

NO. XXXI.

NEW SERIES—NO. I.

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ART. I.—*Selections from the Writings of Fenelon; with an Appendix, containing a Memoir of his Life.* By a LADY. Boston. Hilliard, Gray, Little, and Wilkins. 1829. 12mo. pp. 283.

WE are glad to begin a new series with introducing and recommending to our readers the book which stands at the head of this article. An attractive and quickening work on practical religion we regard as a valuable accession to our literature. Indeed anything written with power on christian morals and theology is most welcome. It is too true, and a sad truth, that religious books are preeminently dull. If we wished to impoverish a man's intellect, we could devise few means more effectual, than to confine him to what is called a course of theological reading. The very subject, to which, above all others, the writer should bring his whole strength of thought and feeling, which allies itself to our noblest faculties, to which reason, imagination, taste, and genius should bring their richest tribute and consecrate their noblest efforts, is of all subjects treated most weakly, tamely, and with least attractions. Of course there are splendid exceptions, but we speak of the immense majority of theological books. It is wonderful how men can think and write upon religion to so little effect. That a theme so vast, so sublime as Christianity, embracing God and man, earth and heaven, time and eternity, connected intimately with

all human history, deriving lights from all human experience, admitting application to the whole of human life, and proposing as its great end the everlasting progress of the soul—that such a subject should be treated so monotonously as to be proverbially dull, that its professed explorers should be able to plant their footsteps so exactly in the track of their predecessors, that the boundlessness of the field should so seldom tempt an adventurous spirit from the beaten way, is wonderful, and might seem a miracle to a man unacquainted with the vassalage which has broken down the mind in the department of religion. It is true, that those who write on this topic are accustomed to call it sublime; but they make its sublimity cold and barren, like that of mountain tops, wrapped in everlasting snows. We write this, not in severity, but in sorrow of heart; for we despair of any great progress of the human character or of society, until the energies of the mind shall be bent, as they seldom have been, on those most important subjects and interests of the human mind, morals and religion.

As a striking proof of the poverty of religious literature, and of the general barrenness of the intellect when employed in this field, we may refer to the small amount of original and productive thought in the English church since the days of Barrow and Taylor. Could our voice be heard in England, we would ask impartial and gifted men, more familiar with their country's history than ourselves, to solve the problem, how a Protestant Establishment, so munificently endowed with the means of improvement, should have done so little, in so long a period, for Christianity, should have produced so few books to interest the higher order of minds. Let not these remarks be misunderstood, as if we were wanting in respect and gratitude to a church, which, with all its defects, has been the bulwark of Protestantism, which has been illustrated by the piety and virtues of such men as Bishops Wilson, Berkeley, and Heber, and in which have sprung up so many institutions, consecrated to humanity, and to the diffusion of the christian faith. We mean not to deny it the honor of having fostered talent in various forms and directions. Among the English clergy we find profound and elegant scholars; we find the names of those giants in ancient learning, Bentley and Parr, and a crowd of proficients in polite literature, of whom Hurd and Jortin are honorable representatives. We speak only of the deficiency of their contributions to moral and religious science. With the exception of Clarke and Butler,

we could not easily name any of the Establishment, since the time above specified, who have decidedly carried forward the human intellect. The latter of these is indeed a great name, notwithstanding the alleged obscurities of his style, and worthy to be enrolled among the master spirits of the human race. In regard to commentators, whose function, as commonly executed, holds a second rank in theology, the English church, since the time of Hammond, has produced none of much value, except Bishop Pearce. We presume that she will not lay claim to the heretical Locke, who carried into the interpretation of the scriptures the same force of thought, as into the philosophy of the mind; or to Whitby, whose strenuous Arminianism, as Orthodoxy would reproachingly say, tapered off into that most suspicious form of Christianity, Unitarianism. We have not yet named two of the most illustrious intellectual chiefs of the church, Warburton and Horsley. Their great power, we most readily own; but Warburton is generally acknowledged to have wasted his mind, and has left no impression of himself on later times; whilst Horsley, though he has given us striking, if not judicious, sermons, in a style of unusual vigor, cannot be said to have communicated, in any respect, a new impulse to thought, and in biblical criticism, to which he was zealously devoted, he is one of the last authorities on which a sound mind would lean. To Bishops Lowth and Sherlock we cheerfully acknowledge our obligations; and we question whether the latter has ever yet received his due praise. We fear that a higher place is given to Bishop Horne and his disciple Jones. The rank which these writers hold, does not testify favorably to the intellectual progress of the English church. It is as dark an omen, as the value attached by the Calvinistic Dissenters to such writers as the Rev. Messrs Scott and Newton. The piety of these men we honor; but what must posterity think of the illumination of an age, which numbers these among its brightest lights! We have not forgotten, though we have not named, Tillotson, Secker, and Porteus. They are all worthy of remembrance, especially Secker, the clear and wise expounder of christian ethics; but they added little or nothing to the stock which they received. It may be thought, that we have not been just to the Establishment, in passing over Paley. He has our sincere admiration. On one great topic, which indeed has been worthily treated by many of the clergy, we mean that of christian evidence, he has shed new

light. By felicity of arrangement and illustration, he has given an air of novelty to old arguments, whilst he has strengthened his cause by important original proofs. His *Horæ Paulinæ* is one of the few books destined to live. Paley saw what he did see, through an atmosphere of light. He seized on the strong points of his subject with an intuitive sagacity, and has given his clear, bright thoughts, in a style which has made them the property of his readers almost as perfectly as they were his own. In what then did he fail? We have said, that he was characterized by the distinctness of his vision. He was not, we think, equally remarkable for its extent. He was popular, rather than philosophical. He was deficient in that intellectual thirst, which is a chief element of the philosophical spirit. He had no irrepressible desire to sound the depths of his own nature, or to ascend to wide and all-reconciling views of the works and ways of God. Moral philosophy he carried backward, nor had he higher claims in religious, than in ethical science. His sermons are worthy of all praise, not indeed for their power over the heart, but for their plain and strong expositions of duty, and their awakening appeals to the conscience.

We leave this topic with observing, that in the noblest branch of history, we mean christian or ecclesiastical history, the English church has not furnished a single distinguished name. We have one mournful and decisive proof of this deficiency. The vast majority of English readers learn what they know of the progress and fortunes of their religion, from its foe and insulter, from Gibbon, the apostle of unbelief. The history of Christianity, the most important and sublime theme in this province of literature, has as yet found no writer to do it justice, none to be compared with the great names in civil history. The mightiest revolution in the records of our race remains to be worthily told. We doubt indeed, whether the true character, style, and extent of the work which is needed, are as yet comprehended. That the same rigorous impartiality, the same spirit of philosophical research into causes and effects, is to be carried into religious as into civil history, is imperfectly understood. The records of particular sects and churches, instead of exhausting this great subject, are perhaps subordinate parts. We want to know the great conflict between Christianity and Heathenism, and the action and reaction of these systems on one another. We want to know the influences of Christianity on society, politics, manners, philosophy, and literature,

and the modifications which it has received in return from all these mighty agents. We know not where history can find a nobler field for its graphic powers, than in the chivalrous ages of Christianity; nor can it find in its whole range over the past, a subject so fitted, as the spread and fortunes of this religion, to its great end, which is, to throw light on the nature and powers of man, and to carry us deep into the human soul. When is this greatest and most lamentable chasm in our literature to be supplied?

We have cited the English church as a proof of the unproductiveness of the intellect in religion, and of the barrenness of theological literature. Had we time, we might find corroborations in other sects. In truth a paralysing influence has been working mightily for ages in the christian world, and we ought not to wonder at its results. Free action has been denied to the mind, and freedom is an essential condition of growth and power. A fettered limb moves slowly and operates feebly. The spirit pines away in a prison; and yet to rear prison walls round the mind has been the chief toil of ages. The mischiefs of this intellectual bondage, are as yet, we conceive, but imperfectly known, and need to be set forth with a new eloquence. If, as we believe, progress be the supreme law of the soul and the very aim of its creation, then no wrong can be inflicted on it so grievous, as to bind it down everlastingly to a fixed, unvarying creed, especially if this creed was framed in an age of darkness, crime, and political and religious strife. This tyranny is preeminently treason against human nature. If growth be the supreme law and purpose of the mind, then the very truth which was suited to one age, may, if made the limit of future ones, become a positive evil; just as the garment in which childhood sports with ease and joy, would irritate and deform the enlarging frame. God, having framed the soul for expansion, has placed it in the midst of an unlimited universe to receive fresh impulses and impressions without end; and man, 'dressed in a little brief authority,' would sever it from this sublime connexion, and would shape it after his own ignorance, or narrow views. The effects are as necessary as they are mournful. The mind, in proportion as it is cut off from free communication with nature, with revelation, with God, with itself, loses its life, just as the body droops, when debarred from the fresh air and the cheering light of heaven. Its vision is contracted, its energies blighted, its movement

constrained. It finds health only in action. It is perfect, only in as far as it is self-formed.—Let us not be misapprehended. We mean not to deny that the mind needs the aid of human instruction, from the cradle to the grave; but this it needs as a material to act upon, and not as a lesson to be mechanically learned. The great aim of instruction should be to give the mind the consciousness and free use of its own powers. The less of instruction the better, if it only propose to engender a slavish dependence and an inert faith. The soul often owes its best acquisitions to itself. They come to it from glimpses of its own nature, which it cannot trace to human teaching, from the whispers of a divine voice, from stirrings and aspirations of its own unfolding and unbounded energies, from the indistinct dawning of new truths, or from the sudden brightening of old truths, which, if left to act freely, work a mighty revolution within. Against these inspirations, if so they may be called, which belong to the individual, and which are perpetually bursting the limits of received ideas, the spirit of religious tyranny wages its chief and most unrelenting war. It dreads nothing so much as a mind, in which these diviner motions manifest themselves in power. That it should have so succeeded in checking and stifling them, is one of the very mournful reflections forced on us by human history. We have here one great cause of the sterility of theological literature. Religion, by being imposed as a yoke, has subdued the faculties, which it was meant to quicken; and, what is most worthy of remark, like all other yokes, it has often excited a mad resistance, which has sought compensation for past restraints in licentiousness, and disgraced the holy name of freedom, by attaching it to impiety and shameless excess.

A great subject has led us far from our author. We return to him with pleasure. We welcome, as we have said, a book from Fenelon; and we do so because, if not a profound, he was an original thinker, and because, though a Catholic, he was essentially free. He wrote from his own mind, and seldom has a purer mind been tabernacled in flesh. He professed to believe in an infallible church; but he listened habitually to the voice of God within him, and speaks of this in language so strong, as to have given the Quakers some plea for ranking him among themselves. So little did he confine himself to established notions, that he drew upon himself the censures of his church, and, like some other Christians whom we could name,

has even been charged with a refined Deism. His works have the great charm of coming fresh from the soul. He wrote from experience, and hence, though he often speaks a language which must seem almost a foreign one to men of the world, yet he always speaks in a tone of reality. That he has excesses we mean not to deny ; but they are of a kind which we regard with more than indulgence, almost with admiration. Common fanaticism we cannot away with ; for it is essentially vulgar, the working of animal passions, sometimes of sexual love, and oftener of earthly ambition. But when a pure mind errs, by aspiring after a disinterestedness and purity not granted to our present infant state, we almost reverence its errors ; and still more, we recognise in them an essential truth. They only anticipate and claim too speedily the good for which man was made. They are the misapprehensions of the inspired prophet, who hopes to see in his own day, what he was appointed to promise to remoter ages.

Fenelon saw far into the human heart, and especially into the lurkings of self-love. He looked with a piercing eye through the disguises of sin. But he knew sin, not, as most men do, by bitter experience of its power, so much as by his knowledge and experience of virtue. Deformity was revealed to him by his refined perceptions and intense love of moral beauty. The light, which he carried with him into the dark corners of the human heart, and by which he laid open its most hidden guilt, was that of celestial goodness. Hence, though the severest of censors, he is the most pitying. Not a tone of asperity escapes him. He looks on human error with an angel's tenderness, with tears which an angel might shed, and thus reconciles and binds us to our race, at the very moment of revealing its corruptions.

That Fenelon's views of human nature were dark, too dark, we learn from almost every page of his writings ; and at this we cannot wonder. He was early thrown into the very court, from which Rochefoucault drew his celebrated *Maxims*, perhaps the spot, above all others on the face of the earth, distinguished and disgraced by selfishness, hypocrisy, and intrigue. When we think of Fenelon in the palace of Louis XIV., it reminds us of a seraph sent on a divine commission into the abodes of the lost ; and when we recollect that in that atmosphere he composed his *Telemachus*, we doubt whether the records of the world furnish stronger evidence of the power of a divine

virtue, to turn temptation into glory and strength, and to make even crowned and prosperous vice a means of triumph and exaltation.—Another cause of Fenelon's unjust views of human life, may be found, we think, in his profession. All professions tend to narrow and obscure the intellect, and none more than that of a priest. We know not indeed a nobler or more useful function than that of the christian minister; but superstitious notions and an imagined sanctity, have severed him more or less from his race, especially in a church which dooms him to celibacy, and from this unnatural, insulated position, it is impossible for him to judge justly of his kind.—We think too, that Fenelon was led astray by a very common error of exalted minds. He applied too rigorous and unvarying a standard to the multitude. He leaned to the error of expecting the strength of manhood in the child, the harvest in seed-time. On this subject, above all others, we feel that we should speak cautiously. We know that there is a lenity towards human deficiencies full of danger; but there is, too, a severity far more common, and perhaps more ruinous. Human nature, as ordinarily exhibited, merits rebuke; but whoever considers the sore trials, the thick darkness, the impetuous will, the strong passions, under which man commences his moral probation, will temper rebuke with pity and hope. There is a wisdom, perhaps the rarest and sublimest attainment of the intellect, which is at once liberal and severe, indulgent and unbending; which makes merciful and equitable allowance for the innocent infirmities, the necessary errors, the obstructions and temptations of human beings, and at the same time asserts the majesty of virtue, strengthens the sense of accountableness, binds on us self-denial, and points upward, with a never ceasing importunity, to moral perfection as the great aim and only happiness of the human soul. We will not say that Fenelon was a stranger to this broad, comprehensive wisdom, but we cannot name it as his chief distinction.

We have said that we welcome the book under consideration, because it came from so pure and gifted a mind. We add, that we do not welcome it the less for coming from a Catholic. Perhaps we prize it the more; for we wish that Protestantism may grow wiser and more tolerant, and we know not a better teacher of these lessons than the character of Fenelon. Such a man is enough to place within the pale of our charity, the whole body to which he belonged. His virtue is broad enough

to shield his whole church from that unmeasured, undistinguishing reprobation with which Protestant zeal has too often assailed it. Whoever remembers, that the Catholic communion numbers in its ranks more than one hundred millions of souls, probably more than all other christian churches together, must shudder at the sentence of proscription, which has sometimes been passed on this immense portion of human beings. It is time that greater justice were done to this ancient and wide-spread community. The Catholic church has produced some of the greatest and best men that ever lived, and this is proof enough of its possessing all the means of salvation. Who, that hears the tone of contempt, in which it is sometimes named, would suspect that Charlemagne, Alfred, Dante, Raphael, Michael Angelo, Tasso, Bossuet, Pascal, Des Cartes, were Catholics? Some of the greatest names in arts and arms, on the throne and in the pulpit, were worn by Catholics. To come down to our own times, has not the metropolis of New England witnessed a sublime example of christian virtue in a Catholic bishop? Who, among our religious teachers, would solicit a comparison between himself and the devoted Cheverus? This good man whose virtues and talents have now raised him to high dignities in church and state, who now wears in his own country the joint honors of an archbishop and a peer, lived in the midst of us, devoting his days and nights, and his whole heart, to the service of a poor and uneducated congregation. We saw him declining, in a great degree, the society of the cultivated and refined, that he might be the friend of the ignorant and friendless; leaving the circles of polished life, which he would have graced, for the meanest hovels; bearing, with a father's sympathy, the burdens and sorrows of his large spiritual family; charging himself alike with their temporal and spiritual concerns; and never discovering, by the faintest indication, that he felt his fine mind degraded by his seemingly humble office. This good man, bent on his errands of mercy, was seen in our streets under the most burning sun of summer, and the fiercest storms of winter, as if armed against the elements by the power of charity. He has left us, but not to be forgotten. He enjoys among us what to such a man must be dearer than fame. His name is cherished where the great of this world are unknown. It is pronounced with blessings, with grateful tears, with sighs for his return, in many an abode of sorrow and want; and how can

we shut our hearts against this proof of the power of the Catholic religion to form good and great men?

These remarks, we trust, will not be perverted. None will suspect us of Catholic partialities. Of all Protestants, we have fewest sympathies with the Romish church. We go farther than our brethren, in rejecting her mysteries, those monuments of human weakness; and as to her claims to infallibility, we repel them with an indignation not to be understood by sects, which, calling themselves Protestant, renounce in words, but assert in practice, a Popish immunity from error, a Popish control over the faith of their brethren. To us, the spiritual tyranny of Popery is as detestable as oriental despotism. When we look back on the history of Papal Rome, we see her, in the days of her power, stained with the blood of martyrs, gorged with rapine, drunk with luxury and crime. But what then? Is it righteous to involve a whole church in guilt, which, after all, belongs to a powerful few? Is it righteous to forget, that Protestantism, too, has blood on her robes? Is it righteous to forget, that Time, the greatest of reformers, has exerted his silent, purifying power on the Catholic as well as on ourselves? Shall we refuse to see, and to own with joy, that Christianity, even under Papal corruptions, puts forth a divine power? that men cannot wholly spoil it of its celestial efficacy? that, even under its most disastrous eclipse, it still sheds beams to guide the soul to heaven? that there exists in human nature, when loyal to conscience, a power to neutralize error, and to select and incorporate with itself what is pure and ennobling in the most incongruous system? Shall we shut our eyes on the fact, that among the clergy of the Romish church have risen up illustrious imitators of that magnanimous apostle, before whom Felix trembled; men, who, in the presence of nobles and kings, have bowed to God alone, have challenged for his law uncompromising homage, and rebuked in virtue's own undaunted tone triumphant guilt? Shall we shut our eyes on the fact, that from the bosom of this corrupt church, have gone forth missionaries to the east and the west, whose toils and martyrdom, will not be dimmed by comparison with what is most splendid in Protestant self-sacrifice? We repeat it, not boastingly, but from deep conviction, that we are exceeded by no sect in earnestness of desire for the subversion of the usurped power of the Catholic church, of its false doctrines, and of its childish ceremonies so often substituted for inward virtue. We believe that these have

wrought, and still work great evil. Still we see and delight to see, among those who adhere to them, the best attributes of men and Christians. Still we are accustomed to refresh our piety by books which Catholics have written. Still we find one of our highest gratifications in those works of art, in which Catholic genius has embodied its sublime and touching conceptions of the form and countenance of Jesus, has made us awed witnesses of his miracles and cross, companions of his apostles, and admirers, with a tender reverence, of the meek, celestial beauty of his sainted mother. With these impressions, and this experience, we cannot but lift up our voices against Protestant as well as Papal intolerance. We would purify Protestantism from the worst stain and crime of Rome, her cruel bigotry, her nefarious spirit of exclusion.

It would give us pleasure to enlarge on the character of Fenelon, had we not proposed to ourselves another and still more important object in this review. But, in truth, this grateful duty has been so faithfully performed in the Memoir added to the Selections, that our readers will have no cause to complain of our declining it. This sketch of Fenelon overflows with fervent yet discriminating admiration, and gives utterance to affectionate reverence, with a calmness which wins our confidence. It is not easy to make extracts where the whole is so interesting. But as some of our readers may know Fenelon only by name, and as we wish all to know and love him, we insert a few passages.

'Fenelon, by mixing with all ranks and conditions, by associating with the unfortunate and the sorrowful, by assisting the weak, and by that union of mildness, of energy, and of benevolence, which adapts itself to every character, and to every situation, acquired the knowledge of the moral and physical ills which afflict human nature. It was by this habitual and immediate communication with all classes of society, that he obtained the melancholy conviction of the miseries which distress the greater part of mankind; and to the profound impression of this truth through his whole life, we must ascribe that tender commiseration for the unfortunate, which he manifests in all his writings, and which he displayed still more powerfully in all his actions.' pp. 263-4.

'In the course of his walks, he would often join the peasants, sit down with them on the grass, talk with them, and console them. He visited them in their cottages, seated himself at table with them, and partook of their humble meals. By such kind-

ness and familiarity, he won their affections, and gained access to their minds. As they loved him as a father and friend, they delighted to listen to his instructions, and to submit to his guidance. Long after his death, the old people who had the happiness of seeing him on these occasions, spoke of him with the most tender reverence. "There," they would say, "is the chair on which our good Archbishop used to sit in the midst of us; we shall see him no more," and then their tears would of flow.

'The diocese of Cambrai was often the theatre of war, and experienced the cruel ravages of retreating and conquering armies. But an extraordinary respect was paid to Fenelon by the invaders of France. The English, the Germans, and the Dutch, rivalled the inhabitants of Cambrai in their veneration for the Archbishop. All distinctions of religion and sect, all feelings of hatred and jealousy that divided the nations, seemed to disappear in the presence of Fenelon. Military escorts were offered him, for his personal security, but these he declined, and traversed the countries desolated by war, to visit his flock, trusting in the protection of God. In these visits, his way was marked by alms and benefactions. While he was among them, the people seemed to enjoy peace in the midst of war.

'He brought together into his palace, the wretched inhabitants of the country whom the war had driven from their homes, and took care of them, and fed them at his own table. Seeing one day that one of these peasants ate nothing, he asked him the reason of his abstinence. "Alas! my Lord," said the poor man, "in making my escape from my cottage, I had not time to bring off my cow, which was the support of my family. The enemy will drive her away, and I shall never find another so good." Fenelon, availing himself of his privilege of safe conduct, immediately set out accompanied by a single servant, and drove the cow back himself to the peasant.

"This," said Cardinal Maury, "is perhaps the finest act of Fenelon's life." He adds, "Alas! for the man who reads it without being affected." Another anecdote, showing his tenderness to the poor, is thus related of him. A literary man, whose library was destroyed by fire, has been deservedly admired for saying, "I should have profited but little by my books, if they had not taught me how to bear the loss of them." The remark of Fenelon, who lost his in a similar way, is still more simple and touching. "I would much rather they were burnt, than the cottage of a poor peasant."

'The virtues of Fenelon give his history the air of romance; but his name will never die. Transports of joy were heard at

Cambrai when his ashes were discovered, which, it was thought, had been scattered by the tempest of the Revolution; and to this moment the Flemings call him "The Good Archbishop." pp. 274-5.

The Memoir closes in this touching strain;—

'When we speak of the death of Fenelon, we realize the truth of what we all acknowledge, though few feel, that the good man never dies; that, to use the words of one of our eloquent divines, "death was but a circumstance in his being." We may say, as we read his writings, that we are conscious of his immortality; he is with us; his spirit is around us; it enters into and takes possession of our souls. He is at this time, as he was when living in his diocese, the familiar friend of the poor and the sorrowful, the bold reprover of vice, and the gentle guide of the wanderer; he still says to all, in the words of his Divine Master, "Come to me, all ye that are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

'In the houses of the unlearned, where the names of Louis the Fourteenth and Bossuet have never entered, except as connected with Fenelon's, where not a word of his native tongue would be understood, his spirit has entered as a minister of love and wisdom, and a well-worn translation of his Reflections, with a short Memoir of his life, is laid upon the precious word of God. What has thus immortalized Fenelon? For what is he thus cherished in our hearts? Is it his learning? his celebrity? his eloquence? No. It is the spirit of Christian love, the spirit of the Saviour of mankind, that is poured forth from all his writings; of that love that conquers self, that binds us to our neighbour, that raises us to God. This is Fenelon's power, it is this that touches our souls. We feel that he has entered into the full meaning of that sublime passage in St John, and made it the motto of his life. "Beloved, let us love one another; for love is of God; and every one that loveth, is born of God, and knoweth God. He that loveth not, knoweth not God; for God is love." pp. 282-3.

The translator has received and will receive the thanks of many readers for giving them an opportunity of holding communion with the mind of Fenelon. Her selections are judicious, and she has caught much of that simplicity which is the charm of Fenelon's style. A want of coherence in the thoughts may sometimes be observed; and this, we may suppose, is to be ascribed in part to the author, whose writings seem to be natural breathings of the soul, rather than elaborate works of

art; but still more to the translator, whose delicate task of selecting only what would suit and edify the Protestant mind, must have compelled her to make omissions and sudden transitions, not very favorable to order and connexion. We should be glad to enrich our pages with extracts, but want room.

We now come to our principal object. We propose to examine the most distinguishing views, or system of Fenelon. We say, his 'system,' for though he seems to write from immediate impulse, his works possess that unity which belongs to the productions of all superior minds. However he may appear to give his thoughts without elaboration or method, yet one spirit pervades them. We hear everywhere the same mild and penetrating voice, and feel ourselves always in the presence of the same strongly marked mind. What then were Fenelon's most characteristic views?—It may be well to observe, that our principal aim in this inquiry, is, to secure our readers against what we deem exceptionable in his system. We believe, as we have said, that he is not free from excess. He is sometimes unguarded, sometimes extravagant. He needs to be read with caution, as do all who write from their own deeply excited minds. He needs to be received with deductions and explanations, and to furnish these is our present aim. We fear that the very excellences of Fenelon may shield his errors. Admiration prepares the mind for belief; and the moral and religious sensibility of the reader may lay him open to impressions, which, whilst they leave his purity unstained, may engender causeless solitudes, and repress a just and cheerful interest in the ordinary pleasures and labors of life.

What then are Fenelon's characteristic views? We begin with his views of God, which very much determine and color a religious system; and these are simple and affecting. He seems to regard God but in one light, to think of him but in one character. God always comes to him as the father, as the pitying and purifying friend, of the soul. This spiritual relation of the Supreme Being, is, in the book before us, his all-comprehending, all-absorbing attribute. Our author constantly sets before us God as dwelling in the human mind, and dwelling there, to reprove its guilt, to speak to it with a still voice, to kindle a celestial ray in its darkness, to distil upon it his grace, to call forth its love towards himself, and to bow it by a gentle, rational sway, to chosen, cheerful, entire, subjection to his pure

and righteous will. Fenelon had fully received the christian doctrine of God. He believed in him as the Universal Father, as loving every soul, loving the guiltiest soul, and striving with it to reclaim it to himself. This interest of the Creator in the lost and darkened mind, is the thought which predominates in the writings of this excellent man. God's care of the outward world, of men's outward interests, of the concerns of nations, seems scarcely to enter his mind. It is of God, present to the soul, as a reprover, enlightener, purifier, and guide to perfection, that he loves to speak, and he speaks with a depth of conviction and tenderness, to which, one would think, every reader must respond.

We have seen the predominant view of the Supreme Being in the writings which we are examining. He is a spiritual father, seeking the perfection of every soul which he has made.—Another great question, carrying us still more deeply into Fenelon's mind, now presents itself. In what did he suppose this perfection of the human soul to consist? His views on this subject may be expressed in two words, self-crucifixion and love to God. Through these human perfection is to be sought. In these, and especially in the last, it consists. According to Fenelon we are placed between two mighty attractions, self and God; and the only important question for every human being, is, to which of these hostile powers he will determine or surrender his mind? His phraseology on this subject is various, and indeed his writings are, in a great measure, expansions of this single view. He lays open the perpetual collisions between the principle of selfishness and the principle of religious love, and calls us with his whole strength of persuasion, to sacrifice the first, to cherish and enthrone the last. This is his great aim. This he urges in a diversity of forms, some of which may be repeated, as helps to a better apprehension of his doctrine. Thus he calls us 'to die to ourselves, and to live to God;'—'to renounce our own wills and to choose the will of God as our only rule;'—'to renounce our own glory and to seek the glory of God;'—'to distrust ourselves and to put our whole trust in God;'—'to forget ourselves and to give our thoughts to God;'—'to renounce ease and to labor for God;'—'to sacrifice pleasure and to suffer for God;'—'to silence our own passions and to listen to the voice of God;'—'to crucify self-love, and to substitute for it the love of God;'—'to surrender our plans and to leave all things to God.' These

passages give us Fenelon's theory of perfection. Self, as he teaches, is the great barrier between the soul and its Maker, and self is to vanish more and more from our thoughts, desires, hopes, trust, and complacency, and God to become all in all. Our own interests, pleasures, plans, advancements, all are to be swallowed up in an entire and unreserved devotion to the will of God.

Such is the doctrine of Fenelon, and it is essentially just. Self-crucifixion or self-sacrifice, and love to God including love to his creatures, are the chief elements of moral perfection. The pure and noble mind of Fenelon recognised as by instinct, and separated from all inferior adjuncts, these essential constituents or attributes of christian virtue; and there are passages in which he sets before us their deep and silent workings in the heart, and their beautiful manifestations in the life, with a delicacy, power, and truth, which can hardly be surpassed.

Still we think that Fenelon's exposition of his views is open to objection. We think that his phraseology, notwithstanding its apparent simplicity, is often obscure; that he has not set the due bounds to his doctrines; and especially that refined minds, thirsting for perfection, may be led astray by his peculiar mode of exhibiting it. Our objections we will now state more fully.

We have said that self-crucifixion and love to God are, in Fenelon's system, the two chief constituents or elements of virtue and perfection. To these we will give separate attention, although in truth they often coalesce, and always imply one another. We begin with self-crucifixion, or what is often called self-sacrifice, and on this we chiefly differ from the expositions of our author. Perhaps the word *self* occurs more frequently than any other in Fenelon's writings, and he is particularly inclined to place it in contrast with and in opposition to God. According to his common teaching, God and self are hostile influences or attractions, having nothing in common; the one, the concentration of all evil, the other of all good. Self is the principle and the seat of all guilt and misery. He is never weary of pouring reproach on self, and, generally speaking, sets no limits to the duty of putting it to a painful death. Now language like this has led men to very injurious modes of regarding themselves and their own nature, and made them forgetful of what they owe to themselves. It has thrown a cloud over man's condition and prospects. It has led to self-contempt, a vice as pernicious as pride. A man, when told perpetually to crucify *himself*, is apt to include under this word his whole

nature, and we fear that under this teaching, our nature is repressed, its growth stunted, its free movements chained, and of course its beauty, grace, and power impaired. We mean not to charge on Fenelon the error of which we have spoken, or to hold him responsible for its effects. But we do think that it finds shelter under his phraseology, and we deem it so great, so pernicious, as to need a faithful exposition. Men err in nothing more than in disparaging and wronging their own nature. None are just to themselves. The truth on this great subject is indeed so obscured, that it may startle as a paradox. A human being, justly viewed, instead of being bound to general self-crucifixion, cannot reverence and cherish himself too much. This position, we know, is strong. But strong language is needed to encounter strong delusion. We would teach that great limitations must be set to the duty of renouncing or denying ourselves, and that no self-crucifixion is virtuous but that which concurs with, and promotes self-respect. We will unfold our meaning, beginning with positions, which we presume will be controverted by none.

If we first regard man's highest nature, we shall see at once, that to crucify this, so far from being a duty, would be a crime. The mind, which is our chief distinction, can never be spoken or thought of too reverently. It is God's highest work, his mirror and representative. Its superiority to the outward universe is mournfully overlooked, and is yet most true. This preeminence we ascribe to the mind, not merely because it can comprehend the universe which cannot comprehend itself, but for still higher reasons. We believe that the human mind is akin to that intellectual energy which gave birth to nature, and consequently that it contains within itself the seminal and prolific principles from which nature sprung. We believe, too, that the highest purpose of the universe is to furnish materials, scope, and excitements to the mind, in the work of assimilating itself to the Infinite Spirit; that is, to minister to a progress within us which nothing without us can rival. So transcendent is the mind. No praise can equal God's goodness in creating us after his own spiritual likeness. No imagination can conceive of the greatness of the gift of a rational and moral existence. Far from crucifying this, to unfold it must ever be the chief duty and end of our being, and the noblest tribute we can render to its Author.

We have spoken of the mind, that highest part of ourselves, and of the guilt we should incur by crucifying or renouncing it. But the duty of self-crucifixion requires still greater limitations. Taking human nature as consisting of a body as well as mind, as including animal desire, as framed to receive pleasure through the eye and ear and all the organs of sense, in this larger view, we cannot give it up to the immolation which is sometimes urged. We see in the mixed constitution of man a beautiful whole. We see in the lowest as well as highest capacity an important use; and in every sense an inlet of pleasure not to be disdained. Still more, we believe, that he, in whom the physical nature is unfolded most entirely and harmoniously, who unites to greatest strength of limbs the greatest acuteness of the senses, may, if he will, derive important aids to the intellect and moral powers from these felicities of his outward frame. We believe, too, that by a beautiful reaction, the mind, in proportion to its culture and moral elevation, gives vigor and grace to the body, and enlarges its sphere of action and enjoyment. Thus, human nature, viewed as a whole, as a union of the worlds of matter and mind, is a work worthy of a divine author, and its universal developement, not its general crucifixion, is the lesson of wisdom and virtue.

We go still farther. The desire of our own individual interest, pleasure, good, the principle which is ordinarily denominated self-love or self-regard, is not to be warred against and destroyed. The tendency of this to excess is indeed our chief moral danger. Self-partiality, in some form or other, enters into and constitutes chiefly, if not wholly, every sin. But excess is not essential to self-regard, and this principle of our nature is the last which could be spared. Nothing is plainer than that to every being his own welfare is more specially committed than that of any other, and that a special sensibility to it is imperiously demanded by his present state. He alone knows his own wants and perils, and the hourly, perpetual claims of his particular lot; and were he to discard the care of himself for a day, he would inevitably perish. It is a remark of great importance, that the moral danger to which we are exposed by self-love, arises from the very indispensableness of this principle, from the necessity of its perpetual exercise; for, according to a known law of the mind, every passion, unless carefully restrained, gains strength by frequency of excitement and action. The tendency of self-love to excess results

from its very importance, or from the need in which we stand of its unceasing agency, and is therefore no reason for its extermination, and no reproach on human nature. This tendency, however, does exist. It is strong. It is fearful. It is our chief peril. It is the precipice, on the edge of which we always tread. It is the great appointed trial of our moral nature. To this tendency, unresisted, tamely obeyed, we owe the chief guilt and misery of the present state, the extinction of charity, a moral death more terrible than all the calamities of life. This truth Fenelon felt and taught as few have done, and in his powerful warnings against this peril the chief value of his writings lies. He treats with admirable acuteness the windings of self-partiality, shows how it mixes with the best motives, and how it feeds upon, and so consumes our very virtues. All this is true. Still, self-love is an essential part of our nature, and must not and cannot be renounced.

The strong tendency of this principle to excess, of which we have now spoken, explains the strong language, in which Fenelon and others have pointed out our danger from this part of our constitution. But it has also given rise to exaggerated views and modes of expression, which have contributed, perhaps, as much as any cause, to the universal want of a just self-respect. Self-love, from its proneness to excess and its constant movements, has naturally been the object of greater attention than any other principle of action; and men, regarding it not so much in its ordinary operations as in its encroachments and its triumphs over other sentiments, have come to consider it as the chief constituent of human nature. Philosophers, 'falsely so called,' have labored to resolve into it all our affections, to make it the sole spring of life, so that the whole mind, according to their doctrine, may be considered as one energy of self-love. If to these remarks we add, that this principle, as its name imports, has self or the individual for its object, we have the explanation of a very important fact in the present discussion. We learn how it is, that self-love has come to be called by the name of *self*, as if it constituted the whole individual, and to be considered as entering into and forming human nature as no other principle does. A man's self-love, especially, when unrestrained, is thus thought to be and is spoken of as himself; and hence the duty of crucifying or renouncing himself has naturally been urged by Fenelon, and a host of writers, in the broadest and most unqualified terms.

Now it is not true that self-love is our only principle, or that it constitutes ourselves any more than other principles, and the wrong done to our nature by such modes of speech needs to be resisted. Our nature has other elements or constituents, and vastly higher ones, to which self-love was meant to minister, and which are at war with its excesses. For example, we have reason or intellectual energy, given us for the pursuit and acquisition of truth; and this is essentially a disinterested principle; for truth, which is its object, is of a universal, impartial nature. The great province of the intellectual faculty, is, to acquaint the individual with the laws and order of the divine system; a system, which spreads infinitely beyond himself, of which he forms a small part, which embraces innumerable beings equally favored by God, and which proposes as its sublime and beneficent end, the ever growing good of the whole. Again, human nature has a variety of affections, corresponding to our domestic and most common relations; affections, which in multitudes overpower self-love, which make others the chief objects of our care, which nerve the arm for ever recurring toil by day, and strengthen the wearied frame to forego the slumbers of night. Then there belongs to every man the general sentiment of humanity, which responds to all human sufferings, to a stranger's tears and groans, and often prompts to great sacrifices for his relief. Above all there is the moral principle, that which should especially be called a man's self, for it is clothed with a kingly authority over his whole nature, and was plainly given to bear sway over every desire. This is eminently a disinterested principle. Its very essence is impartiality. It has no respect of persons. It is the principle of justice, taking the rights of all under its protection, and frowning on the least wrong, however largely it may serve ourselves. This moral nature especially delights in, and enjoins a universal charity, and makes the heart thrill with exulting joy, at the sight or hearing of magnanimous deeds, of perils fronted, and death endured, in the cause of humanity. Now these various principles, and especially the last, are as truly ourselves as self-love. When a man thinks of himself, these ought to occur to him as his chief attributes. He can hardly injure himself more, than by excluding these from his conception of himself, and by making self-love the great constituent of his nature.

We have urged these remarks on the narrow sense often given to the word *self*, because we are persuaded, that it leads

to degrading ideas of human nature, and to the pernicious notion, that we practise a virtuous self-sacrifice in holding it in contempt. We would have it understood, that high faculties form this despised self, as truly as low desires; and we would add, that when these are faithfully unfolded, this self takes rank among the noblest beings in the universe. To illustrate this thought, we ask the reader's attention to an important, but much neglected view of virtue and religion. These are commonly spoken of in an abstract manner, as if they were distinct from ourselves, as if they were foreign existences, which enter the human mind, and dwell there in a kind of separation from itself. Now religion and virtue, wherever they exist, are the mind itself and nothing else. They are human nature, and nothing else. A good man's piety and virtue are not distinct possessions; they are himself, and all the glory which belongs to them, belongs to himself. What is religion? Not a foreign inhabitant, not something alien to our nature, which comes and takes up its abode in the soul. It is the soul itself, lifting itself up to its Maker. What is virtue? It is the soul, listening to, and revering and obeying a law which belongs to its very essence, the law of duty. We sometimes smile when we hear men decrying human nature, and in the same breathing exalting religion to the skies, as if religion were anything more than human nature, acting in obedience to its chief law. Religion and virtue, as far as we possess them, are ourselves; and the homage which is paid to these attributes, is in truth a tribute to the soul of man. Self-crucifixion then, should it exclude self-reverence, would be anything but virtue.

We would briefly suggest another train of thought leading to the same result. Self-crucifixion, or self-renunciation, is a work, and a work requires an agent. By whom then is it accomplished? We answer, by the man himself, who is the subject of it. It is he who is summoned to the effort. He is called by a voice within, and by the law of God, to put forth power over himself, to rule his own spirit, to subdue every passion. Now this inward power, which self-crucifixion supposes and demands, is the most signal proof of a high nature which can be given. It is the most illustrious power which God confers. It is a sovereignty worth more than that over outward nature. It is the chief constituent of the noblest order of virtues; and its greatness, of course, demonstrates the greatness of the human mind, which is perpetually bound and

summoned to put it forth. But this is not all. Self-crucifixion has an object, an end; and what is it? Its great end is, to give liberty and energy to our nature. Its aim is, not to break down the soul, but to curb those lusts and passions, 'which war against the soul,' that the moral and intellectual faculties may rise into new life, and may manifest their divine original. Self-crucifixion, justly viewed, is the suppression of the passions, that the power and progress of thought, and conscience, and pure love, may be unrestrained. It is the destruction of the brute, that the angel may unfold itself within. It is founded on our godlike capacities, and the expansion and glory of these is its end. Thus the very duty, which by some is identified with self-contempt, implies and imposes self-reverence. It is the belief and the choice of perfection as our inheritance and our end.

We have thus shown under what great limitations, self-crucifixion, or self-renunciation, is to be understood, and how remote it is from self-contempt. Our purpose was, after closing this discussion, to give a rational interpretation of the phrases in which Fenelon has enjoined this duty. But our limits allow us just to glance at one or two of these. Perhaps he calls upon us to do nothing so often as 'to renounce our own wills.' This is a favorite phrase; and what does it imply? that we are to cease to will? Nothing less. The truth is, that the human will is never so strenuous as in this act which is called the renunciation of itself, and by nothing does it more build up its own energy. The phrase means, that we should sacrifice inclination at the least suggestion of duty. But who does not know, that the mind never puts forth such strength of purpose or will as in overcoming desire? And what is the highest end and benefit of this warfare with desire? It is, that the mind may accumulate force of moral purpose, that the will may more sternly, unconquerably resolve on the hardest duties, and sublimest virtues to which God may call us.

Once more, we are again and again exhorted by Fenelon to 'forget ourselves.' And what means this? Self-oblivion, literally understood, is an impossibility. We may as easily annihilate our being as our self-consciousness. Self-remembrance is in truth a duty, needful to the safety of every hour, and especially necessary to the great work of life, which is the conforming of ourselves, of our whole nature, to the will of God. There is no danger of our thinking of ourselves too much, if we will think justly; that is, if we will view ourselves

as what we are, as moral beings, accountable to a divine law-giver, framed to delight in and to seek virtue, framed for an ever spreading philanthropy, called to sympathize with and to suffer for others, and through this path to ascend to our Original. There are, however, senses in which we cannot too much forget ourselves. Our improvements of whatever kind, our good deeds, our virtues, whenever they are seized upon and magnified by self-love, or so recalled as to lift us above others, and to stifle that sense of deficiency and thirst for progress, by which alone we can be carried forward, these we cannot too earnestly drive from our thoughts. Our distinctions, whether of mind, body, or condition, when they minister to vanity or pride, weaken the consciousness of a common nature with the human race, narrow our sympathies, or deprave our judgments, these we cannot be too solicitous to forget. Our pleasures, when they are so exaggerated by the imagination as to distract and overwhelm the sense of duty, should be forced to quit their grasp on our minds. Such parts or constituents of ourselves we are to forget. Our moral, intellectual, immortal nature we cannot remember too much. Under the consciousness of it, we are always to live.

According to the views now given, self-crucifixion is the subjection or sacrifice of the inferior to the higher principles of our nature. It is the practical recognition of the supremacy and dignity of our rational and moral powers. No duty involves a more reverential view and care of ourselves. We have been the more solicitous to give this view of self-renunciation, because its true spirit is often mistaken, because it is often so set forth as to deject, instead of exalting the mind. In truth, we feel more and more the importance of bringing men to juster conceptions of the inward gifts with which God has enriched them. We desire nothing so much, as to open their eyes to their own spiritual possessions. We feel indeed the difficulties of the subject. We know that we have to combat with a secret incredulity in many minds. We know, that the clearest expositions will be imperfectly understood by those, who have nothing in their experience to interpret what we utter. The mind, we are aware, can be clearly revealed to itself, only by its own progress. Its capacities of thought, of action, of endurance, of triumphing over pleasure and pain, of identifying itself with other beings, of seeking truth without prejudice and without fear, of uniting itself with God, of sacrificing life to duty, these immortal energies can only be felt to be real, and duly honored,

by those in whom they are gradually and steadily unfolded. Still we do not despair of meeting some response, though faint, in multitudes. Such a spirit as God has breathed into men, cannot easily exist, without giving some signs of its divine original. In most men, there are some revelations of their own nature, some beams of a light which belongs not to the earth, some sympathies with what is good and great in character, some perceptions of beauty, some gushings from the deep fountain of love in the soul, some thirstings for a purer happiness, some experience of the peculiar joy of a disinterested deed, some dim conceptions at least of their intimate relations to God. Most men understand through experience these testimonies to the secret wealth and immortal destination of the soul; whilst, in not a few, such a measure of intellectual and moral power has been called forth, that nothing is needed but a wise direction of their thoughts upon themselves, to open to them the magnificent prospect of their own spiritual energy, and of the unbounded good into which it may be unfolded. For such we have written. We regard nothing so important to a human being, as the knowledge of his own mind, and of its intimate connexion with the Infinite Mind. Faith in what man contains as a germ in his own breast, faith in what he may become, in what he was framed to be, in that state of power, light, purity, joy, to which Jesus Christ came to exalt him, this faith seems to us the quickening, saving, renovating principle, which God sent his Son to revive in the soul, and happy are they who can spread its empire in the world.

We have finished our remarks on the first element of perfection, according to Fenelon, self-crucifixion. We proceed to the second, love to God. On this topic we intended to enlarge, but have left ourselves little room. We are happy to say, that we have less to object to Fenelon's expositions under this head, than under the former. Of the grandeur and the happiness of this principle he speaks truly, worthily, in the penetrating language of calm and deep conviction. In one particular, we think him defective. He has not stated, and in truth, very few do state, with sufficient strength and precision, the moral foundation and the moral nature of religion. He has not taught, with sufficient clearness, the great truth, that love to God is from beginning to end the love of virtue. He did not sufficiently feel, that religion is the expansion and most perfect

form of the moral faculty of man. He sometimes teaches, that to do God's will, we must renounce ourselves and silence reason ; as if the divine will were not in accordance with our faculties ; as if it were something dark and mysterious ; as if to follow it, we must quench the light of our own minds. Now the truth is, that the divine will is in harmony with our nature. It is God's approbation and injunction of that moral rectitude, of which the great lines are written on the human soul, and to which reason and conscience, even when they fail to secure obedience, do yet secretly, and in no small degree, respond. The human mind and the divine law are not distinct and disconnected things. If man were not a law to himself, he could not receive the revelation of a law from Heaven. Were not the principle of duty an essential part of his mind, he could be bound to no obedience. Religion has its foundation in our moral nature, and is indeed its most enlarged and glorious form, and we lament that this great truth does not shine more brightly in the pages of Fenelon. We intended to give to it a particular discussion ; but as we cannot do it justice in the present article, we prefer to dismiss it, and to offer a few miscellaneous remarks on that sentiment of love towards God on which our author so perpetually insists.

We are aware that to some men Fenelon may seem an enthusiast. Some may doubt or deny the possibility of that strong, deep, supreme affection towards the Supreme Being, with which Fenelon's book overflows. We wonder at this scepticism. We know no property of human nature more undoubted than its capacity and fulness of affection. We see its love overflowing in its domestic connexions, in friendships, and especially in its interest in beings separated by oceans and the lapse of ages. Let it not be said, that the affections, to which we here refer, have fellow beings for their objects, and do not therefore prove our capacity of religious attachment. The truth is, that one spirit runs through all our affections, as far as they are pure ; and love to mankind, directed aright, is the germ and element of love to the Divinity. Whatever is excellent and venerable in human beings, is of God, and in attaching ourselves to it we are preparing our hearts for its Author. Whoever sees and recognises the moral dignity of impartial justice and disinterested goodness in his fellow creatures, has begun to pay homage to the attributes of God. The first emotion awakened in the soul, we mean filial attachment, is the dawning of love to

our Father in Heaven. Our deep interest in the history of good and great men, our veneration towards enlightened legislators, our sympathy with philanthropists, our delight in mighty efforts of intellect consecrated to a good cause, all these sentiments prove our capacity of an affectionate reverence to God; for he is at once the inspirer and the model of this intellectual and moral grandeur in his creatures. We even think, that our love of nature has an affinity with the love of God, and was meant as a preparation for it; for the harmonies of nature are only his wisdom made visible; the heavens, so sublime, are a revelation of his immensity; and the beauty of creation images to us his overflowing love and blessedness. To us, hardly anything seems plainer, than that the soul was made for God. Not only its human affections guide it to him; not only its deep wants, its dangers, and helplessness, guide it to him; there are still higher indications of the end for which it was made. It has a capacity of more than human love, a principle or power of adoration, which cannot bound itself to finite natures, which carries up the thoughts above the visible universe, and which, in approaching God, rises into a solemn transport, a mingled awe and joy, prophetic of a higher life; and a brighter signature of our end and happiness cannot be conceived.

We are aware that it may be objected, that many and great obstructions to a supreme love of God, belong to our very constitution and condition, and that these go far to disprove the doctrine of our being framed for religion as our chief good. But this argument does not move us. We learn from every survey of man's nature and history, that he is ordained to approach the end of his creation through many and great obstructions; that effort is the immutable law of his being; that a good, in proportion to its grandeur, is encompassed with hardship. The obstructions to religion are not greater than those to knowledge; and accordingly history gives as dark views of human ignorance, as of human guilt. Yet who, on this ground, denies that man was formed for knowledge, that progress in truth is the path of nature, and that he has impulses which are to carry forward his intellectual powers without end? It is God's pleasure, in his provisions for the mind, as well as for the body, to give us in a rude state the materials of good, and to leave us to frame from them, amidst much conflict, a character of moral and religious excellence; and in this ordination we see his wise benevolence; for by this we may rise to the unutterable happiness of a free and moral union with our Crea-

tor. We ought to add, that the obstructions to the love of God do not lie wholly in ourselves. Perhaps the greatest is a false theology. This interposes thick clouds between the soul and its Maker. It darkens and dishonors God and his works, and leaves nothing to sustain our trust and love.

The motives which are most commonly urged for cherishing supreme affection towards God, are drawn from our frailty and weakness, and from our need of more than human succour in the trials of life and in the pains of death. But religion has a still higher claim. It answers to the deepest want of human nature. We refer to the want of some being or beings, to whom we may give our hearts, whom we may love more than ourselves, for whom we may live and be ready to die, and whose character responds to that idea of perfection, which, however dim and undefined, is an essential element of every human soul. We cannot be happy beyond our love. At the same time, love may prove our chief woe, if bestowed unwisely, disproportionately, and on unworthy objects; if confined to beings of imperfect virtue, with whose feelings we cannot always innocently sympathize, whose interests we cannot always righteously promote, who narrow us to themselves instead of breathing universal charity, who are frail, mutable, exposed to suffering, pain, and death. To secure a growing happiness and a spotless virtue, we need for the heart a being worthy of its whole treasure of love, to whom we may consecrate our whole being, in approaching whom we enter an atmosphere of purity and brightness, in sympathizing with whom we cherish only noble sentiments, in devoting ourselves to whom we espouse great and enduring interests, in whose character we find the spring of an ever enlarging philanthropy, and by attachment to whom, all our other attachments are hallowed, protected, and supplied with tender and sublime consolations under bereavement and blighted hope. Such a being is God.

The word which Fenelon has most frequently used to express the happiness to which the mind ascends by a supreme love of God, is 'peace,' perhaps the most expressive which language affords. We fear, however, that its full import is not always received. There is a twofold peace. The first is negative. It is relief from disquiet and corroding care. It is repose after conflict and storms. But there is another and a higher peace, to which this is but the prelude, 'a peace of God which passeth all understanding,' and properly called 'the kingdom of heaven

within us.' This state is anything but negative. It is the highest and most strenuous action of the soul, but an entirely harmonious action, in which all our powers and affections are blended in a beautiful proportion, and sustain and perfect one another. It is more than silence after storms. It is as the concord of all melodious sounds. Has the reader never known a season, when, in the fullest flow of thought and feeling, in the universal action of the soul, an inward calm, profound as midnight silence, yet bright as the still summer noon, full of joy, but unbroken by one throb of tumultuous passion, has been breathed through his spirit, and given him a glimpse and presage of the serenity of a happier world? Of this character is the peace of religion. It is a conscious harmony with God and the creation, an alliance of love with all beings, a sympathy with all that is pure and happy, a surrender of every separate will and interest, a participation of the spirit and life of the universe, an entire concord of purpose with its Infinite Original. This is peace, and the true happiness of man; and we think that human nature has never entirely lost sight of this its great end. It has always sighed for a repose, in which energy of thought and will might be tempered with an all-pervading tranquillity. We seem to discover aspirations after this good, a dim consciousness of it, in all ages of the world. We think we see it in those systems of Oriental and Grecian philosophy, which proposed, as the consummation of present virtue, a release from all disquiet, and an intimate union and harmony with the Divine Mind. We even think, that we trace this consciousness, this aspiration, in the works of ancient art which time has spared to us, in which the sculptor, aiming to embody his deepest thoughts of human perfection, has joined with the fulness of life and strength, a repose, which breathes into the spectator an admiration as calm as it is exalted. Man, we believe, never wholly loses the sentiment of his true good. There are yearnings, sighings, which he does not himself comprehend, which break forth alike in his prosperous and adverse seasons, which betray a deep, indestructible faith in a good that he has not found, and which, in proportion as they grow distinct, rise to God, and concentrate the soul in him, as at once its life and rest, the fountain at once of energy and of peace.

In the remarks, which have now been suggested by the writings of Fenelon, we have aimed to free religion from ex-

aggrerations, which, we fear, weaken its influence over reasonable men, and at the same time to illustrate its dignity and happiness. We want time, or we should enlarge on the importance of this great subject to every human being. We cannot however leave it, without earnestly recommending it to the attention of men of superior minds. The neglect which it generally receives from these is one of the most discouraging signs of our times. The claims of religion on intelligent men are not yet understood, and the low place which it holds among the objects of liberal inquiry, will one day be recollected as the shame of our age. Some remarks on this topic may form a not unsuitable conclusion to the present article.

It is, we fear, an unquestionable fact, that religion, considered as an intellectual subject, is in a great measure left to a particular body of men, as a professional concern; and the fact is as much to be wondered at as deplored. It is wonderful that any mind, and especially a superior one, should not see in religion the highest object of thought. It is wonderful that the infinite God, the noblest theme of the universe, should be considered as a monopoly of professed theologians; that a subject, so vast, awful, and exalting, as our relation to the Divinity, should be left to technical men, to be handled so much for sectarian purposes. Religion is the property and dearest interest of the human race. Every man has an equal concern in it. It should be approached with an independence on human authority. It should be rescued from all the factions, which have seized upon it as their particular possession. Men of the highest intellect should feel, that, if there be a God, then his character and our relation to him throw all other subjects into obscurity, and that the intellect, if not consecrated to him, can never attain its true use, its full dimensions, and its proper happiness. Religion, if it be true, is central truth, and all knowledge, which is not gathered round it, and quickened and illuminated by it, is hardly worthy the name. To this great theme we would summon all orders of mind, the scholar, the statesman, the student of nature, and the observer of life. It is a subject to which every faculty and every acquisition may pay tribute, which may receive aids and lights from the accuracy of the logician, from the penetrating spirit of philosophy, from the intuitions of genius, from the researches of history, from the science of the mind, from physical science, from every branch of criticism, and, though last not least, from the

spontaneous suggestions and the moral aspirations of pure but unlettered men.

It is a fact which shocks us, and which shows the degraded state of religion, that not a few superior minds look down upon it as a subject beneath their investigation. Though allied with all knowledge, and especially with that of human nature and human duty, it is regarded as a separate and inferior study, particularly fitted to the gloom of a convent, and the seclusion of a minister. Religion is still confounded, in many and in gifted minds, with the jargon of monks, and the subtleties and strifes of theologians. It is thought a mystery, which, far from coalescing, wars with our other knowledge. It is never ranked with the sciences which expand and adorn the mind. It is regarded as a method of escaping future ruin, not as a vivifying truth through which the intellect and heart are alike to be invigorated and enlarged. Its bearing on the great objects of thought and the great interests of life is hardly suspected. This degradation of religion into a technical study, this disjunction of it from morals, from philosophy, from the various objects of liberal research, has done it infinite injury, has checked its progress, has perpetuated errors which gathered round it in times of barbarism and ignorance, has made it a mark for the sophistry and ridicule of the licentious, and has infused a lurking scepticism into many powerful understandings. Nor has religion suffered alone. The whole mind is darkened by the obscuration of this its central light. Its reasonings and judgments become unstable through want of this foundation to rest upon. Religion is to the whole sphere of truth, what God is to the universe, and in dethroning it, or confining it to a narrow range, we commit very much such an injury on the soul, as the universe would suffer, were the Infinite Being to abandon it, or to contract his energy to a small province of his creation.

The injury done to literature by divorcing it from religion, is a topic worthy of separate discussion. Literature has thus lost power and permanent interest. It has become, in a great measure, superficial, an image of transient modes of thought, and of arbitrary forms of life, not the organ and expression of immutable truth, and of deep workings of the soul. We beg not to be misunderstood. We have no desire that literature should confine itself wholly or chiefly to religious topics, and we hardly know a greater calamity which it could incur, than

by degenerating into religious cant. Next to profaneness, we dread the affectation of piety and the mechanical repetition of sacred phraseology. We only lament, that literature has so generally been the product and utterance of minds, which have not lived, thought, and written, under the light of a rational and sublime faith. Severed from this, it wants the principle of immortality. We do not speak lightly when we say, that all works of the intellect, which have not in some measure been quickened by the spirit of religion, are doomed to perish or to lose their power; and that genius is preparing for itself a sepulchre, when it disjoins itself from the Universal Mind. Religion is not always to remain in its present dark, depressed condition. Already there are signs of a brighter day. It begins to be viewed more generously. It is gradually attracting to itself superior understandings. It is rising from the low rank of a professional, technical study, and asserting its supremacy among the objects of the mind. A new era, we trust, is opening upon the world, and all literature will feel its power. In proportion as the true and sublime conception of God shall unfold itself in the soul, and shall become there a central sun, shedding its beams on all objects of thought, there will be a want of sympathy with all works which have not been quickened by this heavenly influence. It will be felt that the poet has known little of nature, that he has seen it only under clouds, if he have not seen it under this celestial light. It will be felt, that man, the great subject of literature, when viewed in separation from his Maker and his end, can be as little understood and portrayed, as a plant torn from the soil in which it grew, and cut off from communication with the clouds and sun.

We are aware that objections will spring up to the doctrine, that all literature should be produced under the influence of religion. We shall be told, that in this way literature will lose all variety and spirit, that a monotonous and solemn hue will spread itself over writing, and that a library will have the air of a tomb. We do not wonder at this fear. Religion has certainly been accustomed to speak in sepulchral tones, and to wear any aspect but a bright and glowing one. It has lost its free and various movement. But let us not ascribe to its nature, what has befallen it from adverse circumstances. The truth is, that religion, justly viewed, surpasses all other principles, in giving a free and manifold action to the mind. It recognises in every faculty and sentiment the workmanship of

God, and assigns a sphere of agency to each. It takes our whole nature under its guardianship, and with a parental love ministers to its inferior as well as higher gratifications. False religion mutilates the soul, sees evil in our innocent sensibilities, and rules with a tyrant's frown and rod. True religion is a mild and lawful sovereign, governing to protect, to give strength, to unfold all our inward resources. We believe, that under its influence, literature is to pass its present limits, and to put itself forth in original forms of composition. Religion is of all principles most fruitful, multiform, and unconfined. It is sympathy with that Being, who seems to delight in diversifying the modes of his agency, and the products of his wisdom and power. It does not chain us to a few essential duties, or express itself in a few unchanging modes of writing. It has the liberality and munificence of nature, which not only produces the necessary root and grain, but pours forth fruits and flowers. It has the variety and bold contrasts of nature, which, at the foot of the awful mountain, scoops out the freshest, sweetest vallies, and embosoms in the wild, troubled ocean, islands, whose vernal airs; and loveliness, and teeming fruitfulness, almost breathe the joys of Paradise. Religion will accomplish for literature what it most needs; that is, will give it depth, at the same time that it heightens its grace and beauty. The union of these attributes is most to be desired. Our literature is lamentably superficial, and to some the beautiful and the superficial even seem to be naturally conjoined. Let not beauty be so wronged. It resides chiefly in profound thoughts and feelings. It overflows chiefly in the writings of poets, gifted with a sublime and piercing vision. A beautiful literature springs from the depth and fulness of intellectual and moral life, from an energy of thought and feeling, to which nothing, as we believe, ministers so largely as enlightened religion.

So far from a monotonous solemnity overspreading literature in consequence of the all-pervading influence of religion, we believe, that the sportive and comic forms of composition, instead of being abandoned, will only be refined and improved. We know that these are supposed to be frowned upon by piety; but they have their root in the constitution which God has given us, and ought not therefore to be indiscriminately condemned. The propensity to wit and laughter does indeed, through excessive indulgence, often issue in a character of heartless levity, low mimicry, or unfeeling ridicule. It often

seeks gratification in regions of impurity, throws a gaiety round vice, and sometimes even pours contempt on virtue. But, though often and mournfully perverted, it is still a gift of God, and may and ought to minister, not only to innocent pleasure, but to the intellect and the heart. Man was made for relaxation as truly as for labor; and by a law of his nature, which has not received the attention it deserves, he finds perhaps no relaxation so restorative, as that in which he reverts to his childhood, seems to forget his wisdom, leaves the imagination to exhilarate itself by sportive inventions, talks of amusing incongruities in conduct and events, smiles at the innocent excentricities and odd mistakes of those whom he most esteems, allows himself in arch allusions or kind-hearted satire, and transports himself into a world of ludicrous combinations. We have said, that on these occasions, the mind seems to put off its wisdom; but the truth is, that in a pure mind, wisdom retreats, if we may so say, to its centre, and there unseen, keeps guard over this transient folly, draws delicate lines which are never to be passed in the freest moments, and, like a judicious parent watching the sports of childhood, preserves a stainless innocence of soul in the very exuberance of gaiety. This combination of moral power with wit and humor, with comic conceptions and irrepressible laughter, this union of mirth and virtue, belongs to an advanced stage of the character; and we believe, that in proportion to the diffusion of an enlightened religion, this action of the mind will increase, and will overflow in compositions, which, joining innocence to sportiveness, will communicate unmixed delight. Religion is not at variance with occasional mirth. In the same character, the solemn thought and the sublime emotions of the improved Christian, may be joined with the unanxious freedom, buoyancy, and gaiety of early years.

We will add but one more illustration of our views. We believe that the union of religion with genius, will favor that species of composition to which it may seem at first to be least propitious. We refer to that department of literature, which has for its object the delineation of the stronger and more terrible and guilty passions. Strange as it may appear, these gloomy and appalling features of our nature may be best comprehended and portrayed by the purest and noblest minds. The common idea is, that overwhelming emotions, the more they are experienced, can the more effectually be described. We have one

strong presumption against this doctrine. Tradition leads us to believe, that Shakspeare, though he painted so faithfully and fearfully the storms of passion, was a calm and cheerful man. The passions are too engrossed by their objects to meditate on themselves; and none are more ignorant of their growth and subtle workings than their own victims. Nothing reveals to us the secrets of our own souls like religion; and in disclosing to us, in ourselves, the tendency of passion to absorb every energy, and to spread its hues over every thought, it gives us a key to all souls; for in all, human nature is essentially one, having the same spiritual elements, and the same grand features. No man, it is believed, understands the wild and irregular motions of the mind, like him in whom a principle of divine order has begun to establish peace. No man knows the horror of thick darkness which gathers over the slaves of vehement passion, like him who is rising into the light and liberty of virtue. There is indeed a selfish shrewdness, which is thought to give a peculiar and deep insight into human nature. But the knowledge, of which it boasts, is partial, distorted, and vulgar, and wholly unfit for the purposes of literature. We value it little. We believe, that no qualification avails so much to a knowledge of human nature in all its forms, in its good and evil manifestations, as that enlightened, celestial charity, which religion alone inspires; for this establishes sympathies between us and all men, and thus makes them intelligible to us. A man, imbued with this spirit, alone contemplates vice, as it really exists, and as it ought always to be described. In the most depraved fellow beings he sees partakers of his own nature. Amidst the terrible ravages of the passions, he sees conscience, though prostrate, not destroyed, nor wholly powerless. He sees the proofs of an unextinguished moral life, in inward struggles, in occasional relentings, in sighings for lost innocence, in reviving throbs of early affections, in the sophistry by which the guilty mind would become reconciled to itself, in remorse, in anxious forebodings, in despair, perhaps in studied recklessness and cherished self-forgetfulness. These conflicts between the passions and the moral nature, are the most interesting subjects in the branch of literature to which we refer, and we believe, that to portray them with truth and power, the man of genius can find in nothing such effectual aid, as in the developement of the moral and religious principles in his own breast.

We have given but a superficial view of a great subject.

The connexion of religion with intellect and literature is yet to be pointed out. We conclude with expressing our strong conviction that the human mind will become more various, piercing, and all-comprehending, more capable of understanding and expressing the solemn and the sportive, the terrible and the beautiful, the profound and the tender, in proportion as it shall be illumined and penetrated by the true knowledge of God. Genius, intellect, imagination, taste, and sensibility, must all be baptized into religion, or they will never know, and never make known, their real glory and immortal power.

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- ART. II.—1. *Mrs Hemans's Earlier Poems.*—*Poems.* By Mrs FELICIA HEMANS. A new Collection. 2 vols. 18mo. Boston. Hilliard, Gray, Little, and Wilkins. 1828.
2. *Records of Woman; with other Poems.* By FELICIA HEMANS. Boston. Hilliard, Gray, Little, and Wilkins. 1828. 8vo. pp. 253.

WE have formerly had an opportunity of expressing our opinion of the general characteristics of Mrs Hemans's Poetry.* It is the principal purpose of the present article, to give some account of the two publications, the titles of which stand at its head.

The volumes entitled 'Mrs Hemans's Earlier Poems,' consist of various works, many of them of considerable length, which had not before been collected. With much to please, and with nothing to offend, they do not, in general, possess the higher and peculiar characteristics of her later poetry. They display, however, the same elegance and cultivation of mind, and show a command of language and ease of versification, which has been surpassed by very few poets. What, indeed, she had imagined and described in one of the poems in this collection, she has since executed. She has given proof of her power to pour forth a strain—

'So wildly sweet, its notes might seem
The ethereal music of a dream;

*See Christian Examiner, vol. iii. p. 403, seqq.

A spirit's voice from worlds unknown,
Deep, thrilling power in every tone.'

We may quote still further,—

'Oh! many a pang the heart hath proved —
Ere the sad strain could catch from thence
Such deep impassioned eloquence.'

We are disposed to give an extract respecting her earlier productions, from one of Mrs Hemans's letters written long since. We have felt some hesitation about it, considering the delicacy with which she has always withdrawn herself personally from public observation. But the same character which has led her to do so, is equally discovered in the passage to be quoted. After remarking upon the proposed publication of her *Earlier Poems*, and expressing a wish, that they might be arranged in the order of time, she observes;—

'The first of them, "*The Restoration of the Works of Art*," having been written at a comparatively early age, I fear that poem, and several of its immediate successors, may appear very deficient in interest, the nature of the subjects admitting so little expression of passion or feeling. But this circumstance naturally arose from my situation at the time. I wrote them in unpractised youth, in thorough retirement, without one literary friend to aid or advise, and cheered only by one voice of unwavering encouragement.'—'All these things made me timid; and though urged onward by a spirit of hope, upon which, when I recollect the many obstacles thrown in my path, I now look back with surprise, I was yet glad to shelter myself under the shadow of mighty names; and accordingly chose such subjects, as would oblige me rather to restrain, than to give way to the expression of my own peculiar thoughts and feelings. I had no guide on whom to depend; and, therefore, with a woman's apprehensiveness of attack or ridicule, I first turned to that track, in which it seemed that facts and authorities would best secure me from either. I almost fear that I must weary you with all this egotism, and yet I rather wished to explain to you, and such of my American friends as may take any interest in the subject, the total difference of manner, which must be observed between my early and later writings.'

The *Earlier Poems*, beside their intrinsic merit, which gives them a title to a high, though not to the highest rank, have a particular interest, as showing the gradual developement of that

genius whose power is now so universally felt. They exhibit the mind of their author, under a different aspect from that in which it is seen in her later works. Compared with these, they serve to show, what seems to be so often practically disbelieved, that the finest productions of poetry, like those of the other beautiful arts, are the result, not of natural genius alone, but of the power, freedom, and skill in its exercise, which is produced only by long discipline, cultivation, and continued efforts. It has been said, that a poet is born a poet, while an orator is to be made. But one individual is as much and as little born a poet, as another is an orator, or a sculptor, or a painter. Each must make himself. The earlier productions of Mrs Hemans show with how rich a mind, rich in each gift of art as well as nature, she was preparing herself for the production of her later works.

Of the two volumes of *Earlier Poems*, the first and a part of the second contain five separate publications, under the following titles;—1. 'The Restoration of the Works of Art to Italy;' 2. 'Tales and Historic Scenes;' 3. 'Translations from Camoens, and other Poets, with Original Poetry;' 4. 'The Sceptic, a Poem;' 5. 'Stanzas to the Memory of the late King.' These publications were favorably noticed in the fortyseventh number of the *Quarterly Review*. The poem which has, on the whole, given us most pleasure, is the longest, the *Abencerrage*, one of the historic tales. During the reign of Abo Abdeli, the last Moorish king of Granada, Hamet, the chief of the *Abencerrages*, or *Aben-Zurrahs*, is represented as revolting from that monarch, and joining the enemies of his nation, the Spaniards. He does so in a spirit of bitter revenge for the injuries inflicted on his tribe, and the murder of his father and brother. He is present, fighting in company with the Spanish forces, at the conquest of Granada. Before his defection he had become deeply attached to a Moorish maiden, who is described as possessing all that beautiful union of qualities which Mrs Hemans knows so well how to combine in her female characters. When driven from his country, but before his purpose of revenge is known to her, he seeks a last interview with Zayda.

'A step treads lightly through the citron shade,
Lightly, but by the rustling leaves betrayed—
Doth her young hero seek that well known spot,
Scene of past hours that ne'er may be forgot?

'Tis he—but changed that eye, whose glance of fire
Could, like a sunbeam, hope and joy inspire,
As, luminous with youth, with ardor fraught,
It spoke of glory to the inmost thought;
Thence the bright spirit's eloquence hath fled,
And in its wild expression may be read
Stern thoughts and fierce resolves—now veiled in shade,
And now in characters of fire portrayed.
Changed e'en his voice—as thus its mournful tone
Wakes in her heart each feeling of his own.

“Zayda, my doom is fixed—another day,
And the wronged exile shall be far away;
Far from the scenes where still his heart must be,
His home of youth, and, more than all—from thee.
Oh! what a cloud hath gathered o'er my lot,
Since last we met on this fair tranquil spot!
Lovely as then, the soft and silent hour,
And not a rose hath faded from thy bower;
But I—my hopes the tempest hath o'erthrown,
And changed my heart, to all but thee alone.
Farewell, high thoughts! inspiring hopes of praise,
Heroic visions of my early days!
In me the glories of my race must end,
The exile hath no country to defend!
E'en in life's morn, my dreams of pride are o'er,
Youth's buoyant spirit wakes for me no more,
And one wild feeling in my altered breast
Broods darkly o'er the ruins of the rest.
Yet fear not thou—to thee, in good or ill,
The heart, so sternly tried, is faithful still!
But when my steps are distant, and my name
Thou hear'st no longer in the song of fame,
When Time steals on, in silence to efface
Of early love each pure and sacred trace,
Causing our sorrows and our hopes to seem
But as the moonlight pictures of a dream,
Still shall thy soul be with me, in the truth
And all the fervor of affection's youth?
—If such thy love, one beam of heaven shall play
In lonely beauty, o'er thy wanderer's way.”

“Ask not, if such my love! oh! trust the mind
To grief so long, so silently resigned!

Let the light spirit, ne'er by sorrow taught
 The pure and lofty constancy of thought,
 Its fleeting trials eager to forget,
 Rise with elastic power o'er each regret !
 Fostered in tears, *our* young affection grew,
 And I have learned to suffer and be true.
 Deem not my love a frail ephemeral flower,
 Nursed by soft sunshine and the balmy shower ;
 No ! 't is the child of tempests, and defies,
 And meets unchanged, the anger of the skies !
 Too well I feel, with grief's prophetic heart,
 That ne'er to meet in happier days, we part.
 We part ! and e'en this agonizing hour,
 When Love first feels his own o'erwhelming power,
 Shall soon to Memory's fixed and tearful eye
 Seem almost happiness—for thou wert nigh !
 Yes ! when this heart in solitude shall bleed,
 As days to days all wearily succeed,
 When doomed to weep in loneliness, 't will be
 Almost like rapture to have wept with thee.
 "But thou, my Hamet, thou canst yet bestow
 All that of joy my blighted lot can know.
 Oh ! be thou still the high-souled and the brave,
 To whom my first and fondest vows I gave,
 In thy proud fame's untarnished beauty still
 The lofty visions of my youth fulfil,
 So shall it soothe me 'midst my heart's despair,
 To hold undimmed one glorious image there !"

Vol. I. pp. 51-54.

With this speech of Zayda we may contrast part of another equally powerful and affecting, which she addresses to Hamet, after his joining the enemies of his country.

"Oh ! wert thou still what once I fondly deemed,
 All that thy mien expressed, thy spirit seemed,
 My love had been devotion—till in death
 Thy name had trembled on my latest breath.
 But not the chief who leads a lawless band,
 To crush the altars of his native land ;
 Th' apostate son of heroes, whose disgrace
 Hath stained the trophies of a glorious race ;
 Not *him* I loved—but one whose youthful name
 Was pure and radiant in unsullied fame.
 Hadst thou but died, ere yet dishonor's cloud
 O'er that young name had gathered as a shroud,

I then had mourned thee proudly—and my grief
In its own loftiness had found relief;
A noble sorrow, cherished to the last,
When every meaner woe had long been past."

Vol. I. p. 70.

'And is the warrior gone?—doth Zayda hear
His parting footstep, and without a tear?
Thou weep'st not, lofty maid!—yet who can tell
What secret pangs within thy heart may dwell?
They feel not least, the firm, the high in soul,
Who best each feeling's agony control.
Yes! we may judge the measures of the grief
Which finds in Misery's eloquence relief;
But who shall pierce those depths of silent woe,
Whence breathes no language, whence no tears may flow?
The pangs that many a noble breast hath proved,
Scorning itself that thus it *could* be moved?
He, He alone, the inmost heart who knows,
Views all its weakness, pities all its throes,
He, who hath mercy when mankind condemn,
Beholding anguish—all unknown to them.' Vol. I. p. 74.

If we pass from the sentiment expressed in the lines which have been quoted, to consider them under another aspect, we may observe, that while they fully satisfy the ear, they are free from that monotony, that frequent recurrence of the same rhythm and the same pauses, those forced inversions, and those epithets and clauses serving merely for the purpose of versification, which characterize a great part of the poetry in our language, written in the same rhymed measure. This measure is so exposed to these faults, that it is only in the hands of a master poet, that it can become the vehicle of the sublime or pathetic, or support the interest of the reader through a long narrative.

Among the original poems which follow the 'Translations from Camoens,' is one of much beauty on the Death of the Princess Charlotte. We will quote a few stanzas.

'Oh! many a bright existence we have seen
Quenched in the glow and fulness of its prime;
And many a cherished flower, ere now, hath been
Cropt, ere its leaves were breathed upon by time.
We have lost heroes in their noon of pride,
Whose fields of triumph gave them but a bier;

And we have wept when soaring Genius died,
 Checked in the glory of his mid career !
 But here our hopes were centered—all is o'er,
 All thought in this absorbed—she was—and is no more !

'We watched her childhood from its earliest hour,
 From every word and look blest omens caught ;
 While that young mind developed all its power,
 And rose to energies of loftiest thought.
 On her was fixed the Patriot's ardent eye,
 One hope still bloomed—one vista still was fair ;
 And when the tempest swept the troubled sky,
 She was our dayspring—all was cloudless *there* ;
 And oh ! how lovely broke on England's gaze,
 E'en through the mist and storm, the light of distant days.

Vol. I. pp. 340-1.

In the first stanza which follows, the reference, as will be perceived, is to the late king.

'Yet there is one who loved thee—and whose soul
 With mild affections nature formed to melt ;
 His mind hath bowed beneath the stern control
 Of many a grief—but *this* shall be unfelt !
 Years have gone by—and given his honored head
 A diadem of snow—his eye is dim—
 Around him Heaven a solemn cloud hath spread,
 The past, the future, are a dream to him !
 Yet in the darkness of his fate, alone
 He dwells on earth, while thou, in life's full pride, art gone !

'The Chastener's hand is on us—we may weep,
 But not repine—for many a storm hath past,
 And, pillowed on her own majestic deep,
 Hath England slept, unshaken by the blast !
 And war hath raged o'er many a distant plain,
 Trampling the vine and olive in his path ;
 While she, that regal daughter of the main,
 Smiled, in serene defiance of his wrath !
 As some proud summit, mingling with the sky,
 Hears calmly far below the thunders roll and die.

'Her voice hath been th' awakener—and her name,
 The gathering word of nations—in her might
 And all the awful beauty of her fame,
 Apart she dwelt, in solitary light.
 High on her cliffs, alone and firm she stood,

Fixing the torch upon her beacon-tower ;
 That torch, whose flame, far streaming o'er the flood,
 Hath guided Europe through her darkest hour !—
 Away, vain dreams of glory !—in the dust
 Be humbled, ocean-queen ! and own thy sentence just !'
 Vol. I. pp. 342-3.

Notwithstanding the attempts which have been made, both in England and America, to excite hostility, and a disposition to mutual insult, between the two nations, bound together as they are by common recollections, interests, and hopes, by a common character, language, and literature, and by so much that ought to produce a deep, and, as it were, domestic interest in each other's glory and moral advancement ; we do not believe that our readers will regard with any feeling but pleasure, the noble praise, which an English poetess, the same who celebrated the Pilgrim Fathers, has in the stanza last quoted, bestowed on her native land.

In addition to the publications before mentioned, the second volume of the *Earlier Poems* contains the following ;—' *Modern Greece* ;' ' *Dartmoor*,' a prize poem, not before published ; ' *The Meeting of Wallace and Bruce on the Banks of the Carron*,' a prize poem, not before published ; ' *The Last Constantine* ;' ' *Greek Songs* ;' ' *Songs of the Cid*,' and several other poems ; and concludes with the author's ' *Hymns on the Works of Nature*,' written for her children.

We quote the following apostrophe to the Scottish hero, Wallace, as serving to illustrate the power of the author to attain the highest excellence in very different styles of poetry.

' Rest with the brave, whose names belong
 To the high sanctity of song,
 Chartered our reverence to control,
 And traced in sunbeams on the soul.
Thine, Wallace ! while the heart hath still
 One pulse a generous thought can thrill,
 While Youth's warm tears are yet the meed
 Of martyr's death, or hero's deed,
 Shall brightly live, from age to age,
 Thy country's proudest heritage.
 'Midst her green vales thy fame is dwelling,
 Thy deeds her mountain-winds are telling,
 Thy memory speaks in torrent-wave,
 Thy step hath hallowed rock and cave ;
 And cold the wanderer's heart must be,
 That holds no converse there with thee.

'Yet, Scotland! to thy champion's shade,
Still are thy grateful rites delayed.
From lands of old renown, o'erspread
With proud memorials of the dead,
The trophied urn, the breathing bust,
The pillar, guarding noble dust,
The shrine, where art and genius high
Have labored for Eternity ;—
The stranger comes,—his eye explores
The wilds of thy majestic shores,
Yet vainly seeks one native stone,
Raised to the hero all thine own.

'Land of bright deeds and minstrel lore!
Withhold the guerdon now no more!
On some bold height of awful form,
Stern eyrie of the cloud and storm,
Sublimely mingling with the skies,
Bid the proud Cenotaph arise!
Not to *record* the name that thrills
Thy soul, the watch-word of thy hills;
Not to assert with needless claim,
The bright *for ever* of its fame;
But, in the ages yet untold,
When *ours* shall be the days of old,
To rouse high hearts, and speak thy pride
In him, for thee who lived and died.' pp. 153-5.

We should dwell longer on the Earlier Poems, but we have yet to speak of a volume, *The Records of Woman*, which contains some of the most admirable displays of the genius of its author. It is full of exquisite pictures of what is most beautiful among the works of God—the character of woman in the perfection of its strength and loveliness. It represents, in their true form and lineaments, her self-devoting love; her moral energy, unconquerable through its purity; her undying tenderness; and those unearthly affections and hopes, that spirit inspired from a better world, which makes strong the weak. It contains many touching appeals to the domestic affections, the very mournfulness of some of which is adapted to give them more power over the heart. It is full of fine conceptions, beautiful images, noble sentiments, and pure feelings, clothed in language so accordant, not in its meaning only, but in its flow and arrangement, that we rarely stop to admire any single

beauty of expression, because all is blended into one harmony. It is not a work to be taken up and read through in a morning. There is far too much variety and depth of feeling and sentiment. We should not pass lightly from one poem to another. Each has a power of its own, which will affect us most, as we are best prepared for its tone of feeling. Like all original poetry of great excellence, that which is contained in the *Records of Woman*, requires that the mind should be familiar with it, and assimilated to its character, before all its beauties unfold, and its whole influence is felt.

We shall give but a few extracts. The first is from the *Switzer's Wife*. The poem is founded upon the story of Werner Stauffacher, one of the three confederates of the field of Grütli. The heroic spirit of his wife is said to have determined him to resistance. He is represented as coming home at evening, to tell her of the tyranny of their oppressors, and of his personal danger.

'The bright blood left that youthful mother's cheek;
Back on the linden-stem she lean'd her form,
And her lip trembled, as it strove to speak,
Like a frail harp-string, shaken by the storm.
'Twas but a moment, and the faintness pass'd,
And the free Alpine spirit woke at last.

'And she, that ever through her home had moved
With the meek thoughtfulness and quiet smile
Of woman, calmly loving and beloved,
And timid in her happiness the while,
Stood brightly forth, and steadfastly, that hour,
Her clear glance kindling into sudden power.

'Ay, pale she stood, but with an eye of light,
And took her fair child to her holy breast,
And lifted her soft voice, that gather'd might
As it found language:—"Are we thus oppressed?
Then must we rise upon our mountain-sod,
And man must arm, and woman call on God!

"I know what thou wouldst do,—and be it done!
Thy soul is darken'd with its fears for me.
Trust me to Heaven, my husband!—this, thy son,
The babe whom I have borne thee, must be free!
And the sweet memory of our pleasant hearth
May well give strength—if aught be strong on earth.

“Thou hast been brooding o'er the silent dread
 Of my desponding tears; now lift once more,
 My hunter of the hills! thy stately head,
 And let thine eagle-glance my joy restore!
 I can bear all, but seeing *thee* subdued,—
 Take to thee back thine own undaunted mood.

“Go forth beside the waters, and along
 The chamois-paths, and through the forests go!
 And tell, in burning words, thy tale of wrong
 To the brave hearts that 'midst the hamlets glow.
 God shall be with thee, my beloved!—Away!
 Bless but thy child, and leave me,—I can pray!”

‘He sprang up like a warrior-youth awaking
 To clarion-sounds upon the ringing air;
 He caught her to his breast, while proud tears breaking
 From his dark eyes, fell o'er her braided hair,—
 And “Worthy art thou,” was his joyous cry,
 “That man for thee should gird himself to die.”’ pp. 37-9.

Several of the poems in this collection introduce us to American scenery and incidents. In *Edith, a Tale of the Woods*, a young bride is represented as watching during the night, in a forest, her dying husband, who had been mortally wounded in battle.

———‘O Love and Death,
 Ye have sad meetings on this changeful earth,
 Many and sad! but airs of heavenly breath
 Shall melt the links which bind you, for your birth
 Is far apart.’ p. 65.

In the morning, she is conveyed to the cabin of an old Indian chief and his wife, who having long before lost their only child, a daughter, adopt *Edith* in her stead.

———‘And life returned,
 Life, but with all its memories of the dead,
 To *Edith's* heart; and well the sufferer learned
 Her task of meek endurance, well she wore
 The chastened grief, that humbly can adore
 ‘Midst blinding tears.’

———‘And gentle cares
 Th’ adopted *Edith* meekly gave for theirs
 Who lov’d her thus:—her spirit dwelt, the while,
 With the departed, and her patient smile

Spoke of farewells to earth ;—yet still she pray'd,
 Ev'n o'er her soldier's lowly grave, for aid
 One purpose to fulfil, to leave one trace
 Brightly recording that her dwelling-place
 Had been among the wilds ; for well she knew
 The secret whisper of her bosom true,
 Which warn'd her hence.

‘And now, by many a word
 Link'd unto moments when the heart was stirr'd,
 By the sweet mournfulness of many a hymn,
 Sung when the woods at eve grew hush'd and dim,
 By the persuasion of her fervent eye,
 All eloquent with child-like piety,
 By the still beauty of her life, she strove
 To win for heaven, and heaven-born truth, the love
 Pour'd out on her so freely.’ pp. 67-8.

She succeeds, at last, in effecting their conversion.

‘—Now might she pass in hope, her work was done.
 And she *was* passing from the woods away ;
 The broken flower of England might not stay
 Amidst those alien shades ; her eye was bright
 Even yet with something of a starry light,
 But her form wasted, and her fair young cheek
 Wore oft and patiently a fatal streak,
 A rose whose root was death. The parting sigh
 Of autumn through the forests had gone by,
 And the rich maple o'er her wanderings lone
 Its crimson leaves in many a shower had strown,
 Flushing the air ; and winter's blast had been
 Amidst the pines ; and now a softer green
 Fringed their dark boughs ; for spring had come,
 The sunny spring ! but Edith to her home
 Was journeying fast. Alas ! we think it sad
 To part with life, when all the earth looks glad
 In her young lovely things, when voices break
 Into sweet sounds, and leaves and blossoms wake :
 Is it *not* brighter then, in that far clime
 Where graves are not, nor blights of changeful time,
 If *here* such glory dwell with passing blooms,
 Such golden sunshine rest around the tombs ?
 So thought the dying one. 'T was early day,
 And sounds and odors with the breezes' play,
 Whispering of spring-time, through the cabin-door,
 Unto her couch life's farewell sweetness bore ;
 Then with a look where all her hope awoke,
 “ My father ! ”—to the gray haired chief she spoke—

"Knowest thou that I depart?"—"I know, I know,"
 He answered mournfully, "that thou must go
 To thy beloved, my daughter!"—"Sorrow not
 For me, kind mother!" with meek smiles once more
 She murmured, in low tones; "one happy lot
 Awaits us friends! upon the better shore;
 For we have prayed together in one trust,
 And lifted our frail spirits from the dust,
 To God who gave them. Lay me by mine own,
 Under the cedar-shade; where he is gone
 Thither I go. There will my sisters be,
 And the dead parents, lying at whose knee
 My childhood's prayer was learned,—the Saviour's prayer
 Which now ye know,—and I shall meet you there,
 Father, and gentle mother!—ye have bound
 The bruised reed, and mercy shall be found
 By Mercy's children."—From the matron's eye
 Dropped tears, her sole and passionate reply;
 But Edith felt them not; for now a sleep,
 Solemnly beautiful, a stillness deep,
 Fell on her settled face. Then, sad and slow,
 And mantling up his stately head in wo,
 "Thou 'rt passing hence," he sang, that warrior old,
 In sounds like those by plaintive waters rolled.' pp. 69-71.

We forbear to quote the song of the Indian chief, which is in harmony with all that precedes.—This is surely of the highest class of that poetry by which the heart is made better. It has a holy and purifying power. It accomplishes the purpose for which God bestows those rarer gifts of genius, which are sometimes so misused and perverted to the service of evil.

We feel that we ought not to quote much from the work of an author so distinguished, which we have already said enough to recommend, so far as any commendation of ours may be of worth. We will give but one more extract, a poem, entitled *The Spells of Home*.

'By the soft green light in the woody glade,
 On the banks of moss where thy childhood played;
 By the household tree through which thine eye
 First looked in love to the summer sky;
 By the dewy gleam, by the very breath
 Of the primrose tufts in the grass beneath,
 Upon thy heart there is laid a spell,
 Holy and precious—oh! guard it well!

'By the sleepy ripple of the stream,
Which hath lulled thee into many a dream;
By the shiver of the ivy leaves
To the wind of morn at thy casement eaves,
By the bees' deep murmur in the limes,
By the music of the Sabbath-chimes,
By every sound of thy native shade,
Stronger and dearer the spell is made.

'By the gathering round the winter hearth,
When twilight called unto household mirth;
By the fairy tale or the legend old
In that ring of happy faces told;
By the quiet hour when hearts unite
In the parting prayer and the kind "Good night;"
By the smiling eye and the loving tone,
Over thy life has the spell been thrown.

'And bless that gift!—it hath gentle might,
A guardian power and a guiding light.
It hath led the freeman forth to stand
In the mountain-battles of his land;
It hath brought the wanderer o'er the seas
To die on the hills of his own fresh breeze;
And back to the gates of his father's hall,
It hath led the weeping prodigal.

'Yes! when thy heart in its pride would stray
From the pure first loves of its youth away;
When the sullying breath of the world would come
O'er the flowers it brought from its childhood's home;
Think thou again of the woody glade,
And the sound by the rustling ivy made,
Think of the tree at thy father's door,
And the kindly spell shall have power once more!

pp. 225-7.

The variety of Mrs Hemans's genius is not less remarkable than any other of its characteristics. With an imagination, which vividly presents the beauties of the external world, she has power, at the same time, to give their full expression to all those feelings which belong to our better nature; to the sublime and the tender, to the exultation of a high spirit, to the self-sacrifice of virtue, to that sadness which weans us from folly, to the passionate devotion of the stronger affections, and

to those gentler charities which blend themselves with all our happiness. If sorrow has sometimes thrown too dark a shade over her writings, and awakens even painful sympathy, it is, at least, not a selfish and enervating sorrow.

We are induced to give a short poem not found in either of the present collections, the contrast of which with some of those already quoted, may serve to illustrate what has just been said. It is from a *Selection of Welsh Melodies*,* the words for which were furnished by Mrs Hemans. It is founded on a tradition, that on the summit of Cader-Idris, one of the highest mountains in North Wales, is an excavation in the rock, resembling a couch; and that whoever should pass a night in that seat, would be found in the morning, either dead, raving mad, or endowed with supernatural genius.

'I lay on that rock, where the storms have their dwelling,
The birthplace of phantoms, the home of the cloud;
Around it, forever, deep music is swelling,
The voice of the mountain wind, solemn and loud.
'T was a midnight of shadows, all fitfully streaming,
Of wild waves and breezes, that mingled their moan,
Of dim shrouded stars, at brief intervals gleaming,
And I felt midst a world of dread grandeur, alone!

'I lay there in silence—a spirit came o'er me;
Man's tongue hath no language to speak what I saw!
Things glorious, unearthly, passed floating before me,
And my heart almost fainted with rapture and awe!
I viewed the dread beings, around us that hover,
Though veiled by the mists of Mortality's breath;
I called upon Darkness, the vision to cover,
For a strife was within me of madness and death!

'I saw them—the powers of the wind and the ocean,
The rush of whose pinions bears onward the storms;
Like a sweep of the proud crested wave was their motion;
I felt their dread presence—but knew not their forms!
I saw them—the mighty of ages departed,
The dead were around me that night on the hill;
From their eyes, as they passed, a cold radiance they darted,
—There was light on my soul, but my heart's blood was chill!

* 'A Selection of Welsh Melodies; with Symphonies and Accompaniments by John Parry, and Characteristic Words by Mrs Hemans. First Number.'

' I saw what man looks on and dies !—but my spirit
 Was strong, and triumphantly lived through that hour ;
 And as from the grave, I awoke to inherit
 A flame all immortal, a voice and a power !
 Day burst on that rock with the purple cloud crested,
 And high Cader-Idris rejoiced in the sun ;
 But oh ! what new glory all nature invested,
 When the sense, which gives soul to her beauty, was won.' *

This is poetry like the rush of a mountain waterfall. It has the freedom and force of enthusiastic improvisation.

The best poetry of our age constitutes a new era. It is in many respects of a higher order than existed before. Man, as he appears among us, in his best estate, is a more moral, more social, more intellectual, and more truly religious being, than man as he has existed in past times. His affections are more called forth and exercised ; his perceptions of moral excellence, and of all the varieties of beauty, have become more comprehensive, delicate, and refined ; his moral sentiments are purer and more operative ; he perceives his duty and happiness under many relations not before recognised ; he is approaching to that character which false religion has done so much to prevent his attaining, and which it is the sole object of true religion to produce. The human character has thus shown itself far richer than it had yet appeared, in those qualities which afford materials for poetry and fiction. It is less distorted into an unnatural shape, by prejudices, vices, and conventional formalities. Those to whom the genius of the poet is given are under far holier influences. They have, at the same time, effected their release from that artificial system of petty criticism which had prevailed, and have appealed to the ultimate principles of taste founded in our nature. If a poet of the present day trespass against moral truth, it is done knowingly. There is not that negligent disregard of right and wrong, proceeding from grossness of perception and want of moral feeling, which offends us not unfrequently in the poets of former days. Not only has the character of readers as well as writers been raised, but the number of the former has been greatly increased. They have, as a body, become free from the influence of those prejudices and false tastes which belong

* 'One of the Welsh poetical triads thus describes the attributes of genius ;
 "The three primary requisites of genius ; an eye that can see nature, a heart
 that can feel nature, and boldness that dares follow nature."'

to, a particular cast in society. Poetry of a more original and noble kind may be safely addressed to them. Let us imagine, on the contrary, some of the finest productions of the present day as appearing in past times. What reception, for instance, would the poetry of Mrs Hemans have found among the coarse minded audiences who delighted in the plays of Beaumont and Fletcher, or the more refined readers of Sir Philip Sidney's *Arcadia* and Lyly's *Euphues*; or among the 'wits of either Charles's days,' whose highest approach to any purity of taste or correctness of feeling, was in admiring the pretty verses, which Waller so painfully elaborated? Dryden, indeed, was of this age, but, in the words of a far greater genius,

'————— A loose and ribbald court
Bade him toil on to make them sport;'

and he loved the work, and performed it with slovenly faithfulness. Milton is hardly to be numbered with the cotemporaries of his later years. He was alone among them, made solitary by the majesty of his power and virtue. But how much do we miss, even in his works, a knowledge of the human heart, of its deep tenderness, its strong and pure affections, and of the social nature of man, with all its virtues, joys, and sorrows. How little power has he over our tears. How few passages produce a thrill of feeling, or call forth a response from the secret chambers of thought. How gladly should we see his genius less encumbered with his learning, and less disciplined after a mere scholar's fashion. How little sympathy appears to exist between the poet and ourselves. How much do we wish that a truer sentiment of the character of woman, could take the place of that repulsive austerity with which he seems almost always to have regarded her. How much do we desire that the wretched theology of his age had not led him, in his noblest work, to degrade, with all the power of poetry, our conceptions of God. Even in the example of Milton we may see the effect, which the comparatively low state of morals, taste, and intellectual improvement, has had in debasing the poetry of past times.

But modern poets are imitators, it is said; and, besides, they do not write epics, like those of Homer, Virgil, Tasso, and Milton; nor dramas like Shakspeare's; nor, in general, do they undertake any long and laborious works. The charge of imitation can hardly be supported, if the preceding remarks be correct. There is a freedom, truth, and originality in modern poetry almost unknown before. Whatever we may profess in

public, or think we ought to believe, the modern poets, if we truly love poetry for its own sake, are our secret delight. They lie on our tables, they travel with us on our journeys, they are read in our domestic circle round the evening fire; while most of those commemorated by Johnson in his *Lives*, repose undisturbed wherever they may have found a place. For our want of epics, we may derive some consolation from such poems as *Thalaba*, *Madoc*, and *Roderic*, and the delightful metrical romances of Scott. We have no Shakspeare, to be sure, unless we may reckon on Sir Walter as a rival, but then this can only be in prose. We have, however, dramas which may well supply the place of any other than those of Shakspeare, in the works of Mrs Joanna Baillie, Mrs Hemans, and Miss Mitford. Considering that it is not so much the fashion of the present day as it once was, to read romances in folio, and regular epics, we should think that the *Forest Sanctuary* might in some measure satisfy the critics, even in the article of length, and the more beautiful of the shorter pieces by the same author, are such as may in vain be sought for in English poetry before.

ART. III.—*Narrative of an Ascent to the Summit of Mont Blanc, on the Eighth and Ninth August, 1827.* By JOHN AULDJO, Esq. of Trinity College, Cambridge. London. 1828. 4to. pp. 120.

THOSE who have not read the accounts which have been published of the ascent of different individuals to the summit of Mont Blanc, the highest mountain in Europe,* are probably not aware how serious and perilous an undertaking it is. For our own parts we are greatly disposed to question the sanity of those motives, which can induce men to attempt an expedition so fraught with labor and surrounded with death. The narrative before us seems to prove that if Mr Auldjo had been gifted for this occasion with a dozen lives, they would all have been in danger; and though, as the motto to his volume says it will, the mountain top may overpay the scaler's toil, we doubt very much whether it can give a full compensation for his imminent

* Its height is 15,665 feet.

peril. We can conceive that there was enough to stimulate, and enough to reward, the first travellers on this terrible route ; but after the discovery and the conquest had been made, after Paccard and De Saussure had placed their feet on that hitherto unattained spot, the 'bald, awful head of sovran Blanc,' after barometer, thermometer, and hygrometer had discharged all their duties, after latitude and longitude had been determined, after pistols had been fired and chickens had been eaten, or rather not been eaten there, we think that to repeat the same experiments is hardly a sufficient inducement to the same toils, or justification of the same exposure.

And yet we fear that we may be thought, by some, to hold too lightly that glorious principle of our nature, which seeks all heights, and would fathom all depths, and is forever prompting us to make what escape we can from the floor of our earthly prison ; that quenchless thirst, that unappeasable curiosity, that ardent love of the beautiful and magnificent, which dare all things, for the attainment of their objects, and rise superior to the animal dread of death. We reverence these impulses as proofs and portions of a divine constitution ; but there are other principles, quite as holy, by which they ought to be directed. We would view the subject practically. Let life be hazarded, we say, for it is not by any means the supreme good ; but let it be hazarded for some great end, in some great and sufficient cause. It is a precious gift for precious purposes. It ought to be guarded carefully, and when it is ventured, ventured nobly and worthily. The lives, not of tourists alone, but of the poor guides whom they employ, and upon whose sole exertions whole families depend, ought not to be put in jeopardy for the gratification of even a divine curiosity.

Such, at least, are our sentiments, while sitting quietly at home ; we know not how they might be changed at the feet of the Alps themselves. At any rate, now that Mr Auldjo has been up the mountain, and safely descended again with his companions, we are glad that his adventure has been achieved, for it has enabled him to give us a most interesting and beautifully illustrated book ; and thousands have risked their lives for a far less worthy end than that.

That the dangers of this ascent are real, is abundantly apparent from the declaration of the guides to Mr Auldjo, 'that the person who started with an intent to reach the summit, ought to make up his mind to lose his life in the attempt, rather

than return unsuccessful ;' and also by the fact which he states, that 'many have made their wills before starting, and all left such directions regarding their property as if they were persuaded they should never return.' The same is manifested still more completely by another fact ; which is, that though the first attempt to attain the summit of Mont Blanc, is dated in the year 1762, and several other attempts were made in succeeding years, yet the whole ascent was not accomplished till the year 1786. When we consider that these unsuccessful efforts were made by the native mountaineers and professional guides, we must be convinced that the ascent is one of the most difficult and dangerous of human undertakings. 'Most of the guides,' says our tourist, 'are desirous of making the ascent, but either through the interference of their families, or afraid of the rarified air and the fatigue, they do not attempt it.' It was with great trouble that he filled up his compliment of six guides for his own expedition ; and among the concourse of visitors to Chamonix of all nations, he could find but one who was at all willing to accompany him, and that one was not able. Two young men of the village, however, one a naturalist, and the other performing a sort of apprenticeship for the situation of a guide, were permitted, on their earnest applications, to join the party, which thus amounted to nine in number. Four of the guides had been up before ; one of them, Joseph Marie Coutet, the chief guide, seven times. They were all brave and experienced.

With a promise of good weather from his two principal guides, Coutet and Devouassoud, Mr Auldjo left the village of Chamonix, or Chamouny, on the morning of the eighth of August. His setting off must have been a melancholy one.

'Six o'clock was the time fixed for starting, and every man was desired to be in attendance before that hour, but I could not get them together at that time ; most of them had to part from their wives and relations ; when they did join us, it was with a cortège, some crying, some upbraiding me with tempting those who formed their only support to sacrifice themselves to my curiosity and pleasure ; many a bitter tear flowed, and more than one heart waxed heavy, on the morning of the eighth. Two or three of my countrymen were kind enough to accompany me through the weeping crowd assembled on the bridge ; and one carried his attention so far as to continue with me to Coutet's cottage, in the village of Les Pélérins, the appointed rendezvous.'

In an hour and a half, the party with some of their friends, arrived at the Chalet de la Para, the last inhabited spot on the mountain. In another hour they came by a steep path to a rock called the Pierre Pointue. Here their dangers commenced; but without accident they reached their breakfast station, behind a rock called the Pierre Fontanêt, or the Pierre à l'Echelle.

'This spot is at some distance from the pasture land of the mountain, but during our repast we were surprised by a visit from some sheep and goats. They had followed us. That the latter could have done so was not extraordinary; but I did not believe that sheep would have had the power or courage to climb and leap from rock to rock, passing over many a deep abyss, which they of necessity must have done. At this point there is also a remarkably powerful echo, to prove which, Devouassoud fired a pistol. We were almost deafened with the report; at first the loud reverberation produced a fine effect; then beating about from mountain to mountain, it died away in the softest sound.

'It was near mid-day, and anxious to get in good time to the Grands Mulets, I hurried the guides, who were dividing the wood, and squabbling in good humor, each desirous of getting as light a burden as possible. None of them had as yet carried any, as their relations or friends, on all such occasions, bring their haversacks to this spot. Here we left half of the auxiliaries; but the remainder, knowing that we intended to come down, if practicable, on the second day, an arrangement which would expose us to very great and additional fatigue, were unwilling to give up their loads, while, by proceeding some distance on the ice, they sought to preserve the strength of their friends, and keep them fresh as long as possible. One or two of the guides, however, had employed other persons to carry their loads, and paid very dearly for this indulgence to their own shoulders. Indeed this is necessary, the ascending the Moraines and rocks being very fatiguing, even without a load.' pp. 11, 12.

They left this station at twenty minutes before twelve, and ascending a little further, arrived at the edge of the glacier. They had little difficulty in getting on it, owing to the experience of the guides, though to an inexperienced eye it would have seemed impossible to do so. They passed among the remains of many avalanches, which had been long accumulating, and which formed a most uneven and tiresome footway.

'An extended plain of snow now presented itself, here and

there covered with masses of broken ice; sometimes a beautiful tower of that substance raised its blue form, and seemed to mock the lofty pointed rocks above it; sometimes an immense block, its perpendicular front broken into pinnacles, now bearing a mass of snow, now supporting long and clear icicles, looked like some castle, on whose dilapidated walls the ivy, hanging in clustering beauty, or lying in rich and dark luxuriance, was, by the wand of some fairy, changed into the bright matter which now composed it.

‘From these magnificent scenes, and over this plain, we hurried as speedily as circumstances would allow, to avoid those dangerous avalanches which fall continually from the Aiguille du Midi, sweeping everything before them. The pyramids of ice which rose on either side of us, in all the sublime variety of nature, forming a thousand different shapes, kept me riveted to the spot; and as they increased in number and size, I became lost in admiration, unwilling to leave them and move forward, until the voice of the guide exhorted me to hasten from the dangers with which I was momentarily threatened. It was the avalanche alone which we had hitherto to fear, but now new dangers arose, from the crevices, those deep clefts in the ice formed by the constant movement of the body towards the valley, which separate immense parts of it. The higher masses, meeting with some slight opposition, remain stationary; the lower, proceeding in their course, widen the breach; and thus throughout the whole glacier, in every direction, are formed tremendous cracks. The men who had accompanied us from the Pierre Fontanèt would proceed no farther. Here we rested ten minutes in arranging the line of march, and adjusting the cords. The first two guides were tied together, at a distance of six yards; the third and fourth in like manner; then myself, the rope fastened round my chest, each end being tied to a guide, Coutet leading, and Devouassoud being behind me; the naturalist and the boy followed, secured also together. All being ready, we bade adieu to those who were to return, and shaking each other by the hand, swore to keep faithful, and not desert each other in danger or difficulty, declaring that all distinction of person should cease—that we would be brethren in this enterprise.’ pp. 13–15.

The benefit of being secured to each other by ropes was shown, we are told, every instant, as not a minute passed without some one of the party slipping on the ice, who, if he had not been linked to another, would have glided into some crevice, and perished. The ice was piled up around them in moun-

tains; crevices yawned at every step, over which blocks of ice, or masses of snow were the only bridges, and such dangerous bridges, that they were obliged to pass them with the greatest caution. In all common places, the guides were full of merriment and jest, but in these passes their grave and serious faces were a sure indication of great danger. When the danger was over, the laugh and the story returned. It was exceedingly difficult for our traveller to look into the gulfs which he passed every moment, without being unnerved. He had been unaccustomed to such scenes, and had undergone no training, but he found that his head could bear the trial without giddiness, and that the strong determination he had formed to reach the summit, was of more service to him than all the preparations he could have made. The following description of some of these ice and snow bridges, may serve to give an idea of their terrors.

‘A large mass of ice now’opposed our progress; we passed it by climbing up its glassy sides. It formed a bridge, over a fissure of great width, which would perhaps otherwise have put an end to our expedition, as we could discover no other way of crossing it but by this bridge. Soon after we arrived at the edge of another crevice, over which we could see but one bridge, that not of ice, but of snow only, and so thin that it was deemed impossible to trust to it. A plan was resorted to which enabled us to pass over in safety. Our “batons” were placed on it, and in so doing the centre gave way, and fell into the gulf; however, enough remained on each side to form supports for the ends of these poles, and nine of them made a narrow bridge, requiring great precaution and steadiness to traverse. Other crevices were passed over, on bridges of snow, too weak to allow of walking on, or too extended to admit this application of the poles. A strong guide managed to creep over, and a rope being tied round the waist of a second, who lay on his back, he was in that position pulled across by the first. In this manner the whole party were drawn singly over the crevice. The snow was generally soft, so that the head and shoulders were covered with it. The passage of these bridges, though difficult and dangerous, excited the merriment of the party, and a loud laugh accompanied each man, as he was jerked over the gulf yawning beneath him.’ pp. 16, 17.

Immediately succeeding this description of the perils, is one of the beauties of the mountain.

‘Again the glacier presented its beautiful and varied scenes, every moment the eye meeting with some new combination of icy grandeur. The crevices, numerous and deep, broken and full of hollows or caves, surpassed anything I could have conceived. Some of these grottoes were accessible; others, of which the entrance was blocked up by pillars studded with ornaments of ice or snow, could only be examined externally. We entered one so beauteous in construction and embellishments, that fancy might picture it to be the abode of the “Spirit of the mountain.” It was large, its roof supported by thick icicles of blue or white, varying into a thousand different shades; on the floor were vast clumps of ice, resembling crystal flowers, formed by the freezing of the drops of water which are perpetually falling. In the centre, a pool of water, whose refreshing coolness and exquisite clearness almost excited thirst, stood in its blue basin. At the further end fell a cascade, into a sort of spiral well formed by it, and in its passage through it, produced a sound much like that of water boiling in some confined vessel. There are many caves, but this description may in some degree apply to all. They are formed by the water falling, and excavating a passage for itself. The ice melts away on all sides, and it soon becomes such as I have described it.’ pp. 17, 18.

Arriving near the base of certain rocks called the Grands Mulets, they found that a chasm of eighty feet in width separated them from the rocks. Proceeding up an acclivity, forming a narrow neck of ice, they perceived at its termination an icy wall opposed to them. The neck ended in a narrow point, and hung in air over the vast abyss. With great labor steps were cut in the ice, and the wall was finally scaled. But this danger over, another succeeds.

‘Safely on the top, on looking around, we discovered that these large crevices extended on each side to a very great distance, the plane of the wall sloping from the upper to the lower crevice with an inclination which rendered walking on it very perilous. Some proposed to return to the commencement of the neck of ice which we had passed, and making a circuit from it, to get to the base of the “Grands Mulets,” on the other side of the great crevice, and climb up the rock; others were for proceeding, and their advice was followed. Walking with the greatest caution, in steps cut with the hatchet, we moved on very slowly; the ice was slippery, and a false step might have endangered the life of more than one individual. The wall now widened, but the slope became more inclined. Taking my steps with the greatest care, I could not prevent myself from

slipping; as the space became wider I became less cautious, and while looking over the edge into the upper crevice, my feet slid from under me; I came down on my face, and glided rapidly towards the lower one; I cried out, but the guides who held the ropes attached to me did not stop me, though they stood firm. I had got to the extent of the rope, my feet hanging over the lower crevice, one hand grasping firmly the pole, and the other my hat. The guides called to me to be cool, and not afraid;—a pretty time to be cool, hanging over an abyss, and in momentary expectation of falling into it! They made no attempt to pull me up for some moments, and then desiring me to raise myself, they drew in the rope until I was close to them and in safety.

‘The reason for this proceeding is obvious. Had they attempted, on the bad and uncertain footing in which they stood, to check me at the first gliding, they might have lost their own balance, and our destruction would have followed; but by fixing themselves firmly in the cut step, and securing themselves with their batons, they were enabled to support me with certainty when the rope had gone its length. This also gave me time to recover, that I might assist them in placing myself out of danger; for it is not to be supposed that, in such a situation, I did not lose, in a great degree, my presence of mind. These were good reasons, no doubt; but placed as I was, in such imminent peril, I could not have allowed them to be so.’ pp. 19–21.

After reading this adventure, we confess that we dismissed most of our fears for Mr Auldjo’s safety. He is fit for any hair-breadth expedition now, outside or inside the earth. He is a true man. Sliding down on smooth ice into one of the chasms of Mont Blanc, till his feet actually hang over it, mark how firmly he keeps hold of his hat!

At some distance beyond this spot, one of the guides loses his baton or pole, and comes near losing his life.

‘Marching at an angle of fortyfive degrees with the crevice we had succeeded in passing, we approached the rock. Another fissure was in our way. The leading guide plunged his baton into the bridge of snow over it. He then proceeded one step, and plunged again for the second, but his pole slipped from his hands, and fell through the snow into the gulf beneath; and he had only time to spring back on the ice, when the whole bridge which he was attempting to pass fell in. The pole bounded from side to side of the crevice for a few seconds, and was then lost. The poor fellow was much distressed, and many plans

were formed for its recovery, but none were deemed practicable, the crevice was too deep.' pp. 21, 22.

At four o'clock they arrived at their quarters for the night, which were on a platform or ledge near the top of the Grands Mulets, a tall pyramid of rock, shooting up to the height of three hundred feet from the glacier. Here they took their dinner, which was prepared by Coutet, who acted as chief cook, as well as chief guide. Our traveller attempted to smoke, but the rarity of the air rendered the scent of the tobacco so powerful and disagreeable, that he was obliged to desist. He then amused himself by looking down upon Chamonix, and plainly saw, with the aid of his glass, the people crossing the bridge. The tent of the party was soon put in order. It was made with a sheet laid over their batons, which were placed sloping against the rock. Some straw, which had been left by the last party who had been up, they found very acceptable. In this sublime lodging place, fit only for a brood of eagles, they laid themselves down to rest after the fatigues of the day. The spot was chosen on account of its being safe from the danger of avalanches. Mr Auldjo describes in glowing terms the glorious landscape, and the beauty of the setting sun, and the slowly coming night; and lulled by the thunder of falling avalanches, he fell asleep. In the middle of the night he awoke. A solitude and stillness prevailed, which, he says, affected him more than any of the occurrences of the day, though they now crowded on his mind. 'None of the beauties, none of the dangers, have made a more lasting impression on me than the awful silence of that night, broken as it was only by the loud crash of falling ice, echoing and reechoing with thrilling sound in the deathlike stillness.' Again he fell asleep, and at three o'clock in the morning was roused up to continue his journey.

We have followed him, thus far, so minutely, that we must make but a slight mention of his remaining adventures, though they were even more remarkable than those of the preceding day. He, as well as his companions, suffered much this morning from cold, rendered more acute by the thin atmosphere. They passed chasms, and climbed precipices, to read of which is enough to make one shudder. Some of these perilous exploits are presented to the eye, in lithographic drawings, which are more striking than anything of the kind we ever saw. They might make a weak head giddy to look at them. Not

the least terrible of these is the view of their breakfast station, which was a bridge of snow, hanging, as if it was just going to fall, between two enormous precipices of ice. It was selected because it was sheltered from the piercing wind.

Beyond this station they struck into a new route, less dangerous than the old one, which had been discovered but a few days before by two Englishmen, Messrs Hawes and Fellows. It was on the old route that the avalanche or slide of snow took place, which involved, in the year 1820, the party of Dr Hamel, destroying three of his guides, and putting an end to the expedition. Of this sad event we shall say more, presently.

The last passage having been made, which was considered very difficult, Mr Auldjo and his party heard 'a loud noise, or hissing sound, which the guides knew to proceed from a vast body of ice and snow falling in avalanches. It lasted some moments, and finished by a report, which must have been caused by the precipitation of some immense mass upon a rock or plain. In an instant the awful calm which had been disturbed resumed its reign. A great avalanche had fallen. The guides thought that it was upon the Italian side of the mountain, but were mistaken, as was afterwards discovered.' At nine o'clock they came again into the old line of ascent, and began to be very much distressed by the rarity of the air, which produced pain in the head, excessive thirst, and difficulty of breathing, and afterwards palpitation of the heart, and such lassitude and weakness as almost to take away the power of motion. The younger Coutet was nearly lost in a chasm. New dangers occurred, and the ascent became steeper. On arriving at the 'Derniers Rochers,' or the highest visible rocks, which project about twenty feet from the snow which envelopes the summit and sides of the mountain, Mr Auldjo was so much exhausted that he wished to sleep, but the experienced guides would not permit it, though they were suffering in the same way themselves.

Indeed if it had not been for the guides, our traveller, brave as he is, would never have reached the summit. We must let him relate the manner of his attaining it, in his own words.

'It was with some difficulty that I could be persuaded to leave these rocks, for all my enthusiasm was at an end; the lassitude and exhaustion had completely subdued my spirit. I was anxious to get to the summit, but I felt as if I should never accomplish it, the weariness and weakness increasing the mo-

ment I attempted to ascend a few steps; and I was convinced that in a few minutes I should be quite overcome. I was induced to proceed by the exhortations of the guides.

'We had to climb about one hour to get to the summit; but this part of the undertaking required a most extraordinary exertion, and severe labor it was. From the place where the rarity of the air was first felt, we had been able to proceed fifteen or twenty steps without halting to take breath; but now, after every third or fourth, the stoutest, strongest guide became exhausted; and it was only by resting some seconds, and turning the face to the north wind, which blew strong and cold, that sufficient strength could be regained to take the next two or three paces. This weakness painfully increased the difficulty of advancing up the ascent, which became every instant more steep.

'Although the sun was shining on us, I felt extremely cold on the side exposed to the cutting blast; and the other side of the body being warm, it increased the shivering, which had not quite left me, to such a degree as to deprive me almost of the use of my limbs. Some of the guides, also, were similarly affected, and even suffered more than myself; but all were anxious to get on, evincing a resolute determination that was quite wonderful in the state they were in. Their attention to me was marked by a desire to render me every possible service, while they endeavored to inspire me with the same firmness of which they themselves gave so strong an example. This earnest solicitude which they showed, much to their own discomfort and annoyance, to keep my spirits up, was in vain: I was exhausted; the sensation of weakness in the legs had become excessive; I was nearly choking from the dryness of my throat and the difficulty of breathing. My eyes were smarting with inflammation, the reflection from the snow nearly blinding me, at the same time burning and blistering my face. I had, during the morning, as a protection, occasionally worn a leather mask, with green eye glasses, but latterly I found it oppressive, and wore a veil instead; that, also, I was now obliged to discard. I desired to have a few moments' rest, and sat down. I besought the guides to leave me. I prayed Julien Devouassoud to go to the summit with them, and allow me to remain where I was, that by the time they returned I might be refreshed to commence the descent. I told them I had seen enough. I used every argument in my power to induce them to grant my request. Their only answer was, that they would carry me, exhausted as they were, to the summit, rather than that I should not get to it; that if they could not carry they would drag me.

'Being unable to resist, I became passive, and two of the

least exhausted forced me up some short distance, each taking an arm. I found that this eased me, and I then went on more willingly; when one of them devised a plan which proved of most essential service. Two of them went up in advance about fourteen paces, and fixed themselves on the snow; a long rope was fastened round my chest, and the other end to them. As soon as they were seated, I commenced ascending, taking very long strides, and doing so with quickness, pulling the rope in. They also, while I thus exerted myself, pulled me towards them, so that I was partly drawn up, and partly ran up, using a zig-zag direction; and the amusement derived from the process kept us in better humor than we were before. I was less fatigued, and felt the effects of the air less, by this process, than by the slow pace in which I had hitherto attempted to ascend.

‘I had taken very little notice of the progress we were thus making, when I suddenly found myself on the summit. I hastened to the highest point, (towards Chamonix,) and, taking my glass, observed that the party on the Breven had noticed the accomplishment of our undertaking, and were rewarding us by waving their hats and handkerchiefs, which salutation we returned. I noticed, also, that the people in Chamonix had also collected in considerable numbers on the bridge, watching our progress and success. I was exactly eleven o’clock.’ pp. 43-6.

The great object of all his toil, the summit of Mont Blanc and of his wishes was attained. A superb prospect was spread out, for leagues and leagues around and below him. The kingdom of Sardinia, parts of Switzerland, Italy, and France, were a map under his feet. But he hardly regarded, perceived, or felt. He threw himself down on the snow, as did his guides also, and in spite of the hot and beating sun above, and the cold snow beneath, they all slept. In a quarter of an hour, he was roused up to survey ‘the mighty picture,’ and found that his sleep had considerably refreshed him. Food was produced, but he could not swallow a morsel. Only one or two of the guides could eat at all. The rest rejected what was offered them, with loathing. Their experiment in drinking, though more curious, was not much more successful.

‘I had provided a bottle of Champagne, being desirous to see how this wine would be affected by the rarity of the air. I also wished to drink to the prosperity of the inhabitants of the world below me; for I could believe that there were no human beings so elevated as we were at that moment. The wire being removed, and the string cut, the cork flew out to a great distance, but

the noise could hardly be heard. The wine rolled out in the most luxuriant foam, frothing to the very last drop, and we all drank of it with zest; but not three minutes had elapsed when repentance and pain followed; for the rapid escape of the fixed air which it still contained produced a choking and stifling sensation, which was very unpleasant and painful while it lasted, and which frightened some of the guides. A very small quantity was sufficient to satisfy our thirst, for nine of us were perfectly satisfied with the contents of one bottle, and happily its unpleasant effects were but of short duration.' pp. 48, 49.

The remarkable stillness of such elevated regions is again spoken of in the following words.

'The most peculiar sensation which all have felt who have gained this great height arises from the awful stillness which reigns, almost unbroken even by the voice of those speaking to one another, for its feeble sound can hardly be heard. It weighs deeply upon the mind, with a power, the effect of which it is impossible to describe. I also experienced the sensation of lightness of body, of which Captain Sherwill has given a description in the following words;—"It appeared as if I could have passed the blade of a knife under the sole of my shoes, or between them and the ice on which I stood." p. 49.

The thermometer of Fahrenheit indicated thirtyone degrees in the shade, though at the same time the heat was most oppressive, the side of the body exposed to the sun being burnt, while the other was almost frozen. The atmosphere was in the most favorable state for their enjoyment of the prospect. Coutet, who had been up seven times, never knew it to be so clear before. Mr Auldjo employed what time remained to him, in imprinting on his memory the great features of the view, of which he gives a minute description. At twelve precisely, the party left the summit, having resolved to reach Chamonix that evening, if possible.

The descent of the mountain was even more difficult than the ascent, though more expeditious. When the party arrived, on their return, at the Derniers Rochers, and were looking round for good specimens of the rock, they discovered a bottle which had been deposited in a snug corner by Dr Clarke and Captain Sherwill, two years before. It was half full of water; and a paper which had been enclosed in it, bearing an ambitious, not to say a pompous inscription, as appears from Dr Clarke's Narrative, was reduced to a pulp. The inscription, thus dealt

with in two years, was, according to its authors, to have been preserved in the gradually accumulating ice, with its guardian bottle, for the term, possibly, of many centuries, 'like the insects preserved in amber, and so bear witness to distant generations, when other proud memorials have crumbled into dust!'

In descending, they adopted on several occasions what is called the *glissading* or sliding plan; that is, they would sit down at the top of a steep declivity of snow, and guiding themselves with their poles, as with rudders, slide down, one after another, to the bottom. This saved much time, and, where there was no great danger in their way, produced much merriment, as it often happened that they would roll over each other in their rapid descent.

It was now that they discovered the cause of the loud hissing noise which they had heard in their ascent. The description of this discovery, together with the narrative which it introduces from Dr Clarke of the loss of Dr Hamel's guides, form so interesting a portion of Mr Auldjo's work, that we trust we shall be pardoned for extracting nearly the whole account.

'I have before observed, that during our ascent a tremendous noise was heard, which was thought to be produced by some avalanche on the Italian side of the mountain; but we now discovered the real cause, and saw the danger from which we had escaped by following the new route. The noise had proceeded from an avalanche similar to, though greater, than the one which destroyed the three unhappy guides already mentioned. It had passed exactly in the line of ascent which we must have taken had not the new track been discovered, and it had fallen at the very time when we should probably have been in the centre of it. We should all have been inevitably carried away by its vast body; for so great was it, that a great part of the length of the plateau appeared to be covered with huge blocks of ice and mounds of snow which had formed parts of its overwhelming mass.

'I cannot describe my feelings when I saw the poor guides turn pale and tremble at the sight of the danger from which they had escaped. Clasping their hands, they returned most heartfelt thanks for this deliverance, recalling to mind the dreadful calamity and miserable fate of their companions, destroyed by such another avalanche. A deep impressive silence prevailed for some moments. The contemplation of this danger and escape was too much for even these uncultivated beings, under

whose rough character are found feelings which would do honor to the most refined of their fellow creatures.

'I will give Devouassoud's account of this event, as it is detailed by Dr Clarke in his published narrative ;—

"We had now not quite a mile to proceed," states Dr Clarke, "before arriving at the spot where the sad catastrophe occurred in 1820. This circumstance threw an air of seriousness into all faces. Our captain, Coutet, and brave Julien, had both most narrowly escaped death; nor could they approach the grave of their unhappy comrades without emotion. Julien gave a very clear and minute account of this disaster, which I wrote down immediately from his lips. Every particular was of course interesting to us, but might not be so to others, and we have only space for the heads. The party had breakfasted on the Grand Plateau, near the spot at which we halted. They then traversed the plain, and began to ascend the highest steeps of the mountain, called among the guides *La Calotte de Mont Blanc*. In proceeding obliquely upward, they approached a dark rock, which we saw above us deeply imbedded in the snow. 'The order of march,' said Julien, 'was this;—At the moment of the disaster, the leading guide was *Pierre Cairriez*; 2d, *Pierre Balmat*; 3d, *Auguste Tairraz*; these three perished;—then, 4th, me, *Julien Devouassou*; then, next to me, *Marie Coutet*, our captain; then, behind, were five other guides, with *Dr Hamel*, a Russian physician, and two English gentlemen. Suddenly, said he, I heard a sort of rushing sound, not very loud; but I had no time to think about it; for, as I heard the sound, at the same instant the avalanche was upon us. I felt my feet slide from beneath me, and saw the three first men fallen upon the snow with their feet foremost. In falling, I cried out loudly, "We are all lost!"* I tried to support myself by planting the ice-pole below me, but in vain. The weight of snow forced me over the baton, and it slipped out of my hand. I rolled down like a ball, in the mass of loose snow. At the foot of the slope was a yawning chasm, to the edge of which I was rapidly descending. Three times I saw the light, as I was rolling down the slope; and, when we were all on the very edge of the chasm, I saw the leg of one of my comrades, just as he pitched down into the crevice. I think it must have been poor *Auguste*; for it looked black, and I remember that *Auguste* had on black gaiters. This was the last I saw of my three companions, who fell headlong into the gulf, and were never seen or heard again.

* In our extracts we have rendered into English, some passages which in the original are given in French.

“‘At this moment I was just falling into the same crevice, and can but confusedly understand why I did not; but I think I owe my life to a very singular circumstance. Dr Hamel had given me a barometer to carry; this was fastened round my waist by a strong girdle. I fancy that at the moment this long barometer got beneath and across me—for the girdle suddenly broke, and I made a sort of bound as I fell—and so, instead of following my poor comrades, I was pushed over into another crevice, close to that in which they were killed. This chasm was already partly filled with snow. I do not think I fell more than fifty feet down, alighting on a soft cushion of snow, and a good deal covered with it above. I suppose before tumbling into the chasm, we slid down from one hundred and fifty to two hundred feet; but I cannot tell, for it seemed to me not more than a minute from the time I heard the noise of the avalanche above me, till I found myself lying deep down in a narrow crack.’ All estimate of distances, in such circumstances must, of course, be rude guesses. Coutet’s reply to the same question was this;—‘I should fancy I slid down near four hundred feet, and tumbled headlong about sixty feet.’ I asked Julien what his thoughts were during this awkward tumble. His reply was in these words;—‘While I was rolling down, I said to myself, I am lost; adieu my wife, and my children! and I asked pardon of God. I did not think of the others at all.’

“‘On coming to myself,’ continued honest Julien, ‘I was better off than I had expected. I was lying on my back, heels upward, with my head resting against the icy walls of the crack, and I could see some light and a little of the blue sky through two openings over my head. I was greatly afraid that some of my limbs had been broken, but I had sunk into the mass of soft snow, and though bruised by falling against the sides of the ice, yet nothing was broken, and in a few moments I contrived to get up on my feet. On looking up, I saw a little above me a man’s head projecting from the snow. It was Marie Coutet, our captain. He was quite covered with snow up to the neck, his arms pinioned down, and his face quite blue, as if he was nearly suffocated. He called to me in a low voice to come and help him. I found a pole in the crevice—I think not one that had belonged to the three who perished, but another. I went to Coatet, dug round him with the baton, and in a few minutes I got Coatet clear of the snow, and we sat down together. We remained in silence, looking at each other for a minute or two, thinking that all the rest were killed. Then I began to crawl up on the snow that partly filled the crack; and, in climbing up, I saw above me David Coutet, who was crying, and saying,

"My poor brother is lost!" I said, "No! He is here below." (Coutet was climbing behind Julien, and so not seen at first.) And I said, "Are all the others there above?" "There are yet three missing." Then I asked, "What are the names of those who are missing?" "Their names are, Pierre Cairriez; Pierre Balmat, and Auguste Tairraz. We have inquired whether the gentlemen have suffered any harm. They have answered, No." Then the guide helped us to get up about fourteen feet on the solid ice. They threw us down a little axe to cut steps, and put down the end of their poles, and we two got out.

"“We all went to search for the three others. We sounded with our poles, we cried aloud, we called them by their names, put down a long pole into the snow and listened; but all was in vain; we heard not the slightest sound. We spent two hours in this melancholy search, and by this time were well nigh frozen, for the wind was bitterly cold, our poles covered with ice, our shoes frozen as hard as horn. We were compelled to descend; we hurried down in perfect silence, and returned to the inn late at night.”” pp. 61-7.

We have seen, in the *Edinburgh Magazine* for October 1820, Dr Hamel's own account of this sad accident, which agrees strictly with the above. The two English gentlemen who accompanied him were Messrs Dornford and Henderson, both from Oxford University. Dr Hamel was well provided with instruments, and a variety of articles for experiments on the top of the mountain. He even had with him a collection of fireworks which he meant to display on his arrival there. But all his preparations were rendered useless by the catastrophe which befell his party. They were walking singly across the great slope of snow which lies just below the summit, when the event took place. The following is Dr Hamel's relation of what happened to himself.

'We thus advanced in a line nearly horizontal, crossing the plane at the middle of its height; that is to say, at an almost equal distance from the ridges on our right, and the platform of snow on our left. Nobody spoke, for at this height speaking fatigued, and the air conveyed the sound but feebly. I was still the last of the party, and I walked only about twelve paces at once, when leaning upon my stick I stopped to make fifteen inspirations. I found that in this manner I could advance without exhausting myself. Furnished with green spectacles and a crape before my face, my eyes were fixed upon my steps, which I counted, when all at once I felt the snow recede from my feet.

Thinking I only slipped, I struck in my stick on my left, but in vain. The snow which was accumulating on my right overturned me, covered me, and I felt myself drawn downwards with an irresistible force. I fancied at first that I was the only one of the party to whom this accident had occurred, but feeling the snow accumulate upon me so as to hinder me from breathing, I imagined that a great avalanche had descended from the top of Mont Blanc, and pushed the snow before it. Every moment I expected to be crushed to pieces by this mass. In my descent I turned constantly round, and employed all my strength to divide with my arms the snow in which I was buried. At last I got out my head, and I saw a great part of the slope in motion; but as I happened to be near the edge of this moving portion, I used every exertion to get upon the firm snow, and at last succeeded. It was then only I was aware of my danger, for I found I was very near a chasm which terminated the slope, and separated it from the platform. At the same instant I saw still nearer this abyss the head of Mr Henderson appear above the snow, and I discovered at a greater distance Mr Dornford and three guides; but the five others appeared not. Still I hoped to see them come out of the snow when it stopped; but Mathieu Balmat cried, "that all were lost in the chasm." I am unable to describe what then passed in my mind. I saw Mr Dornford throw himself on the snow in despair; and Mr Henderson was in a state which alarmed me for the consequences. But judge of our satisfaction when we saw, some minutes after, one of the guides come out of the chasm. Our *hurrah* redoubled at the appearance of the second; and we now hoped that the other three might also appear—but alas! we saw them no more.

'The guides, fearing a second sliding of the snow, advised us to depart; but this was impossible. Mr Dornford declared, that he was ready to sacrifice his life for the relief of these unfortunates. I held his hand, and partly buried in the snow, yet in motion, we advanced, in spite of the guides, towards the unknown depth, filled with snow, at the place where we supposed they had fallen in. There we descended into the gulf, and I sounded the snow everywhere with a stick, without meeting with any resistance. On the supposition that they might have fallen under some hollow or projection of the rock, and of their being yet alive—and as air much rarified does not communicate sound well, I plunged the longest stick to the top in the snow, and lying down, and applying my teeth to its end, I called the men by their names, listening afterward with profound attention if I heard any noise. But all was in vain. The guides forced us to depart from the place; declared that our search was use-

less; and refused even the money which we offered if they would remain. They carried away Messrs Dornford and Henderson; and while I was yet sounding in the snow, which had passed the hollow to a great distance, they had gone a considerable way, so that I had to descend alone with Coutet, who had not even a stick; but, absorbed in the horror of the event, I had become insensible to the sentiment of danger, and I cleared, without reflection, all the crevices. I rejoined my two companions at the Grand Mulet only, from whence we departed for the glacier of Bossous, and at half past eight P. M. we were on our return to the Union Hotel at Chamouny, without experiencing much fatigue. I was the more surprised at this, as after the accident I had, for upwards of an hour, made great exertions, at a height where the slightest movement exhausted our strength.'

pp. 334-5.

Dr Hamel explains this accident very satisfactorily, by saying, that the upper bed of snow, where they were walking, lay on another bed, the surface of which was hardened and smooth; and as their track along the first bed had, in a manner, cut it across, the part above began to slide over the other. We have been thus particular in our notice of this event, as it is the only instance, we believe, of a fatal accident in ascending Mont Blanc, though the journey is so full of peril. The two English gentlemen contributed liberally, as was their duty, to the relief of the distressed families of the sufferers.

We must now hasten to a conclusion. Mr Auldjo and his company performed the remainder of their descent with melancholy feelings, and under circumstances of great bodily suffering. They encountered a tremendous thunder storm, and nearly lost themselves, amidst the darkness and tempest, among a labyrinth of chasms in which they became involved. Drenched, scorched, and half dead, they reached Chamonix at half past eight in the evening, having been absent only thirtyseven hours.

In an account, which our author gives, at the end of his volume, of the different ascents to the summit of Mont Blanc, the whole number of successful ones is reckoned at fourteen. Of the gentlemen who have accomplished these, the majority are Englishmen, ten being their number. Of the rest, two are Americans, two Swiss, one Russian, one German, one Dutchman, and one Savoyard. The two Americans were Dr Van Rensalaer and Mr Howard.* We are quite satisfied with our portion

* We understand that a short account of the ascent made by these gentlemen, was published in this country; but we have not seen it.

of honor thus conferred, and hope that neither brother nor friend of ours will hazard his life to increase it.

‘Mountain!—That firm and ardent Genevese,*
The enthusiast child of science, whose bold foot
Bounded across thine ice rents, who disdained
The frozen outworks of thy steep ravines,
And through a labyrinth of crystal rocks
Pressed his untired ascent, e’en he, and all
His iron band of native mountaineers,
While scaling the aërial cupola
Of Nature’s temple, owned a breathless pang.
Thy most attenuate element is fit
For angel roamings. True, his zealous mind
Achieved its philosophic aim, and marked
And measured thee; but turned to earthly climes
Full soon, and bent in gladness toward the vale.
Mountain!—The sons of science or of taste
Need not essay such triumph. ’Tis more wise
And happier—till a fiery chariot wait—
To scan from lesser heights thy glorious whole.’

ART. IV.—1. *Library of Useful Knowledge. Published under the Superintendence of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge.* London. Baldwin, and Cradock. 1828. 8vo. 35 No’s.

2. *An Address delivered before the Members of the New Bedford Lyceum, at their first Meeting, Dec. 18, 1828.* By THOMAS A. GREENE. New Bedford. Benjamin T. Congdon. 1829. pp. 19.

THE hope of human nature grows strong within us, we dare to say so, though we have many misgiving fears. We fear, because the current of things has so long gone against it, and still does, in so many quarters. We fear, too, because everything is at stake. But then, we hope for the same reason, because we confide too much in the good providence of God, to believe that where everything is at stake, all will be lost. We hope, too, because the lights of promise are kindling, one

* De Saussure.

after another, in our horizon, and betoken a coming day. We hope strongly, when we contemplate the noble company of men in this country, and in England, and in France, too; a company, composed of the wealthy, the wise, and the good; a class hitherto, as a class, unknown in the world, who have stepped forth from their ordinary pursuits, and are uniting their counsels and labors to raise the human mind from ignorance and debasement; who, like Nehemiah of old, cannot be content with the splendors of Babylon, who feel a public and a pitying spirit amidst the pursuits of a too often selfish ambition and prosperity, whose 'countenances grow sad' even when they 'take up the wine' in the feastings of their palaces, and who ask leave of their magnificent offices and appointments and distinctions, to go forth, and 'build up the walls and the waste places of Jerusalem.'

We should venture too much, perhaps, if we were to ascribe so holy an impulse to the society, whose publications are named at the head of this article. We have, if it must be confessed, the old Trojan fear upon us;—we are afraid of men even when they are 'bringing gifts,' to the altars of benevolence; we are afraid of men, even when they are doing right. But we certainly have hailed the projects of this Society, as among the great and worthy promises of the age. It is true, that the pleasure we had expected from their publications is more than slightly dashed with disappointment. They fail in their great object. They are not adapted to the diffusion of useful knowledge among the mass of the people. We speak now of the scientific tracts particularly; some of which, to be understood, must be studied, even by men of education. Of this the Society seems to have become aware; and its directors now announce, as in course of preparation, another series of tracts, of a more simple character, under the title of a 'Library of Entertaining Knowledge.'

It seems to be difficult to obtain, from learned men, scientific treatises that are sufficiently elementary and simple. They cannot come down, or they do not comprehend how far they must come, to meet the uneducated mind. We were much struck with the anecdote of the youthful Dugald Stewart, who, having taught his father's class in mathematics with singular success, and being asked the reason of it, modestly but justly answered, that it was probably because he was only 'three days ahead of the class.' We do not suppose that men can be too

learned; but when they undertake to become instructors of the illiterate, they are liable to forget how many steps, on the path of their own acquisitions, they have to travel back, before they can come into contact with the minds of their pupils. We dwell upon this point a moment, for we prophesy that such labors will ere long be undertaken in this country. It would be the first and fittest work of a National Lyceum, should such an institution be formed. And we make these suggestions the rather, because there is no other way to help the difficulty which the English Society is experiencing, but to appeal to the learned themselves. It is impossible to have a committee of publication and censorship, who may return their tracts to men of distinguished learning, and say to them, 'You must give us something better.' We cannot treat such men in this way. We cannot dictate to the chief artists how they shall do their work, or how they shall explain their principles. And if they will not condescend to let themselves down to the office of instructing children, if they will not lay aside the idea of composing able and reputable treatises on science, if they will not leave their academic halls and come into our Lyceums, to express ourselves figuratively, they might as well do nothing. It will be to no purpose, to worse than no purpose, to raise great funds and great expectations; for the one will be wasted, and the other disappointed.

It cannot be expected of us that we should go into any minute criticism on the publications of the English Society. The historical and biographical portion of its tracts leaves nothing, perhaps, to be wished for. We shall look with great interest for the new series. Of Mr Greene's Address we shall speak more particularly, when we come, as we shall naturally do, in pursuance of these remarks, to take notice of Lyceums, as one means of accomplishing the great objects to which we have referred. But before doing this, we shall take the liberty to give ourselves some range on the general subject.

We have spoken of what we trust we shall be accused of nothing fanciful for denominating, 'the hope of human nature;' and we wish it were possible to awaken a new feeling in the world concerning it. We aver that it is the great hope and only refuge, whether for the philanthropist or the philosopher. For philosophy, the philosophy of a moral being, must be dark, as well as philanthropy sad, but for the brightening of this

hope. We will not measure our words here. We fearlessly say, that nothing on earth ought to be precious, or agitating, or delightful, or glorious, compared with the hope of raising human nature towards the virtue and nobleness and bliss, of which it is capable, and of which it has so lamentably failed. If any one should smile at our phrase, or our meaning—provided he were worth disputing with—we would say to him, 'Everything centres here. The cause of human nature is the great cause, compared with which everything on earth dwindles into insignificance. Everything is suspended upon it. Everything must rise or fall with it. Governments, institutions, laws, sceptres, dominions, are good or evil, only as they raise or depress the human soul. Freedom is but a name, wisdom is but craft, and learning is folly, if it do not help this cause. That glory of God, of which theologians say so much, must receive its chief illustration on earth, from the advancement of human nature. The mystery of providence grows dark without this prospect. The experience of ages has been wasted, if it does not come to this result; the long series of human griefs and struggles has been wasted; and toils and labors have been spent, and holy tears and precious blood have been poured out in vain, but for this. But for this, the visions of poetry are dreams; the brightest and most soothing imaginations of genius are unproductive reveries; and the word of inspiration will not accomplish that whereto it is sent; and holy prayers of faith will have gone forth into the empty air; and the rapt soul of the seer, and the watcher, and the waiting servant of God, "rapt into future" and better "times," must have grown dark and desolate as the grave.'

The hope of human nature is the Christian's hope. The Master of Christians labored, and prayed, and suffered for it. None of all the philosophers and sages, with whom he is sometimes compared, ever took human nature by the hand, stooped to it, in its lowest forms, communed with it in its deepest miseries, saw the treasure of great price beneath the despised garb of publicans and sinners; none ever approached even so far as enthusiasm towards the all-absorbing mission and aim of him, who came to save that which was lost. And nothing but his religion, we may add, will ever make men feel as they ought towards the improvement of their kind. The world, the ambitious, covetous, voluptuous, and selfish world, will idly pass it by. The infidel philosopher will scowl with misanthropic

scorn, over the picture which he has drawn of human debasement. It is only christian men, who will take this holy cause home to their hearts, and ponder it, and pray over it, and so identify themselves with their race, as almost to feel that they individually rise or fall, prosper or fail, with the great cause of human nature. We know such men, and revere them; men, to whom these thoughts come, often and unbidden; who wear out many a lonely vigil with these meditations; whose words of lofty reasoning and promise, strike upon our ears, we had almost said, like voices of inspiration and prophecy; men who live much in this great hope of human nature; who solace even their private and individual griefs with it; who bear up under the load of depressed spirits, and beguile their very sickness and pain with this cheering expectation.

Let us, if any will, be called enthusiasts on this theme. Projects of improvement, we hope, are not very extravagant things. Is not the world all alive to them? Look at our Agricultural Societies, and the zeal of men to improve soils. It is well; but we would there were a proportionable zeal to cultivate the neglected, the 'fallow ground' of human nature. And there are many that go forth, and we wish that we could go with them, to muse and moralize and kindle up glorious enthusiasm, amidst the ruins of ancient art. But we feel, that there are holier ruins all around us, the ruins of human nature, that is well compared to 'a city broken down, and without walls.' The crumbling columns and temples of the elder world, present no such ruins, at once so noble and mournful, as every man may approach in the unvalled city, in the waste temple of his own mind.

The truth is, we have not yet considered what human nature might be. We have taken our ideas of it, rather from the abuse, than from the use, of its powers. Men have not made the requisite exertion, nor in the right direction, for their development. No age has been entirely favorable to this endeavour, no state of society, no maxims of life, no system of education. Things act upon the mind in combination; and even where one part of the system of influences is brought to considerable perfection, as learning, or liberty, for instance, there are so many things bad around it, as more than half to neutralize its good effects. And thus it has happened that even the best of religions has been often perverted to evil. The aggregate of social influences, at any rate, that have borne upon the human

character, has been unfriendly to its elevation. We have seen, therefore, little of what men may be. On no subject, it is to be apprehended, are duller conceptions prevailing than on this; what man might be, what he ought to be, what a noble being was designed to stand forth the lord of this lower creation. Alas! men can more easily tell you the fine and desirable points of anything, of a noble animal, of a splendid building, of anything, more easily than that. And how is it strange, then, that men have thought meanly of their nature, and that the dignity of human nature, a theme that should shake our pulpits as with thunder, that should be sounded out with a voice as if to wake the dead, has been little better than a phrase of sickening sentiment, and a theme of puerile declamation.

We talk about the badness of human nature; but do any of us consider what a poor chance it has had? We have starved it, and dwarfed it; and, at length, we end the series of wrongs, by scorning it. Look abroad upon the face of society, and especially in the old world, and say, what chance is there, but that which the furnace gives to the ore, that amidst the feverish struggles of ambition, the graspings of covetousness, the obstinate hold of the selfish upon all they have, the proud exclusiveness of the higher classes, the jealousies of the lower, the toils of the poor, and the indulgences of the voluptuous—what chance there is, that any noble and manly virtues will grow up to their just height. What chance has there been for the mass of men in those countries, to be intelligent? And if not intelligent, what chance have they had of being free, virtuous, and happy? What chance is there, that wisdom will spring from the beaten paths of cruel and mechanical toil, from the dust and din of oppressive and unrelieved labor, or from gewgaw distinctions and titles; in one word, from that rubbish of superannuated folly in every form, that is so plentifully mingled with almost all the social and political institutions in the world? Do the spade and the plough teach knowledge? Do spinning-jennies discourse wisdom? Are stars and garters Masonic emblems? These questions will not be misconstrued, we presume, into a proposal rashly to abolish titles; much less to abolish toils. Nevertheless, we do conceive that this part of the system of life, is about as badly arranged as it can be, for the real improvement of men. It is work, work, work, on the one hand, and on the other a no less fatal leisure and independence. On the one hand, it is dire and reckless poverty;

and on the other, a dissolute and reckless superfluity. If something of all this mighty exertion, and enterprise, and labor, and expenditure, which makes up the active world, could be converted to the cause of human improvement; if all the energies of human nature and life could be combined, and devoted to this end; if we could see individual men putting forth their powers to the utmost effort and trial, keeping a sleepless watch over themselves, pressing forward every day, and every day making new advances, regarding every attainment as a step, from which to reach higher and farther; if we could see men, stepping forth on the theatre of this world with the noble demeanour and countenance that would become beings so exalted, we should then begin to perceive what men might be, what they never have been. We should then be able boldly to point to such an example, to redeem the long abiding reproach of human nature.

It is a sad reflection, but we must dwell upon it. We must say, and will say, without hesitation, that we are dissatisfied, greatly, almost wholly dissatisfied, with any state of society, that ever yet has existed, as a field for human improvement. When we look over the world, and the world's history, there is nothing that is so fitted to strike and pain the mind, as the extreme contrast between what the world was evidently made to be, and what it is. Even from the simple external aspects of things, we may gather this conclusion. It is a fair creation, and was fitted for noble influences and uses. The glorious canopy of the heavens was not designed to be spread over an ignoble race. And everything beneath, the elements, waters, and groves, hills and vallies, are moulded into forms of enrapturing beauty, that have power, one might imagine, to impart their own beauty to the minds that dwell among them. And the human soul is capable of being touched to these finer issues. And if, knowing all this, a stranger from some distant world, should alight upon our planet—if a stranger to the actual state of things, but knowing what it might be, should alight amidst the fair and rich scenes of our summer landscapes, he would expect the inhabitants of such a world to sweep by him, with the majestic step and mien of angels with their robes of light, and their voices 'discoursing music.'—'These,' he would say, 'are the abodes of innocence. Here dwell inviolate truth and faith, and divine simplicity, and blessed friendship. Brethren dwell here, and this fair earth is not rent with violence, nor watered

with tears, nor stained with blood, nor does it bear the foot-steps of the proud and scornful, nor does it echo to the complaints of the neglected or miserable.' Alas! how different is the reality! How lamentable is the story of human fortunes, all over the world! Oh! it is wonderful, that a set of beings, endowed with reason, endowed with sense, to say nothing of the moral soul, should have played the fool and the maniac as men have done. Look at things upon a great scale, or at things upon a small scale, and we find it everywhere the same. Look at war, that stupendous insanity. Look at the single history of that being, who has gone to his account with the blood of two millions of men staining his imperial robe, and the groans of millions unnumbered, to usher him to his audit—and yet listen to the canonizing shout of half the world, as the story of his wonderful and awful career is told, and compute, if you can, the immensity of the guilt on the one hand, and the folly on the other. Look, again, at the vast regions of groaning servitude; and then, at the more numerous, and more miserable slaves of vice, that are crowding the ten thousand avenues of death and hell, in the villages and cities of the world. Then, descend into the retreats of private and domestic life, and see how many untold miseries of evil passion are there; and, at last, penetrate into the recesses of the human heart, and see it, restless, disordered, and discontented, suffering wounds without cause, and afflictions without reason, miserable when it might be happy, evil, when to be good is its interest as much as its duty.

Add to all this, those delusions of opinion, those mistakes of abused human nature, those lies of the perverted heart, by which this mighty system of national, social, and individual sin and folly is supported, and it seems almost as if there was neither light nor hope. There is darkness upon the nations, and it is almost the darkness of despair; darkness in their institutions, their pursuits, their plans of enjoyment, their very ideas of happiness. After six thousand years of teaching, men have not learned to live, either as physical, or as intellectual, or as moral beings. The science of living well and happily, is the science least of all understood, or even studied. This reckless waste of life, and of all that is good in life, which we see everywhere; this universal seeking of happiness abroad, when the springs of it are within us; this blinding and bigoted folly of accounting sin a pleasure, and duty a task,

tedious and irksome in the performance; and then these bewildering voices of ambition, avarice, and pleasure, which fill the world with strife and uproar; this press and throng of selfish passions and worldly competitions; these contests for distinction, these jealousies of fashion, wit, and beauty, these bitter sighings of discontent—alas! what power, what mighty power is ever to correct these evils?

If we should answer, that we do not know, we should be false to our own principles. We do hope in human nature after all its mistakes. We do trust in the reason of man that it will yet be schooled to wisdom. We do confide in his conscience, that it will yet gather strength to resist temptation. We believe, that all experience is not to be lost upon a reasoning, inquiring, and suffering world. We believe in God, and are firmly persuaded, that his designs are better for us, than human life has yet unfolded. Something can, ought, and must be done. These are our watch words. We know that they will carry to many, a sound of enthusiasm, as well as of innovation. But the most captious and cold-blooded misanthropist might well take side with us in this matter, for nobody complains so much of the state of the world as he does. It is not he, that takes the world to be well enough as it is; and he ought to have patience, at least, if other men try to make it better and wiser. Or, if it will greatly relieve him, let him criticise. It is not that sound, that will stop the movement of the world. He may say, with the significant air of superior wisdom, that the movement of the world must be slow; but is that a good reason why no effort at all should be made for its advancement? When we say that something can be done, we do not say that it can be done in a moment.

But something can be done. We repeat; and let it be remembered, too, that every man can do something. Let each one begin with himself; let him make himself wiser and better. That is the first, and great work. But he should not stop with that. 'Let every man mind not his own things only, but also the things of another.' Let every man consider with himself, what he can do for that worthiest object of life, the improvement of his kind. Let those who are thus minded, go single-handed, and meet the evils of poverty and ignorance, in the thronged paths and crowded by-ways of our cities. Let others, if it please them, combine in their exertions to do good. Let the ingenious devise methods of human improvement, and the

judicious correct them. Let him, whose heart can indite a good matter, and him who has the pen of a ready writer, bring his offering of earnest thoughts and words, to the great cause. Let the active give range to their activity, wide as the regions of ignorance, and vice, and misery. Let some devote themselves to the suppression of intemperance. Let others search our prisons, and listen to the groans or the execrations that long have issued from them, unheard and unpitied. Let others still, build up the waste places of Zion, or go forth and erect altars to the true God, amidst the fanes of idolatry. Let the learned contribute their knowledge to this great work, the lofty their influence, the wise their legislation, the powerful their authority. Let the tone of education, and morality, and religion, be raised. Let the eloquent give their exhortation, and the rich of their wealth, and the faithful their endeavours, and the good their prayers, to the one great, united, universal effort, to make the world better and happier. Something of all this, we thank God, is beginning to be done; and we trust that what has been accomplished is only a pledge for what is yet to be undertaken.

In this wide field of exertion, however, we are led at present to direct our attention to a single point; and we are not sure, that it is not the central and most prominent point of all. We mean, the diffusion of useful knowledge; and we mean by useful knowledge, all that information of every kind which may contribute to the welfare and happiness of human society. Let us make man intelligent. Let us try a new experiment for his improvement, and let us put it on the basis of his understanding. This is the only foundation on which to rear for him any exalted character or permanent happiness. His very virtues and affections are valueless without intelligence. And true devotion, the right contemplation of God, is the noblest act of reason, as well as the noblest exercise of feeling. And we aver, that the experiment we propose, never yet has been tried on a large scale. Rome had her gifted and eloquent men, but her citizens were not intelligent. The Athenians were an acute people, but their acuteness appeared chiefly in wit and trifling. And the modern civilized world has not pretended to show any large masses of intelligent population, except in Scotland and in this country. But we are afraid that the intelligence of our own people is much overrated. We cannot call him an intelligent man, who is all his life long turning over soils, of which

he knows not the properties, or the process of improving, or who is using diagrams in mechanism, of which he understands none of the principles, or who, in political affairs, gives his suffrage at the instance of a party, without being able to assign any good reason for his choice, or, in fine, who, with a perfect dread of religious inquiry, takes the creed which his teacher delivers him. We should expect that those whose minds had been turned to the real love of knowledge—a thing that our schools hitherto have had very little tendency to bring about—would at least gain an acquaintance with those things, with which they are brought into close and continual contact.

It seems to us, moreover, and by itself considered, a grievous wrong to the human mind, that it should pass through a world like this, in such ignorance as generally prevails, of all the wonders it contains. It is a wrong, if we might say so, to the Creator. He has spread around us, on every side, miracles of his power and wisdom. He has filled all nature with the most beautiful and wonderful evidences of design and benevolence. He has crowded all the forms of animal and vegetable life, with models of unequalled art. He has fearfully and wonderfully made the human frame—made it, as one has said, ‘a cluster of contrivances,’—and to what end has he done all this, but that it should be seen and understood? He has placed in this world one being, and only one that is capable of understanding it; and is it not an unnatural stupidity, and a grievous misfortune in this sole pupil of nature, if he knows nothing about it? This knowledge ‘is not afar off, but it is nigh’ to him. He cannot step from his door, but elements, forms, principles, illustrations press around him, as it were, and solicit his attention. The light, the air, the ocean, the solid earth are all filled with wonders. Philosophers who have inquired into these things, come back, and report to us the discovery of new worlds—worlds within worlds, beneath the covering of every animal and plant, and in the structure of every flower of the field, and every shell of the sea-shore. Each department of that world of mechanism which is found in every vegetable, and insect, is made the subject of Philosophical Transactions, and elaborate works of science. And yet the mass of mankind pass through this magnificent theatre, richer than all that human imagination could devise and human art frame, as ignorant of its interior structure and symmetry, and the skill of its Architect, as if they had lived upon a barren mountain, or in a

subterranean mine. A world of wonders and beauties is, as it were, thrown away upon them.—And it is not for the want of time, that they are ignorant of all this. It does not require profound learning to understand it. Much time and study are indeed requisite for the examination of these subjects ; but the results, the important results, are few, simple, and intelligible. Of the time which the active and the laborious portion of the world, which the body of mankind enjoys for leisure and amusement, one tenth part would be sufficient for the most material and important acquisitions in useful science. Neither is there any want of means, of funds, to procure books, and form libraries. There is a want of nothing, necessary to the end, but inclination.

And it is from awakening this inclination among men, it is from the diffusion of useful knowledge of every sort, among the body of mankind, that we derive one of our strongest grounds of hope for human nature, and for the world. It was, for this reason, that we hailed the establishment of the mechanics' associations of England. And it is with the same hope and interest, that we now look for some aid in the great cause, to the Lyceums of this country.—We shall ask the indulgence of our readers for a few remarks on the plan now proposed for spreading scientific and other useful knowledge among the body of our people.

There is not very much to be said of this institution ; or at least, not much is necessary. The project of Lyceums is a very simple one ; very congenial to the tastes of the people of this country, and much more novel in its name, than in its principles and objects. If Lyceums had been called 'Library Societies,' which they might as well, the people of New England, at least, would have felt quite familiar with them ; for social libraries have always been known in almost all our villages and townships. Only connect with the purchasing of a library, regular meetings of its proprietors for mutual conference and improvement, to be carried on by means of conversation, debates, dissertations, or lectures, as the case may be, and you have a Lyceum. Apparatus, models, &c., for illustrating the sciences, would be obtained, as the wants of the institution required, or its resources would permit ; and in villages considerable enough to justify the expense, buildings might be erected, with rooms for the library, lectures, apparatus, &c. ;

or schoolhouses a little enlarged, would very well answer the purpose. This is the whole of the strange business, with the mystery of its new name, that is now attracting the attention of the good people of our New England States; and if we understand their character, it will attract more attention.

With regard to the name we make an extract from Mr Greene's Address.

'As there always is, or ought to be, some meaning in a name, the question has very naturally been asked, What is the meaning of this name which you have assumed? At the risk of appearing to take upon myself the superfluous task of explaining to many what they better know than I know how to tell them, I will answer the question. In the prosperous days of ancient Greece, her territory was divided into many small, but independent republics. Among these, Athens was distinguished for her attainments in literature and the arts; nearly all the historians, orators, and poets of that age were hers, and to the schools of her philosophers the youths of other nations resorted for instruction. The place where Plato delivered his lectures was designated as the Academy, and that appropriated to Aristotle was known as the Lyceum. These were beautiful groves in the suburbs of Athens, with shaded walks and porticos adapted to the accommodation of the teachers and their pupils.'—'Aristotle usually delivered his lectures while walking in the grove of the Lyceum'—and 'we think there is a peculiar fitness in this name; for the plan upon which these institutions are to be conducted partakes more nearly of the popular character of the lectures of the Athenian schools than any modern system of instruction with which we are acquainted.' pp. 7, 8.

This address of Mr Greene is a very sensible and judicious performance. We wish that many of our Lyceums might give as good augury, in their opening addresses, of the ability and discernment, with which their objects will be prosecuted. The writer has evidently looked around him with an observant eye, and has given just what the occasion demanded, an address, local and appropriate; a discourse, encouraging to exertion by pointing out the way. Most of the topics are too local, indeed, to warrant us in making extracts. We take a single passage further, on the moral advantages to be expected from Lyceums.

'I shall not feel that I have discharged the whole duty which the occasion calls for at my hands, without adverting again more particularly to the moral benefit which may be anticipated from this association. From all the divisions, ranks, and classes of

society, we are to meet here on neutral ground ; with one common object in view, to which the efforts of all will be directed. We come, as has been already said, to teach and to be taught in our turn ; to instruct and to be instructed. While we mingle together in these pursuits, we shall learn to know each other more intimately ; we shall remove many of the prejudices which ignorance or partial acquaintance with each other had fostered. These prejudices are mutual ; every man has doubtless his share. In the parties and sects into which we are divided, we sometimes learn to love our brother at the expense of him whom we do not in so many respects regard as a brother. If at one place we are in danger of imbibing these exclusive and anti-social feelings, we must go to another place to forget them ; and we are erecting here an altar, on which many of our mistaken, rather than misanthropic prejudices will be laid, and from which we may return to our homes and our firesides with kindlier feelings towards one another, because we have learned to know one another better.' p. 18.

We do not hesitate to say that we look with much expectation to the Lyceum, should it succeed, as a place for the cultivation of a manly self-respect and christian liberality, superior to the low, sectarian jealousies and prejudices that now so much prevail. Its probable moral effect, too, especially upon young men entering into the active business or the laborious occupations of life, appears to us as a feature of great promise. Let any man become interested in a social institution of this kind ; let him become familiar with its library and its lecture room ; let him anticipate, with pleasure, the evening of assembling ; let there be ties thus formed between the reading of his fireside and an association of friends and fellow citizens, all eager in the pursuit of knowledge ; and how many beautiful fountains have you opened to that mind, how many objects more interesting than all the allurements of vice, how many safeguards of virtue, have you placed around him !

In one respect, the Lyceum is an experiment. It is an experiment upon the general intelligence and love of knowledge. But this is the only source of doubt upon the subject. There can be no question of its utility, if it is entered into with heartiness, and carried on with spirit. It is certainly a mode of pursuing knowledge, that possesses some peculiar attractions and advantages. It is social, mutual, communicative. A man often gains a double knowledge of a subject, by undertaking to communicate his ideas upon it. And that which is brought forward

in the Lyceum, and illustrated, as many subjects will be, by experiments, drawing, or models, will be far more interesting, than the same thing coming from the silent pages of a book. In fact, books alone will not serve the purpose of popular instruction.

The project, if it is feasible, is certainly most reasonable. If the sole object of such an association were to bring its members acquainted with the natural sciences, with that world of mysteries and wonders which surrounds them, it would be sufficient to justify the undertaking, and all the zeal that can be lavished upon it. But no limitation need to be placed to the variety of useful subjects, that might attract the attention of a Lyceum. Not only the physical sciences, but history, both civil and religious, moral philosophy, political economy, and many other subjects, might, as circumstances favored, be pursued, at least in their elementary principles. From ten or twenty years, from two or three generations, employed in this way, might not great results be expected? Is it not worth while to make the trial?

Let us not complain of human nature, let not the world complain of the badness of its condition, till greater efforts are made for its improvement; till light is preferred to darkness; till knowledge is sought for as eagerly as wealth; till virtue commands more treasures and more labors in its cause, than vice; till projects for the public good shall acquire something of the zeal of projects for private aggrandizement. Till then, it would be premature to judge of the nature of man or of the wisdom of Providence, for we cannot fairly comprehend either.

The work to be done is great; but now is not the time to be discouraged. In darker ages, amidst untoward circumstances, in danger, if not despondency, the noble company of confessors and martyrs have been true to the cause of God, and of human welfare. Their commission, attested with holy vows and prayers, and sealed in their blood, they have sent down to us; and faint-hearted and false shall we be, if we do not and dare not accept the trust. They 'compass us about as a cloud of witnesses,' and enforce the apostolic exhortation that we 'run with patience the race that is set before us.' Better times have come; let them not witness worse endeavours. Let the auspices of the age cheer us on. If faith has held out in gloomier days, let it not fail now. It may be thought, that in the views we have given of the state of the world, we have made the ways of Providence dark. We cannot help the sad

truth ; we cannot make out the state of the human race to be better than we have represented ; and we see not, indeed, that the inference with regard to Providence is darker in the case of the world, than in the case of an individual. But if there be a problem, a mystery, we lay on good men the charge to clear it up. They only can do it. One vigorous, persevering exertion, all over the world, to raise the human race to knowledge and virtue, would do more to ' vindicate the ways of God to man,' than the speculations of philosophers for centuries.

ART. V.—*The Course of Time ; a Poem, in ten Books.* By ROBERT POLLOK, A. M. The fifth Edition. Edinburgh. William Blackwood. 1828. 12mo. pp. 394.

THE Reverend Mr Balwhidder, the author of the 'Annals of the Parish,' had the design of writing 'an orthodox poem, like Paradise Lost, by John Milton, wherein he proposed to treat more at large of original sin, and the great mystery of redemption.' What he only contemplated, the Reverend Mr Pollok has executed, and in a manner so satisfactory, so accordant, as far as we can judge, with the conceptions of the Reverend Mr Balwhidder, as to leave no room for regret that his design was not carried into effect. The great popularity of Mr Pollok's production is a sufficient pledge of its merit. The copy before us is of the fifth Edinburgh edition ; and it has, as we are told, been twice stereotyped in our country.

It is, indeed, a poem treating of high matters. The time supposed, is some period beyond the consummation of this world. A beatified spirit, whom we should have supposed to have been that of a Calvinistic divine, if the writer had not informed us that it was the spirit of some great poet, is represented as giving an account of this world to another blessed spirit, newly arrived from a distant planet, and to two seraphs, who accompany him, for the purpose of having their curiosity satisfied also. He explains to them all those facts respecting the past and yet future history of man, which we find stated in Ridgeley's Body of Divinity, and other works of like authority on the subject ; and introduces a great variety of matter upon a multitude of interesting topics, such as pride,

ambition, vanity, avarice, infidelity, Unitarianism, government, modern politics, and modern authors. The writer has made quite an extensive display of his powers; and we must confess, that in attempting to follow him, our faculties have been so 'strained by this celestial colloquy divine,' that we could, we think, have 'sought repair' even from a novel by Lady Morgan. Our perceptions have become confused. We have at times almost lost the consciousness that we were reading. We seemed to make no progress; and were disheartened, like a traveller in one of those solemn deserts where nothing is to be seen but sand and sky. We have nearly despaired of being able conscientiously to review the production; for we conceive that an honest reviewer must read a considerable part of a book which he makes the subject of an article. We hope, however, to give proof that we have done in this respect, all that a humane individual could require.

We ought to premise that, however it may be with the applause of others, our praises, at least, are entirely unprejudiced. Not only is man in general spoken of in such vituperative language, as is adapted to produce a slight degree of warmth in all who are not separated from the rest of their species as elect or evangelical; but we Unitarians in particular are treated with all the bitterness of scorn. After describing various wicked persons, the beatified spirit expresses himself thus;—

'Another, stranger and more wicked still,
With dark and dolorous labor, ill applied,
With many a gripe of conscience, and with most
Unhealthy and abortive reasoning,
That brought his sanity to serious doubt,
'Mong wise and honest men, maintained that He,
First Wisdom, Great Messiah, Prince of Peace,
The second of the uncreated Three,
Was nought but man, of earthly origin.
Thus making void the sacrifice divine,
And leaving guilty men, God's holy law
Still unatoned, to work them endless death.' p. 45.

This is cruel and piercing satire. But our feelings will not prevent us from doing justice to the work. In executing this design, our best course will be first to select a few striking examples of its beauty and power.

The following pleasing description is part of a long account

of the images painted on the walls of hell. The account occurs near the commencement of the poem, serving to welcome the reader, and prepare him for the entertainment which follows. The sight is described by the new planetary spirit as viewed by him on his way to heaven.

'Fast by the side of this unsightly thing,
Another was pourtrayed, more hideous still;
Who sees it once shall wish to see 't no more.
Forever undescribed let it remain!
Only this much I may or can unfold.
Far out it thrust a dart that might have made
The knees of terror quake, and on it hung,
Within the triple barbs, a being pierced
Through soul and body both. Of heavenly make
Original the being seemed, but fallen,
And worn and wasted with enormous wo.
And still around the everlasting lance,
It writhed, convulsed, and uttered mimic groans;
And tried and wished, and ever tried and wished
To die; but could not die. Oh, horrid sight!
I trembling gazed, and listened, and heard this voice
Approach my ear; This is Eternal Death.

'Nor these alone. Upon that burning wall,
In horrible emblazonry, were limned
All shapes, all forms, all modes of wretchedness,
And agony, and grief, and desperate wo.
And prominent in characters of fire,
Where'er the eye could light, these words you read;
"Who comes this way, behold, and fear to sin!"
Amazed I stood; and thought such imagery
Foretokened, within, a dangerous abode.' pp. 12, 13.

The old readers of the *Edinburgh Review* may recollect, that Brother Cary, on his voyage to the East Indies, had 'much pleasure' one day, and 'some sweetness' the next, in reading Edwards's sermon on the Justice of God in the Damnation of Sinners. No doubt others will enjoy equal pleasure and sweetness in reading the description from which we have quoted. It is remarkable that the imaginations of both Pollok and Edwards flame out upon the subject of hell, with a splendor which nowhere else appears in their works.

We proposed to select; but there is little room for selection. The following is an account of the meeting between the beatified spirit and his auditors.

'Of Adam's race he was, and lonely sat,
By chance that day, in meditation deep,
Reflecting much of time, and earth, and man.
And now to pensive, now to cheerful notes,
He touched a harp of wondrous melody.
A golden harp it was, a precious gift,
Which, at the day of judgment, with the crown
Of life, he had received from God's own hand,
Reward due to his service done on earth.

'He sees their coming, and with greeting kind,
And welcome, not of hollow forged smiles,
And ceremonious compliment of phrase,
But of the heart sincere, into his bower
Invites. Like greeting they returned. Not bent
In low obeisance, from creature most
Unfit to creature; but with manly form
Upright they entered in; though high his rank,
His wisdom high, and mighty his renown.
And thus, deferring all apology,
The two their new companion introduced.' pp. 18, 19.

We do not like to dwell on the conception of the presentation harp; but let us examine particularly the last paragraph. The meaning is, that the beatified spirit received his visitors kindly and sincerely, not ceremoniously; and that the two seraphs and the planetary spirit did not make him low bows, which should not be made to any creature. How striking and just is the last thought; and with what vigor of amplification does the writer expand those few simple ideas!

Yet this is not more admirable than the 'divine philosophy,' not 'harsh nor crabbed,' contained in the following lines.

'Pride, self-adorning pride, was primal cause
Of all sin past, all pain, all woe to come.
Unconquerable pride! first, eldest sin,
Great fountain-head of evil! highest source,
Whence flowed rebellion 'gainst the Omnipotent,
Whence hate of man to man, and all else ill.
Pride at the bottom of the human heart
Lay, and gave root and nourishment to all
That grew above. Great ancestor of vice!
Hate, unbelief, and blasphemy of God;
Envy and slander, malice and revenge;
And murder, and deceit, and every birth

Of damned sort, was progeny of pride.
 It was the ever-moving, acting force,
 The constant aim, and the most thirsty wish
 Of every sinner unrenewed, to be
 A god; in purple or in rags, to have
 Himself adorned. Whatever shape or form
 His actions took, whatever phrase he threw
 About his thoughts, or mantle o'er his life,
 To be the highest, was the inward cause
 Of all; the purpose of the heart to be
 Set up, admired, obeyed. But who would bow
 The knee to one who served and was dependent?
 Hence man's perpetual struggle, night and day,
 To prove he was his own proprietor,
 And independent of his God, that what
 He had might be esteemed his own, and praised
 As such. He labored still and tried to stand
 Alone, unpropped, to be obliged to none;
 And in the madness of his pride, he bade
 His God farewell, and turned away to be
 A god himself; resolving to rely,
 Whatever came, upon his own right hand.

'O desperate frenzy! madness of the will!
 And drunkenness of the heart! that nought could quench
 But floods of wo, poured from the sea of wrath,
 Behind which mercy set. To think to turn
 The back on life original, and live!
 The creature to set up a rival throne
 In the Creator's realm! to deify
 A worm! and in the sight of God be proud!' p. 57-9.

Every reader must be struck with the good sense and originality of this passage, in which all vices, and indeed all the actions of the unregenerate, are ascribed to pride.

In respect, however, to the question whether all vices are derived from pride, we must subjoin a few remarks.

Two principles have from the beginning striven in human nature, dividing man between them. These are sloth and activity, or the lust of praise, and indolence which rather wishes to sleep. Not unfrequently they have held dubious contest in the same mind, now one gaining, and now the other crowned, and again both keeping the field, which has been fought with equal combat. Their voice is much different.

Ambition calls to action, Sloth invites to repose. Ambition rises early, and being up, toils ardently and retires late to rest. Sloth lays till midday, turning on his couch, like a ponderous door upon its weary hinges; and when he has rolled him out with much ado, and many a dismal sigh and vain attempt, he saunters out, carelessly accoutred, with half oped, misty, unobservant, somniferous eye, which weighs down the object on which its burden falls,—for an hour or two; then retires to rest again with a groan. The one thinks whatever deed has been achieved too little, and the praise too small. The other tries to think, for thinking so answers his purpose best, that what of great mankind can do, has been done already, and therefore lays him calmly down to sleep.

We beg our readers not to suppose that this last paragraph is our own. We never write in this manner in prose or verse. It is a paragraph, to be sure, which could not be highly praised, either as regards the thoughts or language, if it were the composition of a youth of fifteen, on the theme of 'Sloth and Activity.' Few things more inane have ever been printed, not to say stereotyped. Yet with the true power of a poet, the Reverend Mr Pollok has worked the very thoughts and words which we have given, into the following delightful passage.

'Two principles from the beginning strove
In human nature, still dividing man,—
Sloth and activity; the lust of praise,
And indolence that rather wished to sleep.
And not unfrequently in the same mind
They dubious contest held; one gaining now,
And now the other crowned, and both again
Keeping the field, with equal combat fought.
Much different was their voice. Ambition called
To action, Sloth invited to repose.
Ambition early rose, and, being up,
Toiled ardently, and late retired to rest;
Sloth lay till mid-day, turning on his couch,
Like ponderous door upon its weary hinge,
And having rolled him out with much ado,
And many a dismal sigh, and vain attempt,
He sauntered out, accoutred carelessly,—
With half-oped, misty, unobservant eye,
Somniferous, that weighed the object down
On which its burden fell,—an hour or two,

Then with a groan retired to rest again.
 The one, whatever deed had been achieved,
 Thought it too little, and too small the praise ;
 The other tried to think, for thinking so
 Answered his purpose best, that what of great
 Mankind could do had been already done ;
 And therefore laid him calmly down to sleep.' pp. 206, 207.

Much more follows on the same subject equally entertaining.
 We will next quote the author's conception of a saint.

'One by God's renewing spirit touched,
 A christian heart, awaked from sleep of sin.'

He says ;—

'What seest thou here ? what mark'st ? observe it well.
 Will, passion, reason, hopes, fears, joy, distress,
 Peace, turbulence, simplicity, deceit,
 Good, ill, corruption, immortality ;
 A temple of the Holy Ghost, and yet
 Oft lodging fiends ; the dwelling place of all
 The heavenly virtues, charity and truth,
 Humility, and holiness, and love ;
 And yet the common haunt of anger, pride,
 Hatred, revenge, and passions foul with lust ;
 Allied to heaven, yet parleying oft with hell ;
 A soldier listed in Messiah's band,
 Yet giving quarter to Abaddon's troops ;
 With seraphs drinking from the well of life,
 And yet carousing in the cup of death ;
 An heir of heaven, and walking thitherward,
 Yet casting back a covetous eye on earth ;
 Emblem of strength, and weakness ; loving now,
 And now abhorring sin ; indulging now,
 And now repenting sore ; rejoicing now,
 With joy unspeakable, and full of glory ;
 Now weeping bitterly, and clothed in dust ;
 A man willing to do, and doing not ;
 Doing, and willing not ; embracing what
 He hates, what most he loves abandoning ;
 Half saint, and sinner half ; half life, half death ;
 Commixture strange of heaven, and earth, and hell !'
 pp. 120, 121.

As the character, here described, is one produced supernaturally, it would be an idle objection that it is inconsistent with the principles of human nature, that conformably to those,

the qualities supposed in it cannot exist together, and that the description, therefore, is not that of a man, but of an impossible monster. Taking only half the character, we perceive that a saint of Mr Pollok's fashion, often lodges fiends in his heart, which is the common haunt of anger, pride, hatred, revenge, and lust; parleys often with hell, carouses in the cup of death, and is covetous of the world, beside possessing other qualities not more amiable nor respectable. In these particulars, such a saint is very like those individuals to whom the world is apt to give a quite different name, and however greatly it is to be lamented, it cannot surprise us if he be sometimes mistaken for one of their number.

We have some reluctance in quoting another passage, which we apprehend will to many readers appear unspeakably odious. It is part of the author's description of that God in whom he believes, as inflicting punishment upon the wicked at the day of judgment. But we must recollect, that it is not for us to prescribe the manner in which a Calvinistic poet shall represent his God.

'So saying, God grew dark with utter wrath;
And drawing now the sword, undrawn before,
Which through the range of infinite, all round,
A gleam of fiery indignation threw,
He lifted up his hand omnipotent,
And down among the damned the burning edge
Plunged; and from forth his arrowy quiver sent,
Emptied, the seven last thunders ruinous,
Which, entering, withered all their souls with fire.
Then first was vengeance, first was ruin seen!
Red, unrestrained, vindictive, final, fierce!
They, howling, fled to west among the dark;
But fled not these the terrors of the Lord.
Pursued, and driven beyond the Gulf, which frowns
Impassable, between the good and bad,
And downward far remote to left, oppressed
And scorched with the avenging fires, begun
Burning within them,—they upon the verge
Of Erebus, a moment, pausing stood,
And saw, below, the unfathomable lake,
Tossing with tides of dark, tempestuous wrath;
And would have looked behind; but greater wrath,
Behind, forbade, which now no respite gave
To final misery. God, in the grasp
Of his Almighty strength, took them unpraised,

And threw them down, into the yawning pit
Of bottomless perdition.' pp. 386, 387.

The sacredness of his subject has, in general, led the author to reject all the profane arts of poetry. He delights, we think, only in what may be called dilation—of which the passages already quoted afford abundant examples—iteration, enumeration, and exclamation. Of the latter we can only give a few additional specimens.

And first, of iteration and exclamation.

———'Eternal love,
Harp, lift thy voice on high! eternal love,
Eternal, sovereign love, and sovereign grace,
Wisdom, and power, and mercy infinite,
The Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, God,
Devised the wondrous plan, devised, achieved,
And in achieving made the marvel more.
Attend, ye heavens! ye heaven of heavens! attend,
Attend and wonder, wonder evermore!
When man had fallen, rebelled, insulted God;
Was most polluted, yet most madly proud;
Indebted infinitely, yet most poor;
Captive to sin, yet willing to be bound;
To God's incensed justice and hot wrath
Exposed, due victim of eternal death
And utter wo—Harp, lift thy voice on high!
Ye everlasting hills! ye angels! bow,
Bow, ye redeemed of men!—God was made flesh,
And dwelt with man on earth!' pp. 32, 33.

The next is an example of enumeration and iteration. This earth, we are told was—

'Created first so lovely, so adorned
With hill, and dale, and lawn, and winding vale,
Woodland, and stream, and lake, and rolling seas,
Green mead, and fruitful tree, and fertile grain,
And herb, and flower; so lovely, so adorned
With numerous beasts of every kind, with fowl
Of every wing and every tuneful note,
And with all fish that in the multitude
Of waters swam; so lovely, so adorned,' &c. p. 28.

The following accumulation of epithets and series of exclamations concern a wicked minister of Christ.

'Most guilty, villanous, dishonest man!
Wolf in the clothing of the gentle lamb!

Dark traitor in Messiah's holy camp!
 Leper in saintly garb! assassin masked
 In Virtue's robe! vile hypocrite accursed!
 I strive in vain to set his evil forth!
 The words that should sufficiently accurse
 And execrate such reprobate, had need
 Come glowing from the lips of eldest hell.' p. 53.

The poem abounds with these characteristic beauties. Lines are constantly occurring, composed of a series of epithets, verbs, or names. Philosophy, says the author—

———' Sat pale, and thoughtfully, and weighed
 With wary, most exact, and scrupulous care,
 Man's nature, passions, hopes, propensities,
 Relations, and pursuits, in reason's scale;
 And searched and weighed, and weighed and searched
 again.' p. 66.

Man, he tells us, on the altar of gold—

———' Sacrificed ease, peace,
 Truth, faith, integrity; good conscience, friends,
 Love, charity, benevolence, and all
 The sweet and tender sympathies of life.' p. 73.

But the following passage, in addition to what has been quoted, must suffice to illustrate these characteristics of the poem. It is a part, a small part, of a description of mankind assembled for judgment.

'No badge of outward state was seen, no mark
 Of age, or rank, or national attire,
 *Or robe professional, or air of trade.
 Untitled, stood the man that once was called
 My lord, unserved, unfollowed; and the man
 Of tithes, right reverend in the dialect
 Of time addressed, ungowned, unbeneficed,
 Uncorpulent; *nor now, from him who bore,*
With ceremonious gravity of step,
And face of borrowed holiness o'erlaid,
The ponderous book before the awful priest,
And opened and shut the pulpit's sacred gates
In style of wonderful observancy
And reverence excessive, in the beams
Of sacerdotal splendor lost, or if
Observed, comparison ridiculous scarce
Could save the little, pompous, humble man
From laughter of the people,—not from him

Could be distinguished then the priest untithed.

None levees held, those marts where princely smiles
 Were sold for flattery, and obeisance mean,
 Unfit from man to man; none came or went,
 None wished to draw attention, none was poor,
 None rich, none young, none old, deformed none;
 None sought for place or favor, none had aught
 To give, none could receive, none ruled, none served;
 No king, no subject was; unscutcheoned all,
 Uncrowned, unplumed, unhelmed, unpedigreed,
 Unlaced, uncoroneted, unbestarred.
 Nor countryman was seen, nor citizen;
 Republican, nor humble advocate
 Of monarchy; nor idol worshipper,
 Nor beaded papist, nor Mahometan;
 Episcopalian none, nor presbyter;
 Nor Lutheran, nor Calvinist, nor Jew,
 Nor Greek, nor sectary of any name.
 Nor, of those persons, that loud title bore,
 Most high and mighty, most magnificent,
 Most potent, most august, most worshipful,
 Most eminent,' &c. 272, 273.

Beside the remarkable strain of poetry throughout, with what admirable judgment and art is the verger of a cathedral brought prominently forward as the most striking object in the picture. The Cameronian spirit, it is evident, was burning in the bosom of the author. In the warmth of his feelings, he has even entangled his language, so as to make it difficult to discover his meaning. But this only compels us to dwell longer upon the ridicule of the poor verger, evidently the most labored, and certainly the most exquisite part of the description, which, for that reason, we have *Italicized*.

But it may be said that the passages that have been quoted, are not adapted to give pleasure to ordinary readers, whose taste has been formed on other models; and it may be asked if there is nothing to afford them satisfaction. To answer in the common style of criticism, we must reply that there is very little or nothing. Passages here and there occur discovering some imagination, and some power of expression; but, in general, they are disfigured by two faults. Some of them present simply painful, disgusting, or frightful conceptions. They indicate a coarseness and hardness of feeling, such as is likely to be produced by the writer's conceptions of the character of

God, and of the condition and destiny of man. In most of them there is a want of consistency and truth. There is such prosaic exaggeration and harsh overcoloring, that though some single expressions may be striking, the passage taken as a whole is discordant and offensive.

Of painful coarseness of conception, and exaggerated description, we may give as a specimen, some lines from the story of a widow, accustomed to mourn at the grave of her husband.

'Among the tombs she walks at noon of night,
In miserable garb of widowhood.
Observe her yonder, sickly, pale, and sad,
Bending her wasted body o'er the grave
Of him who was the husband of her youth.
The moon-beams, trembling through these ancient yews,
That stand like ranks of mourners round the bed
Of death, fall dismally upon her face,
Her little, hollow, withered face, almost
Invisible, so worn away with wo.'

Again;—

'Sweet tears! the awful language, eloquent
Of infinite affection, far too big
For words. She sheds not many now. That grass,
Which springs so rankly o'er the dead, has drunk
Already many showers of grief; a drop
Or two are all that now remain behind,
And, from her eye that darts strange fiery beams,
At dreary intervals, drip down her cheek,
Falling most mournfully from bone to bone.'

Again—

———'The moon-beam, now,
That falls upon her unsubstantial frame,
Scarce finds obstruction; and upon her bones,
Barren as leafless boughs in winter-time,
Her infant fastens his little hands, as oft,
Forgetful, she leaves him a while unheld.' pp. 175, 177.

The following is a part of the writer's description of Pleasure.

'Nor wonder thou, for she was really fair,
Decked to the very taste of flesh and blood,
And many thought her sound within, and gay
And healthy at the heart; but thought amiss.
For she was full of all disease; her bones

Were rotten; Consumption licked her blood, and drank
 Her marrow up; her breath smelled mortally;
 And in her bowels plague and fever lurked;
 And in her very heart, and reins, and life,
 Corruption's worm gnawed greedily unseen.
 Many her haunts. Thou mightst have seen her now
 With Indolence, lolling on the mid-day couch,
 And whispering drowsy words; and now at dawn,
 Loudly and rough, joining the sylvan horn;
 Or sauntering in the park, and to the tale
 Of slander giving ear; or sitting fierce,
 Rude, blasphemous, malicious, raving, mad,
 Where fortune to the fickle die was bound.' pp. 76, 77.

We will give a passage of a very different character. It is one of those which a good natured reader is apt to think fine, because it is evidently the intention of the author that it should be so considered. It is descriptive of the loveliness of children.

'And still I looked upon their loveliness,
 And sought through nature for similitudes
 Of perfect beauty, innocence, and bliss;
 And fairest imagery around me thronged;
 Dewdrops at day-spring on a seraph's locks,
 Roses that bathe about the well of life,
 Young Loves, young Hopes, dancing on Morning's cheek,
 Gems leaping in the coronet of Love!
 So beautiful, so full of life, they seemed
 As made entire of beams of angels' eyes.
 Gay, guileless, sportive, lovely, little things!
 Playing around the den of Sorrow, clad
 In smiles, believing in their fairy hopes,
 And thinking man and woman true! all joy,
 Happy all day, and happy all the night!' p. 157.

A little after this passage follows the story of a 'damsel,' whose habit it was to pray aloud for her absent lover, every night, by the side of an aged thorn, in the hearing, it appears, of any chance passenger.

'O had her lover seen her thus alone,
 Thus holy, wrestling thus, and all for him!
 Nor did he not; for oftentimes Providence,
 With unexpected joy the fervent prayer
 Of faith surprised. Returned from long delay,
 With glory crowned of righteous actions won,

The sacred thorn, to memory dear, first sought
 The youth, and found it at the happy hour,
 Just when the damsel kneeled herself to pray.
 Wrapped in devotion, pleading with her God,
 She saw him not, heard not his foot approach.
 All holy images seemed too impure
 To emblem her he saw. A seraph kneeled,
 Beseeching for his ward, before the Throne,
 Seemed fittest, pleased him best. Sweet was the thought!
 But sweeter still the kind remembrance came,
 That she was flesh and blood, formed for himself,
 The plighted partner of his future life.' p. 161.

This is gross; and there is the same taint in other parts of the poem. We are so formed, that there is no affection with which we sympathize more strongly than Love, when it shows itself in its full beauty, with all its high-minded devotion, and generous and watchful tenderness. Life is in its flowering season, and the blossoms may produce the richest fruits. But this affection cannot exist together with a hard, sour, fanatical temper, which looks, or affects to look, upon all the gifts that nature can bestow to form the loveliest, as corrupted and loathsome with sin. It is only an earthly appetite that can inhabit with such a temper, exposing its austerity to ridicule, and giving it a cast of hypocrisy.

In general, the style of this poem is prosaic, relieved only by strange epithets and expressions, such as these;—

———'I heard this voice
Approach my ear.'

———'and o'er his head
 A laurel tree of *lustiest*, eldest growth.'

'And every flower of fairest *check* around.'

'And round his sacred hill a streamlet *walked*.'

'For temporal death, although *unstinged*, remained.'

The author means by 'unstinged,' deprived of its sting.

'A strange belief, that *leaned its idiot back*
On folly's topmost twig.'



‘ ——— How happily,
‘Plays yonder child, that *busks the mimic babe.*’

‘The stripling youth of *plump*, unseared hope.’

‘ ——— to wring
‘*The last sweet drop from sorrow's cup of gall.*’

Such flowers as these are abundant throughout the work.

The general system respecting God's character and moral government of his creatures, on which the poem is founded, is, as we believe, altogether opposed to truth, and abhorrent to all our better affections and principles, to all that is excellent in our nature. If so, it must be eminently unpoetical. The writer's conceptions of the great objects and events which he means to describe, as for instance of the day of judgment, are after the most ordinary fashion. His philosophy consists, in general, of trite thoughts either false in themselves, or stated so broadly, and so without limitation, as to become false and paradoxical. The miscellaneous materials of his work have little mutual relation, and scarcely more claim to be considered as constituting one poem, than what arises from their being printed consecutively in one volume. What precedes gives no impulse to the reader to go on to what follows. There is no increase of interest as we make progress.

It is only the remarkable popularity of this poem, which could have entitled it to so long a notice. This popularity has probably arisen principally from its theological character. The doctrines, on which it is founded, have, we believe, an equal tendency to debase the understanding, and the powers of genius, to counteract all true refinement of feeling, and to corrupt the taste in literature as well as morals. We ought to add, what we also believe, that this tendency is often controlled by other influences. The poem, perhaps, has found a favorable reception, because it bears a certain religious character, and is at the same time, less wearisome and distasteful, than most other books which present the same views and inculcate the same doctrines.

- ART. VI.—1. *Letters of an English Traveller to his Friend in England, on the 'Revivals of Religion' in America.* Boston. Bowles and Dearborn. 1828. 18mo. pp. 142.
2. *A Sermon, preached in the Presbyterian Church at Troy, March 4, 1827.* By the Rev. CHARLES G. FINNEY. Philadelphia. 1827. 8vo. pp. 16.
3. *Letters of the Rev. Dr Beecher and Rev. Mr Nettleton, on the 'New Measures' in conducting Revivals of Religion. With a Review of a Sermon, by NOVANGLUS.* New York. G. & C. Carvill. 1828. 8vo. pp. 104.
4. *A Delineation of the Characteristic Features of a Revival of Religion in Troy, in 1826 and 1827.* By J. BROCKWAY, Lay Member of the Congregational Church in Middlebury, Vt., now a Citizen of Troy. Troy. 1827. 8vo. pp. 64.
5. *A Contrast of Josephus Brockway's Testimony and Statement.* By a BRIEF REMARKER. Troy. 1827. pp. 19.
6. *Revivals of Religion, considered as Means of Grace; a Series of Plain Letters to Candidus, from his friend Honestus.* Ithaca. 1827. 8vo. pp. 39.
7. *The Importance of Revivals as Exhibited in the late Convention at New Lebanon, considered in a Brief Review of the Proceedings of that Body.* By PHILALETES. Ithaca. 1827. pp. 19.

THESE publications, with two or three other authorities which we shall cite as we proceed, will enable us to set before our readers some account of the difference which has arisen among the Revivalists, of the merits of the controversy, and of the singular pacification or truce which has been concluded between the parties. In the former series of this journal* we gave some notices of a great religious excitement, which has been agitating the upper counties of New York for the last three or four years; and it is chiefly with a view to continue the history, and bring it down to the present day, that we return to the subject.

We have no reason to suppose that anything we can say will have much effect on the leaders and principal agitators in these religious disturbances; for they are men who seem to have their full share of vanity and ambition, neither of which, they

* No. for May and June, 1827.

know, can be gratified without keeping up what is termed the Revival System. Probably there are some exceptions, but most of them must certainly be conscious, that they owe their consequence and standing much less to any real superiority of mind, than to the opportunity afforded, in an unnatural and feverish state of society, for the action and display of the only qualities for which they are at all distinguished, a coarse and impassioned eloquence, and some talents for intrigue. Still we trust, that the great body of the people, who cannot be influenced by any of these considerations, and who are generally, at such times, but little more than passive instruments in the hands of their spiritual guides, have not yet so far renounced their good sense and independence, as to be either unwilling or afraid to open their eyes on the evidence, clearer than day, that they have been misled and betrayed. In the moment of excitement, when their passions were up, and they were committed in a thousand ways, and in some sense pledged to the measure as a party measure, to have attempted to convince or persuade them would have been labor thrown away. But now that the fever has subsided, and they have had time to reflect, and look back on the mortifying issue of the revival, and the bitterness and disunion it has generated even among its original friends and supporters, it cannot be that a calm, serious, and impartial discussion of the subject will be lost on a community remarkable for intelligence and sound judgment.

The revival question ought to be treated, and we are convinced will be more and more, as a merely practical question, respecting which Christians who differ most in regard to doctrines, may be perfectly agreed. The Christians, so called, are understood to be with but few exceptions Unitarian; and yet no sect in this country has availed itself to a greater degree of revival measures in gaining influence and numbers; or conducted them, for the most part, more judiciously, or more successfully. The Methodists also are now, and always have been, decidedly and avowedly Arminian; and yet to them belongs the responsibility, not indeed of introducing revivals in the first instance, but of reducing them to a system, and the process of getting them up to a science, and almost to a distinct profession. On the other hand, it is quite a recent thing for the great body of proper Calvinists, either in this country, or in Europe, to look on these local excitements as being any better than a kind of epidemic enthusiasm, favored and pro-

noted by some of the more ignorant and fanatical sects. At this moment the opposition to revivals is far from being confined to the Unitarians of New England, but is carried on, certainly with as much earnestness, and in general, we must think, with less candor and discrimination, by the Catholics throughout the country, by most Lutherans, by the High Church party among the Episcopalians, and by the Quakers and Universalists to a man. Nay, it is believed that a majority of the judicious and well disposed among the Presbyterians and Orthodox Congregationalists, are now convinced that the experiment has been fairly tried, and that the result has proved the measure to be essentially bad, or at least so extremely dangerous, that no enlightened friend of good order and decency can wish to see it repeated. These facts show how much confidence is to be reposed in those, who still persist in maintaining, that revivals are the peculiar and spontaneous fruit of Orthodoxy, that they are never suspected and condemned but by infidels, scoffers, and Unitarians, and that opposition to them always indicates enmity to what are termed doctrines of grace, and vital godliness.

We are aware, that, to some at least, the whole subject is becoming trite and ungrateful; but we entirely accord with a writer in one of the pamphlets before us, a friend of Mr Nettleton, as to all attempts which have been made, or can be made, to hush up this controversy.

‘I think that those who are for stopping the discussion, are in a mistake respecting the true policy in the case. I think much of *Cotton Mather’s* warning: “There was a town called Amyclæ, which was ruined by silence. The rulers, because there had been some false alarms, forbade all people, under pain of death, to speak of any enemies approaching them: so, when the enemies came indeed, no man durst speak of it, and the town was lost. *Corruptions will grow* upon the land, and they will gain by *silence*. It will be so invidious to do it, no man will dare to speak of the corruptions; and the fate of Amyclæ will come upon the land.”’ *Letters on the ‘New Measures,’* pp. 24, 25.

Disputes on speculative points dwindle almost into insignificance, in our view, when compared with this momentous question as to the best means by which religion, considered as a practical principle, may be diffused in the community, and its tone elevated and purified. Let none fear that the controversy,

if properly conducted, will bring religion itself under suspicion, by lifting the veil from the errors and delusions, with which it has been sometimes associated. Astronomy, chemistry, and medicine did not suffer from an exposure of the follies and absurdities of astrologers and alchymists. Everybody knows, indeed, that the best things may be abused; and also that abuses of the best things are often the worst things. Besides, though the general sentiment at this moment may be against revivals, we cannot be sure it will last; nay, we have no reason to expect it will last long, if founded merely on recent mortification and disappointment, or on sudden disgusts, and not on inquiry and reflection, and a thorough understanding of the whole subject. It is said that these excitements, when managed judiciously, may be made to recur once in about three years, according to some; and once in about seven, according to others; that is, the people, after such an interval, will allow the necessary measures to be repeated, and the same or similar effects will follow. But when they are managed badly, and are attended with great and scandalous excesses, it takes, of course, a much longer time for the people to forget the impositions which have been practised on them, and the utter futility of all such attempts, so far as experience has yet gone, to improve the public morals. We wish to prevent, altogether, periodical returns of a popular delusion of this description; and to do so it is not enough to publish single outrages to which it has led, but we must also show that the system itself is unsound, and that these outrages are its natural and proper results, and not merely incidental.

This bitter and awkward schism among those who are still understood to favor what is termed the Revival Cause, presents moreover an interesting subject of investigation, apart from its moral bearings, and considered merely as a singular revolution in the history of parties, for which we are to account, as we easily can, on philosophical principles. We shall not volunteer our services as umpire in this quarrel, but content ourselves with proving that the more temperate, perhaps we ought to say the more politic party, have made their practice more consistent with reason and propriety, by making it less so with the revival system; and, on the other hand, that their opponents have effectually exposed and refuted the system by showing to what it must lead, if fully and honestly acted out. At the same time it is but justice to the Revivalists of New England to say,

that, whether consistently or not with the theory they still profess to hold, they have dared to raise their voice against many prevailing disorders, and ought not therefore to be accused of aiding and abetting these particular disorders, except indirectly and unintentionally. It is true, if a man from a busy and meddlesome disposition, or from a desire of influence or notoriety, begins by countenancing licentious and disorganizing principles, he is responsible for the consequences, and even for those consequences which he does not foresee, nor wish; but his responsibility is considerably lessened in regard to those consequences, which, as soon as they appear, he is among the first to condemn and disown.

In the article referred to above we noticed briefly the origin of the great Western Revival in the summer and autumn of 1825, the steps which were taken to produce it, the character of the principal agents, and some of the unhappy excesses to which it had led, prior to the dispute about the 'new measures' as they are called. For a long time the whole movement was regarded by Dr Beecher and his friends with feelings of unmingled satisfaction and triumph, as exhibiting all the marks, ever found in such cases, of a signal work of God, 'the beginning of a new era in revivals in respect to rapidity and universality.' A paragraph which appeared in the *Christian Register*, toward the close of 1826, seems to have been the first to undeceive them as to the real tendency of these proceedings; at least it was the first to alarm them as to the effect which the excesses committed in New York might have on the success of similar attempts of their own in this quarter. Soon after this Dr Beecher addressed a long letter, bearing date January, 1827, to Mr Beman of Troy, on the subject of the extravagances which this gentleman was understood to have instigated; and about the same time a long letter, of the same general tenor, was written by Mr Nettleton, of Connecticut, to Mr Aikin of Utica, another of the disorganizers. These letters were not intended, they say, for publication, but only to be shown to a few persons immediately interested, in hopes that they would cure the evil complained of, without exposing the party to the scandal of an open rupture. They are written with considerable spirit and ability, but not, we must think, in a style or temper likely to effect their object, if the declared object was the real one. To represent the 'new measures' as the machinations of the devil, or as the offspring of a crazed intellect, might do

very well for a pamphlet designed to act on the passions and prejudices of the multitude; but they were not precisely the suggestions to whisper into the ear of the authors of these measures with a view to conciliate and persuade. This remark holds true whether we suppose the authors* of these measures to have been knaves, or fanatics, or both; and so it proved.

Accordingly these letters had hardly been received, when Mr Finney, the acknowledged head of the Western faction, preached at Utica, for the first time, his celebrated sermon on the text, 'Can two walk together except they be agreed?' which was afterwards preached at Troy, as the titlepage imports, and then published. This sermon is by no means very eloquent or very profound; but neither is it, assuming the principles avowed by all Revivalists, the weak and flimsy performance his Orthodox opponents would fain have it thought. The doctrine advanced is, that our walking together, that is, our union and harmony as Christians, does not depend on our being agreed in opinion or theory, but on our being agreed in temperament and tastes, and in the tone of our feelings at the moment.

'We not only feel uninterested or displeased and disgusted when a subject different from that which at present engages our affections is introduced and crowded upon us, but if anything even upon the *same subject*, that is far above or below our tone of feeling, is presented, and if our affections remain the same and refuse to be enlisted and brought to that point, we *must* feel uninterested, and, perhaps, grieved and offended. If the subject be exhibited in a light that is below our present tone of feeling, we cannot be interested until it *come up to our feelings*; if this does not take place, we *necessarily* remain uninterested; and if the subject, in this cooling, and to us, degraded point of view, is held up before our mind, and our affections struggle to maintain their height, we feel *displeased*, because our affections are not fed, but opposed. If the subject be presented in a manner that strikes far above our tone of feeling, and our affections grovel, and *refuse to rise*, it does not fall in with and feed our affections, therefore we cannot be interested; it is enthusiasm to us, we are displeased with the warmth in which our affections refuse to participate, and the farther it is above our temperature, the more we are disgusted.' *Sermon*, p. 4.

This interpretation of the text is so much better than the common one, which supposes it to require a uniformity of faith,

at least in fundamentals, that we can almost forgive the wrong still done the prophet, who meant simply to ask the question, 'Can two walk together, unless they agree beforehand to do so;' or, in other words, 'unless they meet by appointment?' Having satisfied himself, however, that the principal cause of difference among Christians is always to be found in the different tone of their feelings at the time, Mr Finney would have it inferred that the Eastern Revivalists objected to the 'new measures,' merely on account of the cold and grovelling state of their own affections. They were offended and disgusted with the 'new measures,' because, to use one of the cant phrases in this controversy, they were not 'up to them;' because they had not as yet reached that degree of fervor and spirituality with which their Western brethren had been blessed.

Mr Finney was immediately seconded in these views by the whole influence of the Western Recorder, a religious newspaper published at Utica, which, according to Honestus, has acquired the reputation of being a 'most intrepid advocate of fanaticism, and a most accomplished champion of ribaldry and vulgarity.'* All those who wrote or spoke against the prevailing abuses were denounced for their coldness and opposition, and for taking sides with the enemy; and Mr Nettleton, in particular, was roundly charged with uttering and circulating untruths, and precipitating a public discussion which might easily have been prevented by a private interview of the parties. An open rupture having now become inevitable, the following extract from a letter of Dr Beecher to the gentleman last named, which found its way into the newspapers about this time, indicates the course which the writer conceived it advisable to adopt.

'There must be immediately an extensive correspondence and concert formed; ministers must come together and consult, and churches must be instructed and prepared to resist the beginnings of evil,—the mask must be torn off from Satan coming among the sons of God, and transforming himself into an angel of light. In the mean time, no pains should be spared to save brothers Finney and Beman, both on account of the great evil they will not fail to do on lawless converts; and the great good they may do, if they are kept within their orbit.—Should all these measures fail, then we *must* publish your letter to Aikin, and mine to Beman if it be thought best. We shall

**Revivals of Religion, &c.* p. 18.

need both in New England as manifestos to stop the mouths of Socinians and others who would be glad to blast revivals by the evils arising from the West.'—'I would try silent measures first, by correspondence and forming public opinion, and putting ministers and churches on their guard, and publish only when it becomes manifest there is no hope of reformation—not however delay publishing too long, because the letters should "precede the storm."'*

The policy here recommended was sufficiently refined and subtle, but not sound, as the event has shown; which is almost always the case when ecclesiastics turn diplomatists. The people of the West do not appear to have felt themselves much flattered by this attempt on the part of two or three unauthorised individuals to bring over a whole community to their way of thinking and acting, by *secret management*; by writing private letters, despatching emissaries, sowing dissensions in churches, and tampering with the disaffected. A more open policy, considered merely as policy, would unquestionably have been wiser and more successful, as well as more honorable; for, in the first place, it was no easy thing to overreach adepts, like Finney and Beman, in trick and manœuvre; and besides, they might have foreseen that their personal influence and reputation in that quarter, and among all parties, would be seriously impaired, and almost annihilated, by the detection and exposure of such practices. Secret and underhanded management having failed altogether, as ought to have been expected, the next step to be taken, according to the plan disclosed in Dr Beecher's letter, was to assemble several of the clergy on both sides, to consult on the unhappy differences which had arisen, and agree, if possible, by mutual consent or compromise, on the general principles by which revivals should be conducted. Such was the origin of the far famed New Lebanon Convention, of which Dr Beecher seems entitled to the credit of having been the first projector, though the letters of invitation which were sent out, were signed by him and Mr Beman, as representatives, we suppose, of the two parties. It is but justice to Mr Nettleton to say, that he appears from the beginning to have been thoroughly convinced of the impolicy of this measure, and so expressed himself in a note declining the honor of a seat in the assembly; though he was afterwards

* Christian Register for March 24, 1827.

induced, at the earnest entreaty of his Eastern friends, to wave his objections, and attend. His objections however are so honest and sensible, and have been so completely verified by the event, that the insertion of two or three of them is necessary to throw light on this part of the narrative.

‘Those who convoke the convention are making too much noise, without any prospect of lessening the evils, and, consequently, will give the subject a new importance. I should greatly prefer a silent convention, on some public occasion like that of a commencement, where the views of brethren who differ may be privately discussed; and in case they should come to any important results, they might be published to the world; otherwise the public mind need not be disturbed.’ *Letters on the ‘New Measures.’* p. 103.

‘I fear that settled ministers at the East and South have not yet *felt* enough of the evils, to appreciate what has already been done; and that these ministers will be obliged to experience more of these evils, before they will take a decisive stand; and the sooner I withdraw, and leave the whole responsibility on them, the better.’ *Id.* p. 103.

‘Finally. To prevent misunderstanding, I am willing that my friends should attend, and do all in their power to prevent the evils feared. But I have no evidence that the principles on which these men acted are in the least altered. On the contrary, I shall be disappointed if they do not attempt to vindicate them, and justify all they have done.’ *Id.* p. 104.

The Convention met at New Lebanon, in the State of New York, July 18, 1827, and consisted in all of nineteen members; and after a busy session of eight days, in which they accomplished nothing, literally nothing, they voted to dissolve, leaving a direction that an account of such of their proceedings as they were willing to divulge, should be published in the New York Observer. This curious document was inserted entire in our number for July and August, 1827, of the former series, and a few brief remarks were prefixed, which make it less necessary for us here to dwell on this striking and highly characteristic passage in the history of modern Orthodoxy. We cannot refrain, however, from giving an extract from the Letters of an English Traveller * on this subject; a work which

* This work, as might have been expected, has caused a strong sensation among the Revivalists, and called forth several criticisms, and among the rest a long and foolish review in the Spirit of the Pilgrims. There are but two charges brought against these Letters which deserve notice. It is said

we would again recommend, and it cannot be recommended in any way so effectually, as by giving a quotation.

'After all, you will ask, what has the Convention accomplished? The answer is, Nothing. Its members might as well have stayed at home. They would have done just as much, and decided just as much, by throwing missives from a distance, as by coming to close action. For what have they done? They have framed a number of propositions so extremely general that scarcely anybody could object to them, and, about which everybody knew beforehand that *they* did not differ, and then they have brought forward a number of other propositions to which the two parties alternately listened in a silence, which, if it were not politic, would fairly be construed as sullen, and which may have been both.' *Letters of an English Traveller*, p. 98.

'It would seem in fact, as if the Convention felt it dangerous at length to go upon disputed ground, and the first part of their report accordingly dwindles away into some of the most extraordinary moral truisms that, I imagine, ever engaged the deliberations of a grave assembly. The Convention can agree upon nothing but such propositions as these;—that,

"Language adapted to irritate,"—is wrong; it was high time to judge so;—that,

"All irreverent familiarity with God, such as men use towards their equals"—is improper;—

'That, "To depreciate the value of education"—is not well;—that,

that the writer shows himself to be not only wrong in theory; but an enemy to seriousness and spirituality in religion. Those who pretend this, if they are honest men, have never read the book; for, like the Unitarian publications generally, which this controversy has drawn out, it is remarkable for not dropping a syllable, in the fearless exposure of the follies and vices of fanatics, which can have a tendency to bring religion itself into contempt, or reduce it to a system of cold and dry morality.—The other objection is, that the author's manner is haughty and supercilious. The answer to this is, that he wrote in the character of an Englishman, and an Episcopalian; and though the question may be fairly raised whether it was judicious to adopt such a disguise, having adopted it, it was necessary to make his manner correspond. By the way, the reviewer in the *Spirit of the Pilgrims* promises an article on the New Lebanon Convention. We hope he has not forgotten his pledge; and while he is about it, we trust he will enlighten the world respecting the 'free conversations,' and the 'sundry documents,' which occupied the attention of that ill starred conclave during the last two days of the session. Let him remember, that one of the resolutions, passed unanimously in that assembly, was the following;—'No measures are to be adopted in promoting revivals of religion, which those who adopt them are unwilling to have published, or which are improper to be published to the world.'

“To state things which are not true, for the purpose of awakening sinners,” is a bad thing. Again,

“The immediate success of any measure, without regard to its scriptural character,” i. e. without regard to its rectitude, “does not justify it.”

“No measures are to be adopted for promoting revivals, which those who adopt them, are unwilling to have published.”

‘If propositions like these, need to be so solemnly laid down, what must be the inference? What must be the state of things, and what the tone of morality, when a Convention of the clergy, who have “compassed sea and land,” hill-country and champagne, four hundred miles over, sit gravely down, and solemnly vote, that dark intrigues, unconscionable expedients, angry speeches, lying, and impiety, are bad things, and wrong? What would be thought of the state of society, where a company of merchants should get together, and pass formal resolutions, declaring that fraud, cheating, and falsehood were wrong, and ought not to have countenance? This Convention for supporting and defending revivals, could not possibly have framed a severer *satire* upon revivals than they have done!’

Id. pp. 101-103.

Two resolutions were passed unanimously at this meeting, which indicate, however, that juster notions are beginning to prevail everywhere on this subject. On motion of Mr Edwards all voted, that—

‘There may be so much human infirmity, and indiscretion, and wickedness of man, in conducting a revival of religion, as to render the general evils which flow from this infirmity, indiscretion, and wickedness of man, greater than the local and temporary advantages of the revival; that is, this infirmity, indiscretion, and wickedness of man may be the means of preventing the conversion of more souls than may have been converted during the revival.’

This is well; but it seems to concede, at least in particular instances, all we have ever asserted in regard to revivals; for we never pretended that they answer no good purpose, but only that the evils which they occasion more than outweigh this good. Besides, it places the consistent Revivalist in a dilemma, from which it will not be easy for him to extricate himself; for in the case contemplated in this resolution his first endeavour must be, of course, to correct the evils complained of; but failing in this, as happened in regard to the

revival now under consideration, what is he to do? Either he must oppose the revival, and then he opposes what he at the same time acknowledges to be a work of God; or he must favor it, and then he favors what he at the same time acknowledges is likely to destroy more souls than it saves.

Another resolution moved by the same gentleman, and passed unanimously, augurs well; though we copy it not so much for anything in the proposition itself, as for the comment by Philalethes.

‘Mr Edwards introduced the following proposition :

“The existence in the churches of evangelists, in such numbers as to constitute an influence in the community separate from that of the settled pastors; and the introduction, by evangelists, of measures, without consulting the pastors, or contrary to their judgment and wishes, by an excitement of popular feelings which may seem to render acquiescence unavoidable, is to be carefully guarded against, as an evil which is calculated, or at least liable, to destroy the institution of a settled ministry, and fill the churches with confusion and disorder.

“The motion was seconded. And, after some discussion, the Convention united in a season of prayer.

“After further discussion, the question was taken, and all voted in favor of the proposition, except Mr Churchill, who was absent.”

‘The preceding proposition gives us a hint that the Presbyterian clergy, at least some of them, begin to see what will be the result of lay preaching. Gentlemen, you should have thought of this before now. The truth is, you will find your church more and more distracted, till you put a stop to the custom of allowing unauthorised men and women to lead your meetings, and to attempt expounding the word of God. Your prayer meeting leaders, whether male or female, and your itinerant students and evangelists, are every day, whether you and they believe so or not, unhinging your system. You cannot prevent it, until you fix a distinction between ministers and laymen. At present you have no distinction. For, if they may preach, exhort, expound God’s word, and lead the devotions of the worshipping assembly, why not administer the sacraments? The question does not concern me, but you will do well to take timely care of a valid ministry; and when you get it, allow of no encroachments, male or female. This will no doubt, be for a time, unpopular among you; because you have not a few in your communion, who are not a little proud of their gifts; and while a fondness for display, and the emotions of spiritual pride

have places in the human heart, those whom you have employed to help you, will not readily retire to the ranks, become private Christians, and hold their tongues. Many of them, would no doubt leave you, in order to be continued conspicuous characters in other societies. You had better let them go. Powerful as you are, and popular as you are, you are in more danger from these coadjutors, these revival leaders, these male and female conductors of prayer meetings, than from all other quarters put together. Rest assured this is the language of soberness and truth, and of perfect good nature.' *Importance of Revivals*, pp. 12, 13.

We presume that the mention, or the remotest allusion to this Convention will always be as wormwood and gall to the Eastern members, whose disappointment at the result was heightened by the consciousness of having been completely baffled and outwitted by their opponents in a measure of their own proposing. After a stormy conference in which mutual jealousy and hate were but thinly disguised under the awful name of religion and a disgusting parade of devotional services, the two parties separated more committed than ever, and of course more obstinate in those very differences, which they had come together to heal. Then came the finishing stroke of Dr Beecher's policy, which consisted in giving to the press his own and Mr Nettleton's letters, nearly a year after they were written. And what was the consequence? Mr Finney and his friends, who had spurned these letters in manuscript, now spurned them in print; with this difference only, that the war of recrimination, still more provoked, became louder and more uncompromising. We suspect that many among the Orthodox have learned at last, what we have had occasion to intimate before as one of the worst features of the revival system, that it gives an activity and ascendancy to coarse and vulgar men, which the judicious and better informed of their own party can neither prevent, calculate, nor control.

Meanwhile, everything which by the most charitable construction could be called religion in the excitement, was rapidly subsiding. A reaction had commenced, and in some places the fever heats were beginning to be succeeded by the fever chills. Yet, as usually happens in such cases, the personal jealousies and antipathies engaged in the controversy, instead of abating, were only made more bitter, as an interest in the higher objects with which these passions had been originally

connected, and by which they had been in some respects qualified and restrained, died away. The writings, published and unpublished, which poured in from New England, had some effect undoubtedly on the Western fanatics, and made some converts; but it was only to carry into every church, and almost into every family in the infected district, all the miseries of a domestic broil. Considered merely in a civil and political point of view, it was no slight evil, that the peace of neighbourhoods should be disturbed; that religious societies should be rent; that thousands, through a misguided zeal for God, should neglect their regular and necessary occupations; that sectarian prejudice and rancor should appear in their business and social intercourse, nay, enter into and corrupt their judgments of public men and public measures. The infidel and skeptic found in scenes like these a new argument for distrusting all pretences to piety, the thoughtless and dissolute new temptations to scoff, and the rational Christian a literal and entire fulfilment of his saddest forebodings. Only one good and permanent result is ever likely to grow out of these commotions, a result which is alluded to, though in terms of regret and alarm, in the following extract from one of the pamphlets under review.

'Among the defenders of these doctrines and measures, and the advocates of revivals, it is common to hear a most unmeasured abuse of Socinianism, Unitarianism, and Universalism. Far be it from me, to attempt any apology for these sects. Would to God it were in my power to persuade them to abandon theories which I honestly believe to be fraught with evil; most gladly would I draw them to embrace a scriptural and consistent system. While I lament the course pursued by these men, I think it easy to see upon what soil they have sprung up and most vigorously flourished. What preceded the preaching of Murray in Scotland, but a powerful exhibition of Calvinistic fanaticism? The same Universalist found a similar field in Boston and its vicinity, and if you will take the trouble to examine, you will find that while Socinians or Unitarians and Universalists, are always hovering upon each others' borders, both find aliment in those regions where the views fostered by revivals have been most prevalent. It does not require any gift of prophecy to foretel that the religious history of New England will hereafter confirm the position here taken.' *Revivals of Religion*, p. 28.

It is a natural consequence that the intelligent and reflective among the Orthodox, on witnessing the practical evils to which their system has led, should be disposed to reexamine its evidences. Truth can never hope to make progress unless a spirit of free inquiry is awakened, and in places where this spirit can only be awakened by disorder and outrage, we may lament indeed the occasion, but we must at the same time adore that Providence which makes it the parent of good. We are aware that acting under strong impulses, a community are peculiarly liable, in flying from one extreme, to be hurried into another. In all such cases, however, when men adopt crude and loose opinions as a refuge from Calvinism, we hope and trust that experience, and common sense, and the obvious sense of scripture, will soon correct the errors, which, if they had considered them in all their bearings, they would have rejected at first. This, we must think, will be the history of the distinguishing and obnoxious principles of modern Universalism.

Alarmed at length by the cry, that Orthodoxy was in danger, the authors of this schism published the following document, with which we shall close our historical notices. We give it entire, and without comment, as it needs none.

‘The subscribers having had opportunity for free conversation on certain subjects pertaining to Revivals of Religion, concerning which we have differed, are of opinion that the general interests of Religion would not be promoted by any further publications on those subjects, or personal discussions; and we do hereby engage to cease from all publications, correspondences, conversations and conduct, designed or calculated to keep those subjects before the public mind; and that, so far as our influence may avail, we will exert it to induce our friends on either side to do the same.

(Signed,)

LYMAN BEECHER,

DERICK C. LANSING,

S. C. AIKIN,

A. D. EDDY,

C. G. FINNEY,

SYLVESTER HOLMES,

EBENEZER CHEEVER,

JOHN FROST,

NATHAN S. S. BEMAN,

NOAH COE,

E. W. GILBERT,

JOEL PARKER.

‘*Philadelphia, May 27, 1828.*’

Here we might stop; but before quitting the subject we wish to go more at length into the merits of the controversy respecting the ‘new measures,’ as they are termed. In doing this we shall give frequent and copious extracts from the writers on

both sides, not only because fairness and candor require it, but because the extracts themselves will be found to be curious and interesting, and to most of our readers entirely new. They will also serve to authenticate and confirm almost everything we have ever said against revivals, and being so many reluctant confessions wrung from friends to the system, they cannot be suspected of coloring or exaggeration.

In describing the course pursued by Finney himself, Mr Nettleton says;—

‘The account which his particular friends give of his proceedings, is, in substance, as follows;—He has got ministers to agree with him only by “crushing,” or “breaking them down.” The method by which he does it, is by creating a necessity, by getting a few individuals in a church to join him, and then all those who will not go all lengths with him are denounced as enemies to Revivals; and rather than have such a bad name, one and another falls in to defend him; and then they proclaim what ministers, elders, and men of influence have been “crushed” or “broken down.” This moral influence being increased, others are denounced, in a similar manner, as standing out, and leading sinners to hell. And to get rid of the noise, and save himself, another will “break down.” And so they wax hotter and hotter, until the church is fairly split in twain. And now, as for those elders and Christians, who have thus been converted to these measures; some of them are sending out private word to their christian friends abroad, as follows;—“I have been fairly *skinned* by the denunciations of these men, and have ceased to oppose them, to get rid of their noise. But I warn you not to introduce this spirit into your church and society.”’ *Letters on the ‘New Measures.’* p. 12.

‘They do cultivate and awaken in others, what very much resembles the passion of anger, wrath, malice, envy, and evil speaking. This is the inevitable consequence of their style of preaching. As Dr Griffin observed, “It sounds like the accredited language of profanity,” or as a pious woman of color in Troy expressed it, “I do wonder what has got into all the ministers to swear so in the pulpit.”’ *Id.* p. 13.

The same writer makes the following judicious reflections on Mr Finney’s sermon.

‘The sermon in question entirely overlooks the nature of true religion. It says not one word, by which we can distinguish between true and false zeal, true and false religion. Indeed it does not seem to hint that there can be any such thing as false

zeal and false religion. If the tone of feeling can only be raised to a certain pitch, then all is well. The self-righteous, the hypocrite, and all who are inflated with pride, will certainly be flattered and pleased with such an exhibition; especially if they be very self-righteous and very proud. False affections often rise far higher than those that are genuine; and this every preacher, in seasons of revival, has had occasion to observe and correct. And the reason of their great height is obvious. There are no salutary checks of conscience—no holy, humble exercises, to counteract them in their flight. And they court observation. “A Pharisee’s trumpet shall be heard to the town’s end, when simplicity walks through the town unseen.” If the preacher is not extremely careful to distinguish between true and false affections, the devil will certainly come in and upset and bring the work into disgrace. False zeal and overgrown spiritual pride will rise up and take the management, and condemn meekness and humility, and trample upon all the christian graces, because they are not “up to it.” *Id.* p. 30.

“On reading the sermon in question, I was reminded of the repeated complaints which for some time past I have heard from the most judicious, experienced, and best revival ministers in the West; the substance of which is as follows;—“There are various errors in the mode of conducting Revivals in this region, which ought to be distinctly pointed out. That on the prayer of faith. This talking to God as a man talks to his neighbour, is truly shocking—telling the Lord a long story about A. or B., and apparently with no other intent than to produce a kind of stage effect upon the individual in question, or upon the audience generally. This mouthing of words; those deep and hollow tones, all indicative that the person is speaking into the ears of man, and not to God. I say nothing of the nature of the petitions often presented; but the awful irreverence of the manner! How strange that good men should so far forget themselves, as evidently to play tricks in the presence of the great God.”

Id. p. 35.

Another Orthodox writer under the signature ‘Novanglus,’ in reviewing the sermon abovementioned, reprobates in the strongest terms, the irregularities to which the ‘new measures’ have led.

‘If an individual awakes; that is, if he adopts these new measures, and gets full of that kind of animal feeling which they promote, he must try to bring his minister into the same spirit; and if he cannot succeed, he must go about and try to raise a party to “shake him off.” I have heard of such advice

being given privately to individuals, in particular cases, but this is the first time I have ever known it to be publicly preached and printed, as serious advice in all cases. And what is the rule by which individual church members may know when it is their duty to set about this work, and try to "shake off their sleepy minister?" No rule is given in this immediate connexion; but perhaps one is found on the 12th page;—"If the *matter* of preaching is right, and the sinner is *pleased*, there is something defective in the *manner*." If the unconverted part of the congregation are generally satisfied with the minister, it is a certain indication that he is a "sleepy minister," and ought to be "shaken off." Individuals, then, have only to ask whether the congregation are generally in peace, and satisfied with their minister; and if they are, it is their duty to commence measures to drive him away.' *Id.* pp. 70, 71.

He mentions an attempt of this kind against a Mr Williston, of Durham.

'The story is, in substance as follows;—A young convert from the West made his appearance there, saying, that he "knew all about how to conduct Revivals," and pointing to the meetinghouse, told of the "abominations that were portrayed on those walls." He talked insolently to the minister, and then to the people against him. And after an evening lecture which Mr W. preached, he dropped on his knees, and told the Lord a long story about Mr W., and how he had talked to him, and what he had said in his sermon that was false, and so tried to convince the people and the Lord that Mr W. was a liar, and going down to hell if he did not repent. Upon Mr W's trying to calm the people, by putting the most charitable construction upon his conduct, that of his not being in his right mind, his brother, who was a member of the church, arose, and told the people that Mr W. was "the head Achan in the camp," and that "his character was as black as hell," &c., upon which some went and tried to still them, while the minister and others retired. For his conduct that evening, this member was labor-ed with by the brethren, and justified himself on the principles of this sermon. He said he had nothing against Mr W., but he "did it to have a revival." *Id.* pp. 71, 72.

No writer, however, inveighs with so much severity, or with so much power against his Western brethren, as Dr Beecher, of this city. He is speaking of the self-sufficiency and recklessness of consequences, which the 'new measures' induce.

'For why should a good man stop, who knows certainly that

he is right exactly, and that all men are wrong in proportion as they differ from him? This unquestionably was the state of mind to which Davenport and his followers came. He and they, upon the subject of promoting Revivals, were undoubtedly the subjects of a religious nervous insanity. They mistook the feeling of certainty and confidence produced by nervous excitement, and perverted sensation, for absolute knowledge, if not for inspiration; and drove the whirlwind of their insane piety through the churches with a fury which could not be resisted, and with a desolating influence which in many places has made its track visible to the present day. It was this "know-certain-feeling," which emboldened Davenport to chastise aged and eminent ministers, and to pray for them, and denounce them as unconverted, and to attempt to break them down by promoting separations from all who would not conform implicitly to his views, by setting on fire around them the wood, hay, and stubble, which exist in most communities, and may easily be set on fire, at any time, by rashness and misguided zeal; and so far as my observation extends, the man who confides exclusively in himself, and is inaccessible to advice and influence from without, has passed the bounds of sound reason, and is upon the confines of destruction.' *Id.* pp. 93, 94.

He remarks in another place;—

'No mode of reasoning is so safe as matter-of-fact reasoning, if properly conducted; and none perhaps is so liable to be perverted to purposes of sophistry. The grounds of deception are two;—1. Drawing general conclusions from particular premises; inferring that because some preacher's mode of address or action has been useful in some circumstances, it is applicable to all circumstances. As if a physician, on discovering a remedy for some disease, should make it his standing and universal prescription in all cases; as if the shipmaster, who had once been driven out to sea before boisterous winds, without anchor, or compass, or chart, or rudder, and who reached by miracle his port in safety, should return to denounce henceforth these means of safety, and insist that nothing was needed to conduct auspiciously the commerce of the whole world but a direct course, and mountain waves, and all sails standing, and a hurricane for a breeze. 2. Judging from limited views and immediate effects, without regarding general and permanent results. The world, both material and intellectual, is governed by general laws, and though the violation of them may produce a temporary good, the certain result, on the great scale, will be more than a balance of general evil. Now the importance of the soul and of eternity is

such, as that good men in a revival are apt to feel no matter what is said or done, provided sinners are awakened and saved. But it ought to be remembered, that though the immediate result of some courses of conduct may be the salvation of some souls, the general and more abiding result may be the ruin of a thousand souls, destroyed by this conduct, to one saved by it; and destroyed by it as instrumentally in the direct and proper sense of the term, as any are saved by it. The sovereignty of God is not to be relied on in violation of the great laws of the moral world, but in accordance with them. When the thousands were to be sealed, the four angels were commanded to hold the winds, and keep back the judgments which they should afterwards execute, because war and distress would impede his work of mercy. Hence our Saviour introduced the gospel dispensation gradually, as the mind of man could bear it; not putting new wine into old bottles; and hence, too, Davenport, disregarding the general consequences of his conduct, and intent only on its immediate result, though he saved a few, doubtless entailed moral desolation, and darkness, and death, upon thousands of unborn generations.' *Id.* pp. 94, 95.

Again he says;—

'All your periodical Christians, who sleep from one revival to another, will be sure to blaze out now; while judicious ministers and the more judicious part of the church, will be destined to stand, like the bush, in the midst of the flames; while these periodical Christians will make up, by present zeal for their past stupidity, and chide as cold hearted formalists, those, whose even, luminous course sheds reproof on their past coldness and stupidity. The converts too will catch the same spirit; and go forth to catechise aged Christians; and wonder why old saints don't sing, and make the heavenly arches ring, as they do; and that shall come to pass, which was spoken by Isaiah the prophet, as the destruction of human society and the consummation of divine wrath upon man, when children shall be princes in the church, and babes shall rule over her, and the child shall behave himself proudly against the ancient, and the base against the honorable.' *Id.* p. 97.

We find the best account of the 'prayer of faith,' and 'particularity in prayer,' on which so much stress has been laid by the friends of the 'new measures,' in Mr Brockway's *Delineation*.

'To pray the prayer of faith, was, to pray with a full conviction and a firm belief, that the petition would be heard and

answered. Nay, more, it was to believe that it would be answered without a moment's delay. All prayers that come short of this faith were not only worthless, but were mockery; and an insult offered to God. To exercise this faith was the indispensable duty of every Christian; without it, he could not pray, and without it he had no evidence of his acceptance with God. We were told by Mr Beman, in the most positive manner, that if we prayed for anything without expecting and believing that we should have it immediately, we were guilty of a most horrible attempt to mock and insult the Omniscient God. There was no such thing recognized by God as prayer, but that which asked, expected, and received the thing sought, without a moment's delay.' *Delineation*, pp. 16, 17.

The description he gives of what they meant by 'particularity in prayer,' is so thoroughly offensive and shocking, that we can hardly bring ourselves to insert it; but the truth, perhaps, had better be known.

'I will, for the benefit of those unacquainted with the practice'—'give a description of this particularity, as practised by those who had been thoroughly trained to this mode of praying. The first thing to be regarded as indispensable, is to introduce the individual by name; and in this, great care is to be taken that the name be rightly called, as a misnomer has, it is said, been the occasion of disappointment in the looked for result. The next thing in order, is to tell what God knows of the individual. If, perchance, the subject be a female, her sex must first be noticed, followed with, "O, Lord! thou seest this hardened enemy of thine;"—for it has been considered wickedness to call a sinner by a softer name than God's enemy—"Thou seest how she has raised her female hands against Thee; and how she is stretching out her puny female hands to lay hold of Thee, and pull Thee from thy throne. See, Lord, how full her hands are of sharp arrows to fight Thee. Thou seest how she is hurling her defiance at Thee. Thou knowest how black her heart is, and how her enmity to Thee rankles and burns with all the malice of a demon." And, if she be present, it must be added, "Thou seest how she has come in here with thy little ones, too proud to kneel before Thee; Thou knowest that she has come in here on purpose to mock Thee, and insult Thee to thy face." After completing this description, which, by the by, was often drawn out far beyond what I have here quoted, then might follow the petition, or imprecation—"Now, Lord God Almighty! come down upon this enemy of thine; break in upon her; break her down, O Lord, break her down;"—this

could not be too often repeated—"break in upon her. And if thou hast one thunderbolt in store, heavier than another, come, God Almighty, and break it over her head. Break her down; crush her at thy feet; slay her before Thee!"

'This is particularity in prayer. But, in case the subject or subjects, be males—for, from six to twelve names were frequently introduced in the same prayer—then the description and petition must vary with circumstances; as "O Lord! Thou knowest he is a hardened wretch; thou seest how he has raised his crest against Thee. Thou knowest, Lord, how vile his heart is; and how nothing is wanting to make him a perfect devil, but for Thee to strip the covering from his heart. Now, Lord, don't let him boast himself against Thee; but draw thy sword and come down upon him; drive it through his heart, and let him bleed at thy feet, that thine enemies may see it and be afraid."

'This is a fair, though faint specimen of the kind of praying which has been so abundant in Troy. I say a *faint* specimen, because, to render it any ways complete, it should be accompanied with loud groans, and with all that kind of action which denotes extreme distress.' *Id.* pp. 22-4.

These are weighty charges, but we must not suppose that the Western Revivalists are dumb before their accusers. They have their vindication, which, assuming the principles admitted by both parties, is at least plausible; and besides, they have their complaints of injury and wrong, in urging which they also become accusers in their turn. They contend that many of the reports which have been propagated against them by their Orthodox opponents, are unfounded and calumnious; and very likely this is true to a certain extent. We are particularly struck in this connexion with their treatment of Mr Brockway. After having proved, as they think, 'that every material part of his printed statement relative to his own testimony' before the Presbytery of Troy, in the trial of Mr Beman, 'is without foundation, and utterly untrue;' that 'his oath and his book are at war,'—they go on gravely to remark, that they have not done this 'for the purpose of casting reflections, of arraigning motives, or of impugning character,' or of affecting him in any way, as 'a member of the church in good and regular standing.'* Are we to infer from this, that in Orthodox churches a member may be convicted of perjury, or deliberate falsehood, or

* Contrast of Josephus Brockway's Testimony and Statement. pp. 17, 18.

both, without losing or endangering his good and regular standing? In these churches, if a man is seen once at the theatre, or is present at a ball, or rides a few miles on Sunday, he is immediately brought to his confessions, or cut off as a diseased member; but are we to understand that he may be guilty of perjury or deliberate falsehood, and still retain his good and regular standing? Will a bitter sarcasm about his 'short memory,' intended merely as an insult, authorise them to look on a man so convicted, in any other light than as one who has forfeited all pretensions, we do not say to religion only, but to common honesty? The truth is, that the two parties are at issue here on a very serious question, and we leave them to extricate themselves from the difficulty as they can.

Mr Finney and his friends contend, further, that much of the opposition to the 'new measures,' has grown out of a desire to conciliate the ungodly. 'Since the session of the Presbytery, Mr Beman told me in private conversation,' says Mr Brockway, 'that Dr Beecher had set up to oppose revivals for fear they were getting to be unpopular.' We suspect there is some foundation for this remark. For some years back a large portion of the Congregational and Presbyterian clergy in this country, have been gradually sliding into the same methods of gaining influence, which were first adopted by Whitefield and Wesley; and the policy, for a time at least, has been attended with something of the same success. This, of course, has gratified their lust of power; but it has been attended with the mortifying circumstance, that while they were gaining the same sort of ascendancy, it was over the same sort of people. The higher and better informed classes, though affected a little at first, soon began as a body to withdraw and stand aloof, leaving the ministers in question to find their hearers and companions in the same rank in society with the early Methodists. It has long been a favorite object with Dr Beecher, and some others, to introduce such a modification of the revival system, as will command the respect at least of educated men, and men of the world; and undoubtedly one of the reasons which have made him so active against the 'new measures,' has been the extreme disgust they were likely to excite, in persons of this description, against revivals generally.

Again, the Western party complain that the policy which the Orthodox of New England have adopted in opposing the 'new measures,' has been throughout mean, underhanded, and

disingenuous. This is well expressed in a resolution which Mr Finney's friends had the courage to bring forward in the Convention; and though understood at the time to reflect severely on the conduct of some of the members, it was carried by a majority of one.

'The writing of letters to individuals in the congregations of acknowledged ministers, or circulating letters which have been written by others, complaining of measures which may have been employed in revivals of religion; or visiting the congregations of such ministers, and conferring with opposers without conversing with the ministers of such places, and speaking against measures which have been adopted; or for ministers residing in the congregations of settled pastors to pursue the same course, thus strengthening the hands of the wicked, and weakening the hands of settled pastors, are breaches of christian charity, and ought to be carefully avoided.'

In the doings of a public body the charge is not connected, of course, with the terms of vituperation and abuse, so lavishly bestowed on other occasions. But it is painful to dwell on an altercation about motives, neither edifying nor respectable, especially when we consider the office and standing of the persons implicated, and that both parties still affect to call one another brethren.

We hasten to Mr Finney's sermon, in which, as we have intimated before, he undertakes to account philosophically for the opposition which has been made to the 'new measures,' and also for the misunderstandings, divisions, and disgusts to which they have given rise. According to his theory these new measures, as they are called, are nothing more than the common revival system carried out a little further; that is, as he thinks, more elevated, more purified, made more spiritual. But to be able to approve or sympathize in these measures it is necessary that the individual's feelings and affections should be raised to the same pitch of celestial love and harmony; and the true reason why such men as Dr Beecher and Mr Nettleton are offended and disgusted with these measures, is to be found in the cold, sluggish, and grovelling state of their hearts. We prefer, however, to let Mr Finney speak for himself.

'Again—We see why ministers and Christians visiting revivals, often, at first, raise objections to the means used, and cavil, and sometimes take sides with the wicked. The fact is, coming, as they often do, from regions where there are no reli-

gious revivals at the time, they frequently feel reprov'd and annoyed by the warmth and spirit which they witness. The praying, preaching, and conversation are above their present temperature. Sometimes, prejudice on account of its being amongst a different denomination from them, or prejudice against the preacher, or people, or, perhaps, pride, or jealousy, or worldliness, or something of the kind, chains down their affections that they do not enter into the spirit of the work. Now, while their *hearts remain wrong*, they will, of course, cavil; and the nearer right any thing is, the more spiritual and holy, so much the more it *must* displease them while their *affections grovel*.

'Again—We see why ministers and private Christians differ about *prudential measures*. The man, who sees and feels the infinitely solemn things of eternity, will *necessarily* judge very differently of what is *prudent* or *imprudent*, in the use of means, from one whose spiritual eye is almost closed. The man whose heart is breaking for perishing sinners, will, of course, deem it *prudent*, and right, and necessary, to "use great plainness of speech," and to deal with them in a very earnest and affectionate manner. He would deem a contrary course highly *imprudent*, and dangerous, and criminal. While he who feels but little for them, and sees but little of their danger, will satisfy himself with using very different means, or using them in a very different manner, and will, of course, entertain very different notions of what is prudent. Hence we see the *same person* having very different notions of *prudence*, and consequently practising very differently, at different times. Indeed, a man's notions of what is *prudent* as to means and measures in revivals of religion, will depend, and, in a great measure, *ought* to depend, on the state of his own affections, and the state of feeling with which he is surrounded. For what would be prudent under some circumstances, would be highly imprudent in others. What would be prudent in one man, might be highly imprudent in another. What would be prudent for a man in a certain state of his affections, and under certain circumstances, would be the height of imprudence, in the *same person*, in a different state of feeling, and under other circumstances. It is, in most cases, extremely difficult to form, and often very wrong publicly to express, an opinion condemning a measure as *imprudent*, that is not condemned by the word of God, without being in a situation to enter into the feelings and circumstances of the individual and people at the time the measure was adopted. If Christians and ministers would keep these things in mind, a great many *uncharitable and censorious* speeches would be avoided, and much injury to the cause of truth and righteousness would be prevented.' *Sermon*, p. 7, 8.

‘Again—We learn why churches are sometimes convulsed by revivals of region. In most churches, there are probably more or less hypocrites, who, when revivals are in a measure stripped of animal feeling, and become highly spiritual, are disturbed by the fire and spirit of them, and inwardly and sometimes openly oppose them. But when a part only of the real Christians in a church awake from their slumbers and become very spiritual and heavenly, and the rest *remain* carnal and earthly in their affections, the church is in danger of being torn in sunder. For as those who are awake become more engaged, more spiritual and active, the others, if they *will not awake*, will be jealous and offended, and feeling rebuked by the engagedness of others, will cavil, and find themselves the more displeased, as those that are more spiritual rise farther above them. The nearer to a right state of feeling the engaged ones arrive, the farther apart they are; and as they *ascend* on the scale of holy feeling, if *others will not ascend with them*, the almost certain consequence will be, that these will *descend*, until they really have no *community* of feeling, and can no longer walk together, because they are not agreed. This state of feeling in a church, calls for great searchings of heart in all its members, and although greatly to be dreaded and deeply to be lamented, when it exists, is easily accounted for, upon these plain principles of our nature, and is what sometimes will happen, in spite of the sagacity of men or angels to prevent it.’ *Id.* p. 9.

Before concluding we wish to offer a few reflections on the bearing which this controversy has on the great question, whether revivals, in the common acceptation of that term, ought to be favored and promoted.

We have seen that Orthodox publications, in condemning the excesses and outrages committed at the West, generally designate them as the ‘new measures.’ If by this it is intended to insinuate that similar excesses and outrages have never attended a revival before, or that they have not usually attended great revivals, it is a poor and mean artifice, which their own writings are sufficient to expose. Edwards, Dr Beecher, and Mr Nettleton admit that the same or similar extravagances disgraced the great Munster revival in Germany, the great revival among the English Independents in the time of Cromwell, and the great revival under Wesley and Whitefield. The same is equally true of other revivals less extensive and notorious; among which we may mention that in which the sect of Quakers arose, that under Mrs Hutchinson in the early days of New England,

that of the Moravians at Hernhutt, and that in Kentucky and Tennessee in 1803. Consequently, whether the measures in question are justifiable or not, and whether they properly belong to the revival system or not, it is certain that they are not new, and to call them so is a palpable misnomer.

The New England party endeavour to make it appear that the extravagances committed by their Western brethren afford no ground of objection to the revival system, but are only to be regarded as excrescences, or at most as abuses; and some ascribe them to the direct and preternatural agency of the evil one. We are aware that in the creed of the multitude there is still a remnant of the old Manichean error, which supposes a malignant being to divide with a good being the empire of the world, and that all sin is to be traced to the partial and temporary triumphs of the former. Even on this theory, however, if revivals present peculiar opportunities, of which the devil can and will take advantage to introduce the evils complained of, it is just as much an objection to the whole system, as if these evils could be shown to originate in the system itself, as their natural, and sufficient cause.

Still it may be thought that the revival system is not properly responsible for these excesses and outrages, because they are not necessary to the system, but only incidental and contingent. If by incidental and contingent in this connexion is only meant, that all the extravagances attending revivals do not, however, attend them in every instance, nobody, we presume, will dispute the position. If a man enters an infected city, it does not follow necessarily that he will be seized with the contagion; or if he associates with vicious companions, it does not follow necessarily that he will himself be corrupted. For, in both cases, the consequences of such exposure will depend, at least in some degree, on his peculiar temperament and circumstances, and other predisposing causes. For the same reason, it does not follow necessarily, that the adoption of the revival system in a particular town, or village, will hurry every individual in it, or any individual in it, into all the excesses and outrages to which that system has ever led. A multitude of causes may, and often do, exist to prevent this effect, or at least to limit and qualify it. Nevertheless it is plain, that when these excesses and outrages do in fact follow, they follow as the real consequences, and the natural consequences of the revival system. Certainly, then, it is a valid objection to the whole system, not

only if these excesses and outrages follow from it necessarily and in all cases, but if they follow from it really and naturally, when there is nothing in the existing circumstances to oppose, limit, or qualify its manifest tendencies.

Again, some will contend that the good which Revivals do is immediate, while the evil is remote; and that the system is properly responsible only for its immediate results. But is this reasoning satisfactory? The question is, not whether the bad consequences of a revival follow immediately or remotely; but whether they follow really and naturally. If it be admitted that these evils do really follow from a revival, it is just as much an objection to the whole system, whether they follow to-day or to-morrow, or a thousand years from this time. Besides, we are speaking of excesses, and of course a man is not supposed to begin with excesses, let his system be ever so bad, but to be led into them gradually as the mischievous tendencies of his system are more fully developed. To say that the good which Revivals do is immediate, while the evil is remote, is only to say that the last stages of a revival are always the worst; which is unquestionably true. But this, instead of obviating the objection we are considering, presents it, as we conceive, in the strongest possible light.

Others prefer to represent the obnoxious measures as abuses, which are not to be charged on the system, but on the ignorance and passions of bad men, by which the system has been misunderstood and perverted. Now we freely admit the impropriety of alleging a few single and occasional abuses of any system as a valid objection to the system itself; but if we know that the system is peculiarly liable to abuse, this is a valid objection. We must take the world and human nature, as we find them; and if we know beforehand, or have good reason to expect, that the system in question will be abused in fact, we cannot conscientiously recommend or countenance its introduction. In this case we do not reason, as some might think, from the abuse of a thing, but from its peculiar liability to abuse; knowing, also, that the same object, so far as it is a good and reasonable one, may be attained by other means entirely unexceptionable. Besides, is it true, that the excesses and outrages, which have usually attended great revivals, are to be considered as abuses of the revival system? They are abuses of religion, we grant; but not of this peculiar mode of propagating it. The revival system proceeds on the dangerous and mistaken

principle, that the imaginations and passions of large bodies of men are to be excited, without taking care, at the same time, to enlighten their understandings. It also holds up the idea, and this idea is generally embraced, that the subjects of the revival are moved by an extraordinary and preternatural impulse of the Holy Spirit, which, of course, if real, should supersede and set at nought the ordinary dictates of reason and prudence. Now we think it undeniable, that the worst excesses and outrages, which ever attended a revival, flow naturally from such a state of things; and what can be shown to flow naturally from any system can hardly be counted amongst its abuses.

Driven from every other position, the Revivalist may still say, that even admitting the disorders which often attend revivals to be fairly chargeable on the system, the system is productive of more good than evil, and for this reason, if for no other, ought to be favored. To this we reply, in the first place, that we have no right to do evil, or connive at evil, that good may come, in the hope that the good will preponderate. We are also convinced that the evils directly induced by a revival on the subjects of it, are for the most part greatly underrated. To prove this, we had collected several additional testimonies, chiefly from Orthodox writers; but on turning to them again, we find they will not bear insertion in a work like this, on account of the extreme grossness and indelicacy of many of the suggestions and allusions. We are likewise to take into view the indirect influences of a revival on those who are not the subjects of it, and who are only disgusted by the scenes commonly attending such excitements, and estranged more than ever from God and virtue. We believe that the follies, and extravagances, and fanatical practices of reputed Christians, have done more to make infidels and scoffers, than all other causes put together. Then, too, as we have intimated before, there are other ways in which the same amount of good may be produced, without any of the evils and dangers incurred in revivals. Let the laws of the land be better respected and obeyed; let more attention be paid to the subject of public and general education; let more liberal and honorable principles prevail in the daily intercourse of society, and in the ordinary transactions of business; let the public and fashionable amusements, which have so much to do in determining the character of a people, be thoroughly reformed; let the licentiousness of the press be restrained by public opinion, and let the popular

literature of the day, especially works of poetry and fiction, breathe a purer spirit; in bestowing honor and applause let more regard be had to the moral and religious character, and in elections for civil office let none be raised to places of power and trust but men of approved integrity and worth; let more consistent and practical views of religion be diffused among all classes, and let the standard of preaching be elevated, and its true and proper objects be better understood; finally, let educated men, rich men, and men of standing and influence, take a greater interest in Christianity themselves, and discover more of its influence in their conduct, and do more for its spread. These are the means which God has appointed for a real and general revival of religion. Any system or policy, which pretends to supersede this process, or interferes with it in the smallest measure, or unfits society for it, or has a tendency to turn public attention to any other quarter for help, is to be disowned and rejected.

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- ART. VII.—1. *The Franklin Primer, or Lessons in Spelling and Reading, adapted to the Understandings of Children; composed and published by a Committee, appointed for the Purpose, by the School Convention of Franklin County.* Fifth Ed. Greenfield. Phelps & Clark. 1828. 18mo. pp. 48.
2. *Secondary Lessons, or the Improved Reader; intended as a Sequel to the Franklin Primer.* By a FRIEND OF YOUTH. Second Edition. Greenfield. Phelps & Clark. 1828. 18mo. pp. 198.
3. *The General Class Book, or Interesting Lessons, in Prose and Verse, on a great Variety of Subjects; combined with an Epitome of English Orthography and Pronunciation, and intended as the Third Book in a Course of Reading, for the Use of Schools.* By the AUTHOR OF THE FRANKLIN PRIMER AND THE IMPROVED READER. Greenfield, Phelps & Clark. 1828. 18mo. pp. 312.
4. *Essays on the Philosophy of Instruction, or the Nurture of Young Minds.* Greenfield. Phelps & Clark. 1829. 18mo. pp. 36.

THESE books are the productions of one and the same author; a gentleman who has paid great attention to the subject of education, and particularly to that of childhood and early youth.

The *Primer*, beginning with the alphabet, proceeds to some of the simplest combinations of letters, and sounds, and tables of a number of common words for spelling; such words as children are accustomed to hear and to speak. These are followed by very simple lessons in reading, to which the curiosity is attracted by pictures, chiefly of natural objects, the names of which succeed in alphabetical order. The lessons which come next, are of a very familiar kind, such as are perfectly intelligible to the infant mind, while at the same time they are suited to wake the attention, to afford some useful knowledge, and to improve the heart by some prudential, moral, or religious reflection, growing out of the subject. Such a book, followed as it is by others adapted to the progressive improvement of the understanding, may well supersede the various spelling-books which have been so long used, and which have so long abused the innocent child, with their fearful and interminable array of words, no less repulsive from their length, than from the utter worthlessness of a great portion of them.

In the *Improved Reader*, the author keeps his plan steadily in view. It provides for an easy transition from the greatest possible simplicity of language and thought contained in the *Primer*, to what requires a little more advancement of intellect. Still, however, no steps are leaped over, and nothing is left unexplained. It proceeds from the well known to what is less known, from shorter and more common words to those which are longer and less familiar; presenting a few new words in each successive lesson, which are intelligibly defined. A considerable portion too has the form of conversation or dialogue, which, however questionable a good in regard to more advanced pupils, and the teaching of various arts, is well suited to the young child. It associates him more closely with his parent or instructor, and gives vivacity to both teacher and pupil. One other circumstance is worth mentioning; namely, the three artificial marks for the inflexions of voice, of more value than would readily be conceived by one who has not attended to the subject.

The *General Class Book*, besides the instructions given concerning orthography and pronunciation, consists principally of exercises in reading, chiefly in prose, on a great variety of useful subjects, instructive in their character, plain in style, not soaring into the regions of fancy or of fiction.

The *Essays* contain a general exhibition and vindication of

the author's principles of education, which are explained with much good sense, and enforced by many convincing illustrations.

The author of these books is entitled, in our judgment, not only to the modest name of a 'friend of youth,' which he has given to himself, but to the higher title of a benefactor of youth.

In the first place, what has so generally been made a task, and a loathsome one, he has converted into a pleasure and a pastime. Everything is done to encourage the learner. And encouragement seems to be all that is wanting in beginning to learn, in the first steps of the infant pupil. He has enough of curiosity and desire, if they are properly met by the parent or teacher; and he will advance incomparably faster in this way, than by a given task, enforced against his will. So true is this, that we may generally with more advantage follow the child, and help him on his way, than prescribe a course from which he shall not deviate, and check every little erratic movement. The pernicious mistakes which have existed on this subject are, we trust, fast wearing away. We are constantly acquiring more just notions, and, if we may so speak, cherishing more respect for the understanding of the young mind; not regarding memory as the only faculty that can be improved, and improved by means no matter how mechanical and tedious.

Again, besides the pleasure which proceeds from understanding the lessons which are read, by which the feeling of a disgusting task is removed, actual improvement in the manner of reading, is an all important effect of the plan adopted by the author. The first lessons are of such a kind as to approach, as near as possible, to the conversation of children. Hence the natural utterance is not impeded by study for the meaning of words, or by hesitation at long or obscure words. A habit is thus begun, which, if the child is duly watched, and not tasked with sentences beyond his ability to comprehend, will stay by him. He will read in such a manner that the hearer will perceive that he understands what he reads. But how different is this from what we witness in a great portion of our schools! The pupils with very little discrimination, as soon as they can combine the syllables in most words with tolerable facility, are made to read or recite portions, which contain, it may be, fine sentiments, but perhaps not very distinct ones, rhetorical beauties or flights, poetical allusions or conceits, in prose, and fragments elevated and refined in thought, and ornate in diction, in verse. But the automaton reader utters the words

as if one had no connexion with the other ; as if the manner of utterance had nothing to do with the expression of thought. This is no fiction ; and we may safely appeal to the intelligent visitors of a great portion of our common schools, and of some schools which have the imposing name of Academies, for the truth of the representation. But why is it so ? It is not always because the young reader is incapable of understanding what he reads, nor always because he does not understand it ; but it is from the pernicious habit of pronouncing the words without any regard to the sense ; of uttering them in a mechanical tone, with no reference to the particular expression. It is a habit of which some persons, and persons of good understanding too, never rid themselves. And we have known men of excellent sense and wide information, and of critical knowledge of language, men who write with accuracy and ability, capable of imparting valuable instruction, who read what they have written in such a manner, as scarcely to give any evidence that they understand a single sentence. Such are the evils of beginning wrong ; of learning from books and instructors not competent to afford the proper instructions. ‘I need not labor to show,’ says one of the greatest of the ancient rhetoricians, ‘how much more preferable it is to be instructed in the best method, and how difficult it is to correct faults which have become habitual ; since in the last case double labor follows, the greater part of which, and that which must precede learning, is that of unlearning.’ And we are told that Timotheus exacted a fee from pupils taught by an inferior musician, double of that which he demanded of those who had received no instruction.

It has been, and is still, perhaps, too common a notion, that the six or seven first years of infancy are of little value, and that there are few who can learn anything to much purpose in that period. But those who adopt this opinion must have been very slender observers of childhood. Curiosity, the avenue to so much useful knowledge, is then wide open, ready to receive various instruction, and eagerly craving it. Activity, and desire of knowledge are as natural to the human mind, as their respective elements are to the lower orders of created beings ; and the absence of this curiosity or desire, is to be accounted among the rare exceptions from a general rule. It may be checked and become timid, and lose, by fearing to attempt, what by encouragement it might have gained. And such probably has been its fate in thousands. But we should

beware of thinking meanly of what may be gained in the earliest years. If its amount is small, it is still so much saved from the period which follows; and what is perhaps of more value, an ardor is excited, and a habit of attention formed, for which, if checked by any discouragement, we might look in vain, it may be, at any after period.

The author of the books which we take pleasure in noticing, and in asking for them the attention of our readers, does not claim the praise of originality; but he has carried forward his plan of facile instruction more completely than is done in any similar books in our language, which have come to our knowledge. Indeed his principles and notions are older than the time of Quintilian, who cites the various prevailing opinions concerning infant education, and demands a respect for the infant mind, and sets forth its appetite for knowledge, and the importance of wholesome nourishment, as strenuously as our author. It is a subject not unworthy the attention of great and good men; a subject which has been strangely neglected, certainly in our own country. Not only the first elements of English learning, but almost every other kind of learning has been made too much an onerous task; and thus before the child has learned to love his work, he has associated with it a disgust, enduring, perhaps, and unconquerable. This abuse will last till teachers shall attend more to the elements of mind; till they shall be less mechanical in their scheme of instruction; till they and their pupils shall understand each other, and have more of mutual sympathy; till curiosity is not only excited, but; as far as may be, satisfied; till the doubts and difficulties of the learner shall no longer be smothered, or made more dark, but, as far as may be, explained; till the pupil shall sometimes be allowed to manifest a pleasure, short, however, of exultation, that he has discovered something not very obvious, and thus gain a little confidence in his own capabilities.

We know not exactly how far the whole business of school learning may have changed for some years past; but some of us, who are not very old, can remember how much we desired what we have just now particularized; how darkly we groped our way, and no one brought us to the light. 'How many schoolboys,' says Gibbon, we remember nearly his words, for they came home to our early recollections, 'how many schoolboys have been whipped for not understanding a passage, which Bentley could not interpret, nor Burman explain!' The

learner is pained when he fails to comprehend the explanations which he supposes to be clear in the mind of his instructor; and if, by failing often, his faith is not shaken in the teacher or the thing taught, his hopes are baffled and his efforts restrained.

We should be carried too far for our limits, were we here to give our views of the facilities and improvements which are still to be desired in various branches of study; and must content ourselves with the expression of our good wishes to the author of the little books before us, and of our hopes that they may operate a change in our common schools, as salutary as his most sanguine desires and expectations may lead him to predict.

ART. VIII.—*Sabbath Recreations; or Select Poetry of a Religious Kind, chiefly taken from the Works of Modern Poets; with Original Pieces never before published.* By MISS EMILY TAYLOR. *First American Edition; in which many Pieces have been withdrawn from the English Copy, and others substituted,* by JOHN PIERPONT. Boston. Bowles and Dearborn. 1829. 18mo. pp. 278.

Nor having seen the English edition of *Sabbath Recreations*, we cannot judge of the merit of those alterations from it which have been effected by Mr Pierpont in the book before us, and which make it in some measure a different work. We are as willing however to confide in his taste, as we are, on the other hand, to regard with approbation any poetical selection from the hands of a lady, whom we know as the author of several beautiful poems and hymns, and as a member of a family which has long been distinguished for a remarkable share of genius and talent. This is indeed a book which we would gladly recommend to all, as a pleasing, soothing, and instructive companion. Happy is the family, happy the individual, who needs no more noisy or secular recreations for the day of rest, than may be furnished them by this volume.

Several of the selections are in the memory of every reader of poetry; but a large proportion of them possess the claim, not only of beauty and sweetness, but of freshness and novelty.

For the most part they harmonize in character and spirit with the peaceful day on which they were intended to be read. There are a few which strike us as not being so appropriate. 'The Song of Saul before his last Battle,' for instance, and 'The Destruction of Sennacherib,' but more particularly the former, are not such selections as we should have expected from the Hebrew Melodies, even though it may be said in their defence that the subjects are scriptural. There are others, however, from the same work which are more suitable.

The volume contains some pieces, which we know to be from American authors, but which are not marked as such in the table of contents. 'The Widow of Nain' first appeared in the Christian Disciple, New Series, and was written, we believe we may be permitted to say, by the Rev. Mr Furness of Philadelphia. 'The Autumn Evening,' which follows it, is by the Rev. Mr Peabody of Springfield, and first appeared in the author's Poetical Catechism for Children. 'On the Sabbath,' 'God is good,' and 'All things to be changed,' were written by a lady, then of Boston, whose initials will be recognised by many. The lines entitled 'God is good,' were first printed, and with some alterations from the piece as it now appears, in one of the volumes of the Unitarian Miscellany. There may be other pieces of American authorship, in a like unacknowledged condition, but these are all with which we are acquainted. And we mention these, not because we are so unjust as to require from the American editor a perfect knowledge of all the little fugitives which find their way to England, and there become naturalized, but merely because we wished to restore them to their right owners and parents, and let people know to whom they belonged.

We should be happy to learn that the edition goes off rapidly from the hands of its publishers. Hardly any better evidence could be given or required of the good taste and religious feeling of the community. A love of pure and holy poetry intimates a love of everything else which is pure and holy.

THE CHRISTIAN EXAMINER.

NO. XXXII.

NEW SERIES—NO. II.

MAY, 1829.

ART. I.—*Remains of the late Rev. Charles Wolfe, A. B. Curate of Donoughmore, Diocess of Armagh. With a brief Memoir of his Life.* By the Rev. JOHN A. RUSSELL, M. A. Archdeacon of Clogher. Third Edition. London. 1827. 8vo. pp. 473.

THOUGH we have observed no notice of this volume in our reviews or magazines, the publication of an American edition of it shows that it has not been altogether neglected among us. We presume, however, that few of our readers have met with it, and on that presumption, we will lay a short account of it before them.

The title of the book fairly expresses the nature of its contents. It is a collection of remains only; but they are the remains of a pure and beautiful mind, graceful fragments of a temple, which must have been a worthy sanctuary of the spirit of God.

It might be supposed that the author of the Ode on the Death of Sir John Moore, must have left something else behind him, which would partake in some measure of its spirit, and at least repay the trouble of perusal. If he had exercised and cultivated with assiduity the poetic talent which that piece so remarkably evinces, and with which in truth his soul was running over, we have no manner of doubt that he would have taken a high place in the ranks of British bards, and poured

forth many a strain on which the world would have hung with rapture. But he did not cultivate that talent; and the cause why he did not, only increases our respect for him. He was a minister of the gospel; and to the duties of his station he gave up his genius and his time. Full of enthusiasm, the burning enthusiasm of an Irishman; conscious as he must have been of the possession of superior intellect; imaginative, tender, tasteful, he followed what he believed to be a call of duty to a remote country parish, and there spent and at last consumed his energies in the task of enlightening, affecting, and converting an ignorant, rude, and vicious population. He was a clergyman of the Church of England. He was what is called Orthodox in his faith. But we will pay all our readers the compliment of believing, that we have already secured him a place in their good opinion.

Before we offer any specimens of these Remains, we will just give the outlines of their author's biography.

Charles Wolfe was born in Dublin, in the year 1791. His family was highly respectable, and numbers among its names the distinguished one of the conqueror of Quebec. His early instruction was principally received at Winchester school. In 1809 he entered the University of Dublin, where he obtained a high rank as a scholar, and was rewarded by many literary honors. In 1814 he took his degree of Bachelor of Arts. In 1817 he was ordained, and appointed to a remote country curacy in the north of Ireland, 'where he could not hope to meet one individual to enter into his feelings, or to hold communion with him upon the accustomed subjects of his former pursuits.' Here he labored like an apostle, and lived with all the simplicity of one, till he was obliged to suspend his labors by the attacks of a consumptive disorder, which first excited the apprehensions of his friends, in the spring of 1821. He passed a winter in Devonshire, near Exeter, and in the summer of 1822 made a voyage to Bourdeaux, and back. But the disease would not be defeated, and he grew constantly weaker. His last place of residence was the Cove of Cork, where he died on the 21st of February, 1823, in the thirtysecond year of his age.

The following paragraphs from the Memoir, describe some incidents of his last hours. They cannot be read, we think, without emotion.

'It is natural for a religious mind to feel a lively interest in every record of the last illness and death of any eminent servant of God—to expect some happy evidences of triumphant faith and holy resignation in such a trying state—at the awful moment when all the vast realities of an eternal world are about to be disclosed to the disembodied spirit. There are some persons who perhaps look for such evidences chiefly in ardent ejaculations, in affecting expressions of self-humiliation, in palpable impressions of present comfort, or raptures of joyful anticipation; but these may not be, after all, unequivocal or indispensable tests of the presence and power of true faith. It should not be forgotten how much depends upon the state of the animal system at such times, upon the nature of the complaint, or even on the peculiar constitution of the mind itself. As in the case of the steadfast and holy Christian here recorded, the disease may be such as to encumber the faculties of the soul by a peculiar pressure upon the body; the corruptible part may "weigh down the mind which museth on many things," and thus incapacitate it for any energetic manifestation of its feelings. It was the nature of his particular malady to bring on an oppressive lassitude of spirits; and he was also afflicted with a raking cough, which for some time before his death disabled him from speaking a single sentence without incurring a violent paroxysm.

'One interesting fact, however, may prove, with more certainty than a thousand rapturous expressions, the ascendancy of his faith in the midst of these depressing circumstances.

'On the day before his dissolution, the medical gentleman who attended him felt it his duty to apprise him of his immediate danger, and expressed himself thus: "Your mind, sir, seems to be so raised above this world, that I need not fear to communicate to you my candid opinion of your state." "Yes, sir," replied he, "I trust I have been learning to live above the world;" and he then made some impressive observations on the ground of his own hopes; and having afterwards heard that they had a favorable effect, he entered more fully into the subject with him on his next visit, and continued speaking for an hour, in such a convincing, affecting, and solemn strain, (and this at a time when he seemed incapable of uttering a single sentence,) that the physician, on retiring to the adjoining room, threw himself on the sofa, in tears, exclaiming, "There is something superhuman about that man: it is astonishing to see such a mind in a body so wasted; such mental vigor in a poor frame dropping into the grave!"' pp. 205-207.

'During the last few days of his life, when his sufferings became more distressing, his constant expression was, "This

light affliction, this light affliction!" and when the awful crisis drew near, he still maintained the same sweet spirit of resignation. Even then he showed an instance of that thoughtful benevolence, that amiable tenderness of feeling, which formed a striking trait in his character:—he expressed much anxiety about the accommodation of an attendant who was sleeping in the adjoining room; and gave even minute directions respecting it.

'On going to bed he felt very drowsy; and soon after the stupor of death began to creep over him. He began to pray for all his dearest friends individually; but his voice faltering, he could only say—"God bless them all! The peace of God and of Jesus Christ overshadow them, dwell in them, reign in them!" "My peace," said he, addressing his sister, "(the peace I now feel) be with you!"—"Thou, O God, wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee." His speech again began to fail, and he fell into a slumber; but whenever his senses were recalled he returned to prayer. He repeated part of the Lord's prayer, but was unable to proceed; and at last, with a composure scarcely credible at such a moment, he whispered to the dear relative who hung over his death-bed, "Close this eye, the other is closed already; and now farewell!" Then, having again uttered part of the Lord's prayer, he fell asleep. "He is not dead, but sleepeth." pp. 209, 210.

To the above we will only add one sentence, from the pen of another individual, the Rev. Dr Miller, author of *Lectures on the Philosophy of Modern History*. We quote it, both for the sake of the summary which it gives of the character of Mr Wolfe, and of the great beauty of the sentence itself. It forms the conclusion of a letter to the editor of a London paper.

'His opinions were as sober, as if they were merely speculative; his fancy was as vivid as if he never reasoned; his conduct as zealous as if he thought only of his practical duties; everything in him held its proper place, except a due consideration of himself, and to his neglect of this he became an early victim.'

In proceeding to select from the *Remains*, we shall begin with the poetry, all of which, as we are informed by the friend and biographer of Mr Wolfe, was written during his residence at college. There is not much of it, and the merit of what there is, is unequal; but a fair proportion of it is not unworthy of the author of one of the finest odes in our language.

The first piece which attracted notice was written in the first

year of his college course, on a subject proposed by the heads of the University. The subject was 'Jugurtha in Prison.' The poem is in the form of a soliloquy, and is distinguished throughout by great vigor. A few of the first lines may serve as a specimen.

'Well—is the rack prepared—the pincers heated?
Where is the scourge? How!—not employed in Rome?
We have them in Numidia. Not in Rome?
I'm sorry for it; I could enjoy it now;
I might have felt them yesterday; but now,—
Now I have seen my funeral procession:
The chariot-wheels of Marius have rolled o'er me:
His horses' hoofs have trampled me in triumph,—
I have attained that terrible consummation
My soul could stand aloof, and from on high
Look down upon the ruins of my body,
Smiling in apathy: I feel no longer;
I challenge Rome to give another pang.—
Gods! how he smiled, when he beheld me pause
Before his car, and scowl upon the mob;
The curse of Rome was burning on my lips,
And I had gnawed my chain, and hurled it at them,
But that I knew he would have smiled again.' pp. 8, 9.

The celebrated ode on the death of Sir John Moore, stands as the third poetical piece in this collection. So little ambitious was the author of poetical fame, that it found its way into the newspapers of the time, without his knowledge or concurrence; and though it was claimed by and for several writers, he never took any pains to assert his own right to it. Byron pronounced it, as soon as he saw it, one of the very best lyrics of the age; and the concurrent testimony of the public has put upon it the stamp of immortality. Such being the rank and character of this ode, we make no apology for inserting the whole of it, as it is printed in the *Remains*, from the author's own manuscript. It will be perceived that some lines in it differ from the copy which has been most generally known. We shall prefix to it, as Mr Russell has done, the paragraph in the *Edinburgh Annual Register* which had the honor of prompting it.

“Sir John Moore had often said, that if he was killed in battle, he wished to be buried where he fell. The body was removed at midnight to the citadel of Corunna. A grave was dug for him on the rampart there, by a party of the 9th regiment,

the aides-du-camp attending by turns. No coffin could be procured, and the officers of his staff wrapped the body, dressed as it was, in a military cloak and blankets. The interment was hastened; for, about eight in the morning, some firing was heard, and the officers feared that if a serious attack were made, they should be ordered away, and not suffered to pay him their last duty. The officers of his family bore him to the grave; the funeral service was read by the chaplain; and the corpse was covered with earth."—*Edinburgh Annual Register*, 1808, p. 458.

- 'Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corse to the rampart we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.
- 'We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning;
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.
- 'No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Not in sheet or in shroud we wound him;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.
- 'Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face that was dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.
- 'We thought, as we hollowed his narrow bed,
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
And we far away on the billow!
- 'Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him,—
But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.
- 'But half of our heavy task was done,
When the clock struck the hour for retiring;
And we heard the distant and random gun
That the foe was sullenly firing.
- 'Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory;
We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone—
But we left him alone with his glory!' pp. 28-31.

Mr Wolfe was keenly alive to the impressions of music, and entered into its poetry with all a poet's feeling. The following little story will show how well he understood, and how passionately he must have loved the sweet and touching melodies of his native land. He wrote it as a kind of introduction to the well known song of 'The last Rose of Summer.'

"This is the grave of Dermid:—he was the best minstrel among us all,—a youth of a romantic genius, and of the most tremulous and yet the most impetuous feeling. He knew all our old national airs, of every character and description: according as his song was in a lofty or a mournful strain, the village represented a camp or a funeral; but if Dermid were in his merry mood, the lads and lasses were hurried into dance with a giddy and irresistible gaiety. One day our chieftain committed a cruel and wanton outrage against one of our peaceful villagers. Dermid's harp was in his hand when he heard it. With all the thoughtlessness and independent sensibility of a poet's indignation, he struck the chords that never spoke without response,—and the detestation became universal. He was driven from amongst us by our enraged chief; and all his relations, and the maid he loved, attended our banished minstrel into the wide world. For three years there were no tidings of Dermid, and the song and dance were silent, when one of our little boys came running in and told us that he saw Dermid approaching at a distance. Instantly the whole village was in commotion; the youths and maidens assembled in the green, and agreed to celebrate the arrival of their poet with a dance; they fixed upon the air he was to play for them; it was the merriest of his collection. The ring was formed;—all looked eagerly towards the quarter from which he was to arrive, determined to greet their favorite bard with a cheer. But they were checked the instant he appeared; he came slowly and languidly and loiteringly along;—his countenance had a cold, dim, and careless aspect, very different from that expressive tearfulness which marked his features, even in his more melancholy moments: his harp was swinging heavily upon his arm;—it seemed a burden to him; it was much shattered, and some of the strings were broken. He looked at us for a few moments,—then, relapsing into vacancy, advanced, without quickening his pace, to his accustomed stone, and sat down in silence. After a pause, we ventured to ask him for his friends:—he first looked up sharply in our faces,—next, down upon his harp,—then struck a few notes of a wild and desponding melody, which we had never heard before; but his hand dropped, and he did not finish it. Again we paused—then,

knowing well that if we could give the smallest mirthful impulse to his feelings, his whole soul would soon follow, we asked him for the merry air we had chosen. We were surprised at the readiness with which he seemed to comply ;—but it was the same wild and heart-breaking strain he had commenced. In fact, we found that the soul of the minstrel had become an entire void, except one solitary ray, that vibrated sluggishly through its very darkest part : it was like the sea in a dark calm, which you only know to be in motion by the panting which you hear ; he had totally forgotten every trace of his former strains, not only those that were more gay and airy, but even those of a more pensive cast ; and he had got in their stead that one dreary, single melody ; it was about a lonely rose that had outlived all his companions ; this he continued singing and playing from day to day, until he spread an unusual gloom over the whole village ; he seemed to perceive it, for he retired to the churchyard, and remained singing it there to the day of his death. The afflicted constantly repaired to hear it, and he died singing it to a maid who had lost her lover. The orphans have learnt it, and still chant it over poor Dermid's grave." pp. 38–41.

Among his favorite airs was that deeply mournful one of 'Gramachree.' He was dissatisfied with all the words which had been written for it, even those two verses of Moore's, beginning, 'The Harp that once through Tara's Halls,' and said that they all appeared to him to want *individuality* of feeling. At the request of a friend he gave his own conceptions of the character of the air, in a song which seems to us to possess the requisites of tenderness, pathos, and *individuality* in an eminent degree. Being asked whether he had any real incident in view in the composition of it, he answered, 'He had not ; but that he had sung the air over and over till he burst into a flood of tears, in which mood he composed the words.' This anecdote alone would be sufficient to show the susceptibility of his nature. The song is as follows—

'If I had thought thou couldst have died,
I might not weep' for thee ;
But I forgot, when by thy side,
That thou couldst mortal be ;
It never through my mind had past,
The time would e'er be o'er,
And I on thee should look my last,
And thou shouldst smile no more !

'And still upon that face I look,
And think 't will smile again;
And still the thought I will not brook,
That I must look in vain!
But when I speak—thou dost not say,
What thou ne'er left'st unsaid;
And now I feel, as well I may,
Sweet Mary! thou art dead!

'If thou wouldst stay, e'en as thou art,
All cold, and all serene—
I still might press thy silent heart,
And where thy smiles have been!
While e'en thy chill, bleak corse I have,
Thou seemest still mine own;
But there I lay thee in thy grave—
And I am now alone!

'I do not think, where'er thou art,
Thou hast forgotten me;
And I, perhaps, may soothe this heart,
In thinking too of thee;
Yet there was round thee such a dawn
Of light ne'er seen before,
As fancy never could have drawn,
And never can restore!'

pp. 42, 43.

The latter half of the volume is occupied by fifteen of Mr Wolfe's sermons. They were not intended for the press, and are certainly not remarkable for close and continuous reasoning or luminous arrangement; but they have more feeling than discourses from the British pulpit are apt to have, and contain passages of great strength and eloquence.

Such are the *Remains of the Rev. Charles Wolfe*; a man, whom, though when alive he might not have wished for our fellowship, and could not have approved of our religious opinions, we yet gladly recognise as a member of the true, liberal, holy, and apostolical church, gathered from all sects and denominations, countries and climes under the broad heaven.

ART. II.—*Correspondence between John Quincy Adams, Esquire, President of the United States, and several Citizens of Massachusetts, concerning the Charge of a Design to Dissolve the Union alleged to have existed in that State.* Boston. 1829. 8vo. pp. 80.

WE have placed at the head of this article the title of a pamphlet, which has drawn much attention and excited much feeling. But in so doing, we have not thought of reviewing the controversy to which it relates. Our work is devoted to the inculcation and defence of great principles, and we are anxious to keep it free from irritating personalities. We are resolved to contend earnestly for what we deem truth, but we wish no contest with individuals. We are aware that cases may exist, in which justice to persecuted virtue, or to a good but suffering cause, may bind us to take part in temporary controversies. We feel, however, no such obligation in the present instance. In the Correspondence, those whom we deem injured have vindicated themselves too effectually to need other defenders. The charge of a Northern plot for dismembering the country has been fairly met and triumphantly refuted. We violate therefore no duty in following our inclinations, and in leaving this controversy to those whom it immediately concerns.—To prevent misapprehension, we will add, that in speaking of the charge which gave rise to the Correspondence, as fully refuted, we mean not to accuse of wilful misrepresentation the individual by whom it was brought forward. We are not ignorant of the facility with which men deceive themselves, especially when their passions are inflamed. We mean not to deny, that Mr Adams may imagine himself in possession of proofs which sustain his allegation; nor is it hard to explain the delusion. It is very possible, that twentyfive years ago, in a most agitated and convulsed state of the country, some among us questioned, whether the national government was likely to accomplish the good which it had promised. It is very possible, that, in that season of exasperation, some rash spirits among the Federalists gave utterance to passionate invectives, and inconsiderate menaces; and we can very easily understand, how a mind, disposed to misconstrue the words and actions of ardent partisans, might, in the midst of such excitement, become haunted with suspicions and visionary conspiracies. We think

it very creditable to our country, that, in passing through the stormy season of which we have spoken, it teemed with no more panics and inventions of secret treasons; that so few plots were feigned or feared. We exceedingly regret, that Mr Adams has made it necessary to his reputation, to fasten a reproach of this nature on a portion of his fellow citizens. We regret, not only for public reasons, but for his own sake, that on retiring from office, he cannot promise himself the happiness of his predecessors, the happiness of a calm and dignified retirement from public strife.

Our aim in the present article is to call the attention of our readers to a subject of great moment, which is directly brought before us by the Correspondence; we mean, the Importance of our National Union. This topic is one of transcendent and universal interest, and therefore deserves a place in a work devoted to the inculcation of those great principles, which involve the virtue and happiness of the community. In the discussion of such a topic, we shall of necessity recur to the events and struggles of the last thirty or forty years. But we shall do so, not for the purpose of reviving half extinguished animosities, but in the hope of pointing out our danger as a nation, and of awakening a more enlightened attachment to our common country. We trust, that we claim for ourselves no singular virtue in saying, that we look back on the conflicts and revolutions of this period as on matters of history, and that we identify ourselves with them scarcely more than with events preceding our birth. It seems to us, that a good degree of impartiality in relation to this period, instead of requiring a high moral effort, is almost forced upon us by the circumstances of our times. Our age has been marked above all others by the suddenness, variety, and stupendousness of its revolutions. The events of centuries have been crowded into a single life. The history of the civilized world, since the bursting forth of the French Revolution, reminds us of one of the irregular dramas of Shakspeare, in which the incidents of a reign are compressed into an hour. Overwhelming changes have rushed upon one another too rapidly to give us time to comprehend them, and have been so multiplied as to exhaust our capacity of admiration. In consequence of this thronging and whirl of events, the revolutions which we have witnessed seem to be thrown back, and to belong to a previous age. Our interest in them as cotemporaries is diminished to a degree which excites our own

wonder, and we think that we recall them with as little selfish partiality, as we experience in looking back on the transactions of past centuries. Perhaps we are deceived; but we can assure our readers, that we should not trust ourselves to speak as frankly as we may of the past, did we not believe, that our personal interest in it differs little from what we feel in other important periods of human history.

We have said that our present topic is the importance of the Union, and we have selected it because it cannot, we apprehend, be too deeply impressed. No lesson should be written more indelibly on the hearts of our citizens. To secure to it the strong conviction with which it ought to be received, we have thought that we might usefully insist on the chief good which the Union confers; and we are the more disposed to do this, because we are not sure that this subject is sufficiently understood, because we sometimes apprehend that the people are not aware of the most essential benefit which they derive from the confederation, but are looking to it for advantages which it cannot bestow, and are in danger of exposing it to hazard by expecting from it more than it can accomplish. Of all governments we may say, that the good which they promote is chiefly negative, and this is especially true of the federal institutions which bind these States together. Their highest function is, to evert evil. Nor let their efficiency on this account be disparaged. The highest political good, liberty, is negative. It is the removal of obstructions. It is security from wrong. It confers no positive happiness, but opens a field in which the individual may achieve his happiness by his own unfettered powers. The great good of the Union we may express almost in a word. It preserves us from wasting and destroying one another. It preserves relations of peace among communities, which, if broken into separate nations, would be arrayed against one another in perpetual, merciless, and ruinous war. It indeed contributes to our defence against foreign states, but still more it defends us from one another. This we apprehend to be the chief boon of the Union, and its importance we apprehend is not sufficiently felt. So highly do we estimate it, that we ask nothing of the General Government, but to hold us together, to establish among the different States relations of friendship and peace; and we are sure, that our State Governments and individual energies will work out for us a happiness, such as no other people have yet secured.

The importance of this benefit is easy to be understood, by considering the sure and tremendous miseries which would follow disunion. For ourselves, we fear, that bloody and mournful as human history now is, a sadder page than has yet been written, might record the sufferings of this country, should we divide ourselves into separate communities. Our impressions on this subject are so strong, that we cannot resist the desire of communicating them to others. We fear that our country, in case of disunion, would be broken into communities, which would cherish towards one another singularly fierce and implacable enmities. We do not refer to the angry and vindictive feelings which would grow out of the struggles implied in a separation. There are other and more permanent causes of hatred and hostility.

One cause, we think, would be found in the singularly active, bold, enterprising spirit, which actuates this whole country. Perhaps, as a people, we have no stronger distinction, than a thirst for adventure and new acquisitions. A quiet, cold, phlegmatic race might be divided with comparatively little peril. But a neighbourhood of restless, daring, all-grasping communities, would contain within itself the seeds of perpetual hostility. Our feverish activity would break out in endless competitions and jealousies. In every foreign market, we should meet as rivals. The same great objects would be grasped at by all. Add to this, that the necessity of preserving some balance of power, would lead each republic to watch the others with a suspicious eye; and this balance could not be maintained, in these young and growing communities, as easily as in the old and stationary ones of Europe. Among nations, such as we should form, which would only have begun to develop their resources, and in which the spirit of liberty would favor an indefinite expansion, the political equilibrium would be perpetually disturbed. Under such influences an irritable, and almost justifiable sensitiveness to one another's progress would fester into unrelenting hatred. Our neighbour's good would become to us a curse. Among such communities there could be no love, and would be no real peace. To obstruct one another's growth would be deemed the perfection of policy. Slight collisions of interest, which must perpetually recur, would be exaggerated by jealousy and hatred into unpardonable wrongs; and unprincipled statesmen would find little difficulty in swelling imaginary grievances into causes of war. When we look at the char-

acteristic spirit of this country, stimulated as it is by our youth and capacities of improvement, we cannot conceive of more active springs of contention and hatred, than would be created at once by our disunion into separate nations.

We proceed to the second and a very important consideration. Our possession of a common language, which is now an unspeakable good, would, in case of disunion, prove as great a calamity; for it would serve, above all things, to multiply jealousies and exasperate bad passions. In Europe, different nations, having each its own language, and comparatively small communication, can act but little on each other. Each expresses its own self-esteem and its scorn of other communities in writings, which seldom pass its own bounds, and which minister to its own vanity and prejudices without inflaming other states. But suppose this country broken up into contiguous nations, all speaking the same language, all enjoying unrestrained freedom of the press, and all giving utterance to their antipathies and recriminations in newspapers, which would fly through all on the wings of the winds. Who can set bounds to the madness which such agents of mischief would engender? It is a fact, too well known, that feelings of animosity among us towards Great Britain, have been kept alive chiefly by a few publications from the latter country, which have been read by a very small part of our population. What then are we to expect in case of our disunion, when the daily press of each nation would pour forth on the neighbouring communities unceasing torrents of calumny, satire, ridicule, and invective? An exasperating article from the pen of a distinguished man in one republic, would in less than a week have found its way to every house and cottage in the adjoining States. The passions of a whole people would be kindled at one moment; and who of us can conceive the intensity of hatred which would grow from this continued, maddening interchange of intemperate and unmeasured abuse?

Another source of discord, in case of our separation, is almost too obvious to be mentioned. Once divided, we should form stronger bonds of union with foreign nations than with one another. That Europe would avail itself of our broken condition to establish an influence among us; that belligerents in the Old World would strive to enlist us in their quarrels; that our eagerness for commercial favors and monopolies would lay us open to their intrigues; that at every quarrel among

ourselves we should be willing to receive aid from abroad, and that distant nations would labor to increase our dependence upon themselves by inflaming and dividing us against each other; these are considerations too obvious to need exposition, and as solemn and monitory as they are clear. From disunion, we should reap, in plentiful harvests, destructive enmities at home, and degrading subserviency to the powers of Europe.

We pass to another topic, particularly worthy of notice. In case of separation, party spirit, the worst foe of free states, would rage more furiously in each of the new and narrower communities than it now does in our extensive Union, and this spirit would not only spread deadly hatred through each republic, but would perpetually embroil it with its neighbours. We complain of party rage even now; but it is mild and innocent compared with what we should experience, were our Union dissolved. Party spirit, when spread over a large country, is far less envenomed and ruinous than when shut up in small states. The histories of Greece and Rome are striking illustrations of this truth. In an extensive community, a party, depressed on one spot, finds sympathies and powerful protectors in another; and if not, it finds more generous enemies at a distance, who mitigate the violence of its nearer foes. The fury attending elections is exceedingly allayed, by the knowledge that the issue does not depend on one or another city or district, and that failure in one place is not the loss of the cause. It may be added, that in a large country, party spirit is necessarily modified and softened by the diversity of interests, views, and characters, which must prevail among a widely scattered people. It is also no small advantage, that the leaders of parties will generally be separated from one another by considerable distances, will move in remote spheres, instead of facing each other, and engaging perpetually in personal debate and conflict. Suppose these circumstances reversed; suppose the country broken into republics so small, as to admit a perfect unity and sympathy among the members of the same party, as to keep the leaders of opposite parties perpetually in one another's sight and hearing, as to make the fate of elections dependent on definite efforts and votes in particular places; and who can calculate the increase of personal animosity, of private rancor, of public rage? Nor would the spirit of party convulse only the separate communities. It would establish between them the most injurious relations. No passion seems to over-

power patriotism and moral sentiment more effectually than this spirit. Those whom it binds, seem to throw off all other bonds. Inflamed parties are most unscrupulous as to means. Under great excitement, they of course look round them on other communities to find means of ensuring triumph over their opponents. Of consequence, the political relations, which would subsist between the different republics that would spring up from our disunion, would be determined chiefly by party spirit; by a passion, which is most reckless of consequences, most prolific of discord, most prodigal of blood. Each republic would be broken into two factions, one in possession, and the other in pursuit of power, and both prepared to link themselves with the factions of their neighbours, and to sacrifice the peace and essential interests of the state to the gratification of ambition and revenge. Through such causes, operating in the Grecian republics, civil war added its horrors to foreign contests. We see nothing to avert from ourselves, if ever divided, the same unspeakable calamity.

In this exposition of the evils which would spring from disunion, we have spoken strongly, but, we trust, calmly. There is no need of exaggeration. It seems to us, that the imagination cannot easily exceed the truth. We do dread separation as the greatest of political evils, with the single exception of slavery. Undoubtedly a particular State may and ought to break the bond, if that bond is to be turned into a yoke of oppression. But much, very much should be endured before we expose ourselves to the calamities of separation. We particularly recommend the views which we have taken to those among us, whose interest in the Union is weakened by a vague idea, that a large community cannot be as well governed as a small. The reverse of this maxim, as we have seen, is true of a federal republic. Under despotisms, indeed, a vast territory may increase the sufferings of the people, because the sovereign at the centre, however well disposed, cannot spread himself to the extremities, and distant provinces are almost of necessity given up to the spoliations of irresponsible governors. But under the wise distribution of power in this country, we enjoy the watchful and minute protection of a local government, combined with the immense advantage of a wide spread community. Greater means of prosperity a people cannot enjoy. Let us not be defrauded of them by selfish or malignant passions.

From the remarks now made, it will at once be understood,

on what account chiefly we prize and would uphold our National Government. We prize it as our bond of union; as that which constitutes us one people; as preserving the different States from mutual jealousies and wars, and from separate alliances with foreign nations; as mitigating party spirit; in one word, as perpetuating our peace. So great, so inestimable is this good, that all other benefits and influences of the Federal Government seem to us as nothing. We would lay down this as the fundamental principle of its administration. The bearing of measures on our Union should be the chief aspect, under which they should be regarded by Congress. Taking this position, we are naturally led to some great maxims by which, as we conceive, our public affairs should be guided, and we now proceed to develop these, as well as to point out other means for securing our confederation.

In the first place, it seems to be important, that the administration of our government should be marked by the greatest possible simplicity. We hold this to be no unimportant means of perpetuating our Union. Laws and measures should be intelligible, founded on plain principles, and such as common minds may comprehend. This indeed is a maxim to be applied to republican governments universally. The essential idea of a republic is, that the sovereignty is in the people. In choosing representatives they do not devolve the supreme power on others. By the frequency of elections, they are called to pass judgment on their representatives. It is essential to this mode of government, that through a free press, all public measures should be brought before the tribunal of the people. Of course a refined and subtle policy, or a complicated legislation, which cannot be understood but by laborious research and reasoning, is hostile to the genius of republican institutions. Laws should be plain and few, intended to meet obvious wants, and such as are clearly required by the great interests of the community. For ourselves, we are satisfied that all governments without exception can adopt no safer rule, than the simplicity which we have now recommended. The crying sin of all governments is, that they intermeddle injuriously with human affairs, and obstruct the processes of nature by excessive regulation. To us, society is such a complicated concern, its interests are affected by so many and such subtle causes, there are so many secret springs at work in its bosom, and such

uncertainty hangs over the distant issues of human arrangements, that we are astonished and shocked at the temerity of legislators in interposing their contrivances and control, except where events and experience shed a clear light. Above all, in a country like our own, where public measures are to be judged by millions of people, scattered over a vast territory, and most of whom are engaged in laborious occupations, we know not a plainer principle, than that the domestic and foreign policy of government should be perspicuous and founded on obvious reasons, so that plain cases may in the main, if not always, be offered to popular decision. Measures, which demand profound thought for their justification, about which intelligent and honest men differ, and the usefulness of which cannot be made out to the common mind, are unfit for a republic. If in this way important national advantages should be sometimes lost, we ought to submit to the evil as inseparable from our institutions, and should comfort ourselves with thinking, that Providence never bestows an unmixed good, that the best form of government has its inconveniences, and that a people, possessing freedom, can afford to part with many means of immediate wealth. We have no fear, however, that a people will ever suffer by a rigid application of our rule. Legislators cannot feel too deeply the delicacy of their work, and their great ignorance of the complicated structure and of the multiplied and secret relations of the social state; and they ought not to hasten, nay, more, they ought to distrust a policy, to the justice and wisdom of which the suffrage of public opinion cannot be decidedly and intelligently secured. In our republic, the aim of Congress should be to stamp its legislation with all possible simplicity, and to abstain from measures, which, by their complication, obscurity, and uncertainty, must distract the public mind, and throw it into agitation and angry controversy. Let it be their aim to cast among the people as few brands of discord as possible; and for this end, let the spirit of adventurous theory be dismissed, and the spirit of modesty, caution, and prudent simplicity preside over legislation. In these remarks we have not forgotten that there are exigences, in which government is compelled to determine its course without delay, amidst great hazards, and in a stormy, distracted state of the public mind. But these are exceptions to the ordinary course of human affairs, and to these, the principle which we have advanced, is not to be applied.

We here proceed to another principle, still more important

to the preservation of the Union. The General Government should correspond to its name; that is, should be general, or universal, in its spirit and operations. It should be characterized by nothing so strikingly as by impartiality, by the absence of sectional feeling, by a solicitude to distribute equally the public burdens, and to extend equal benefits to all members of the confederation. On this principle the Union chiefly depends. In a free community the strongest of all feelings is a jealousy of rights, and states cannot be long held together, if it shall be thought, that the power given for the general weal, is, through intrigue and selfish combinations, perverted to build up a portion of the confederacy at the expense of the rest. No stronger argument can be urged against a public measure, than that it has the appearance of a partial or unequal bearing on the country, or seems to indicate a disposition in the majority to sacrifice the common good to factious or sectional views. To guard against the jealousies of the States, should be the most anxious desire of our national legislators, and for this purpose they should aim to restrict themselves to general objects in which all may find a benefit, to refrain from touching narrow or local interests, especially those between which a rivalry subsists, to proportion the pressure of taxation according to the most rigorous justice, to watch equally over the rights of all, and to exact no sacrifices but such as the common good plainly demands.

A weighty argument for limiting government to the simple and general legislation which we have now recommended, though not intimately connected with our main subject, deserves a brief notice. It is found in the great and growing extent of the country. The attention of Congress is already distracted and overwhelmed by the multiplicity of affairs, and every session it is more and more in danger of neglecting its proper objects and doing nothing well. We fear that the most pressing business is the most frequently postponed. We refer to the claims of individuals on the government; and we call these the most pressing concerns, because the man who has been wronged by an unanticipated operation of the laws or of any public measures, has a right to immediate redress, and because delay of justice may be his ruin. Already we hear angry complaint and derision of the inefficiency of Congress, and the evil will increase, until that body shall select from a bewildering crowd of applications, its appropriate objects, and shall confine itself to a legislation demanded by the general voice, and by the obvious wants of the community.

The principles of legislation now laid down, seem to us to have an important bearing on two great questions, which have already agitated the country, and which, we fear, bode no good to the Union. We refer to the restrictive system and to internal improvement. The first, which proposes to protect certain branches of domestic industry, seems to us singularly wanting in that simplicity and impartiality, which, as we have said, should characterize our legislation. It cannot be understood by the mass of the people, and it will certainly divide them. In the first place, the restrictive system involves a Constitutional difficulty. We of this region, indeed, generally concede to Congress the right of limiting trade in general or of annihilating particular branches of it, for the encouragement of domestic industry ; but the argument for a narrower construction of the Constitution is certainly specious, and certainly strong enough to give to those on whom a tariff may press heavily, the consciousness of being wronged. In the next place, the general question of the expediency of restriction must be allowed by its advocates to be a difficult one. The growing light of the age certainly seems to oppose it, and the statements and reasonings by which it is defended, even if founded in truth, are yet so intricate and so open to objection, that vast numbers even of the enlightened cannot be satisfied of their validity. But supposing restriction to be admitted, the question as to its extent, as to the kinds of industry which shall be protected, as to the branches of trade which shall be sacrificed, this question is the most perplexing which can be offered to popular discussion, and cannot fail to awaken cupidity, jealousy, and hatred. From the nature of the case, the protection must be unequally extended, nor can any wisdom balance the losses to which different States will be exposed. A restrictive tariff is necessarily a source of discord. To some portions of the country it must be an evil, nor will they suffer patiently. Disadvantages imposed by nature, communities will bear, but not those which are brought on them by legislation. We have indeed various objections to the whole system of protection. We believe it to be deceptive throughout. We also oppose it, on the ground that our country in adopting it, abandons its true and honorable position. To this country, above all others, belongs, as its primary duty and interest, the support of liberal principles. It has nothing in its institutions congenial with the maxims of barbarous ages, with the narrow, monopolizing, restrictive legislation of antiquated despotisms. Freedom, in all its

forms, is our life, strength, prosperity; and every system at war with it, however speciously maintained, is a contradiction to our characters, and, wanting harmony with our spirit, must take something, however silently, from the energy of the institutions which hold us together. As citizens of the world, we grieve that this country should help to prolong prejudices, which even monarchy is outgrowing; should, in imitation of meddling despotisms, undertake to direct the industry and capital of the citizen, and especially should lose sight of that sublime object of philanthropy, the promotion of free unrestricted commerce through the world. As patriots, we grieve that a precedent has been afforded for a kind of legislation, which, if persisted in, will almost certainly loosen, and may rupture, the Union. The principal excellence of the late tariff is, that it is so constructed as to please no one, that even its friends pronounce it an abomination; for by offending and injuring all, it excites less animosity in the principal sufferers. Tariffs never will be impartial. They will always, in a greater or less degree, be the results of selfish combinations of private and public men, through which a majority will be secured to particular interests; and such is the blindness of avarice, that to grasp a shortlived partial good, the infinite blessings of union will be hazarded, and may be thrown away.

If we may be allowed a short digression, we would say, that we have no partiality to tariffs of any kind, not even to those which are laid on imports for the purpose of raising revenue. We suppose that they are necessary at present, especially where they have become the habit of the people, and we are not insensible to the facility they afford for collecting the revenue. But we should rejoice, if by some great improvement in finance, every custom house could be shut from Maine to Louisiana. The interests of human nature require that every fetter should be broken from the intercourse of nations, that the most distant countries should exchange all their products, whether of manual or intellectual labor, as freely as the members of the same community. An unrestricted commerce we regard as the most important means of diffusing through the world, knowledge, arts, comforts, civilization, religion, and liberty; and to this great cause we would have our country devoted. We will add that we attach no importance to what is deemed the chief benefit of tariffs, that they save the necessity of direct taxation, and draw from a people a large revenue without their

knowledge. In the first place, we say, that a free people ought to know what they pay for freedom, and to pay it joyfully, and that they should as truly scorn to be cheated into the support of their government, as into the support of their children. In the next place, a large revenue is no blessing. An overflowing treasury will always be corrupting to the governors and the governed. A revenue, rigorously proportioned to the wants of a people, is as much as can be trusted safely to men in power. The only valid argument against substituting direct for indirect taxation, is the difficulty of ascertaining with precision the property of the citizen. Happy would it be for us, could tariffs be done away, for with them would be abolished fruitful causes of national jealousies, of war, of perjury, of smuggling, of innumerable frauds and crimes, and of harassing restraint on that commerce which should be free as the winds.

We consider many of the remarks made in reference to tariffs as applicable to internal improvements. These also involve a Constitutional question of no small difficulty; and it seems impossible that they should be prosecuted with any degree of impartiality. We will not say, that an extensive system of internal improvements, comprehending and connecting the whole country, and promising great, manifest, and universal good, may not be framed. But let Congress propose narrow, local improvements, and we need no prophet to foretell the endless and ever multiplying intrigues, the selfish combinations, the jealousies, and discontents which will follow by a necessity as sure as the laws of nature. An irresistible temptation will be offered to unprincipled bargains between states and legislators, and the treasury, sending out partial streams, will become a fountain of bitterness and discord.

Let it not be said, that most of the proposed improvements are designed to promote intercourse, and that thus they favor what we conceive to be the great end of government, by binding us together. We answer, that the General Government already promotes intercourse incomparably more than all other causes combined, and we are unwilling to put to hazard this actual beneficent influence by striving to extend it. Government already does more for this object than all the canals, railroads and other internal improvements, which human ingenuity can devise, and this it does by that negative influence, which, as we have often said, is its chief function. This it does by making us one people, by preserving us from being

broken into different communities, by preventing those obstructions to a free interchange of commodities, which, in case of disunion, would at once rise up between us; by preserving us from national rivalries, from the war of tariffs, and from open and ruinous hostility. We grant that cases may occur, in which national advantage may be lost, or useful objects delayed, for want of positive interference of government in the work of internal improvement. But the wisdom of nations, like that of individuals, consists very much in a willingness to forego near and inferior benefits for permanent security. We have however little apprehension of much injury resulting from the forbearance of government in this particular. Let Congress hold us together, and keep us in peace, and the spirit of the people will not slumber. It will pour itself forth through our state governments, through corporations, and through individual enterprise; and who that observes what it has already done can set limits to its efficiency? Since the adoption of the Federal Constitution, nothing has contributed so much to extend intercourse through the States as the invention of steamboats. No legislation, and no possible direction of the revenue to public improvements, could have effected so much as the steam engine; and this was contrived, perfected, and applied to navigation by the genius and wealth of individuals. Next to this agent, the most important service to internal communication has been rendered by the New York canal, and this was the work of a State. With such examples, we need not fear, that our progress will be arrested by the confinement of the General Government to general objects. We are not sure, that, were every objection which we have stated removed, we should be anxious to interest our national legislature in public improvements. As a people, we want no new excitement. Our danger rather is from overaction, from impatient and selfish enterprise, from feverish energy, from too rapid growth, rather than from stagnation and lethargy. A calm, sober, steady government is what we chiefly need. May it be kept from the hands of theorists and speculators.

We have not yet exhausted the question, how government may best strengthen and perpetuate our Union. There is one of its establishments, which, in this point of view, we highly value, and which we fear is not sufficiently prized for the highest benefit which it confers. We refer to the Post Office. The facilities which this institution affords to the government for com-

munication with all parts of the country, are probably regarded by many as the most important national service which it renders. But it does incomparably more for us as a community. It does much towards making us one, by admitting free communication between distant parts of the country, which no other channel of intercourse could bring together. It binds the whole country in a chain of sympathies, and makes it in truth one great neighbourhood. It promotes a kind of society between the seashore and the mountains. It perpetuates friendships between those who are never to meet again. It binds the family in the new settlement and the half cleared forest to the cultivated spot from which it emigrated. It facilitates, beyond calculation, commercial connexions, and the interchange of products. On this account, we always grieve to see a statement of the revenue accruing to government from the Post Office. It ought not to yield a cent to the treasury. It should simply support itself. Such importance do we attach to the freest communication between all parts of the country, so much do we desire that the poor, as well as rich, may enjoy the means of intercourse, that we would sooner have the Post Office a tax on the revenue, than one of its sources.

We pass to another method by which the government is to strengthen the Union. We know not a more important one. It is, to give dignity and independence to the National Judiciary. Let Congress feel, let the people feel, that to this department the security of the Union is especially committed, that it is the great preservative power among our institutions, and that its sanctity cannot be too jealously protected. Its office is, to settle peacefully the questions between the different States and their citizens, which, without it, would be settled by arms. What beneficence and dignity belong to this function! Nor is this all. It affords to citizens, who feel themselves aggrieved by what they deem an unconstitutional law, the means of peaceful resistance. It gives them an opportunity of being heard before a tribunal, on which the most solemn obligations to justice are laid, and which is eminently fitted to be an umpire between the citizen and the legislature. We know not how government can contribute more effectually to its own stability, than by reverencing and guarding the rights of the National Judiciary. A Congress, which should trench on its independence, ought to be counted guilty of a species of sacrilege.

From considering the importance of the Judiciary to our Union, we are naturally led to another department of the gov-

ernment, and one which is particularly worthy of attention, because at the present moment it seems to menace our confederation more seriously than any other cause. We refer to the Executive Department. We refer to the struggles which the election to the presidency has again and again provoked. These are too solemn and fearful to be overlooked. A remedy must be found, or the country will be thrown into perpetual convulsions, and split into factions devoted each to a chief. We shall waste ourselves in struggles for a few leaders, who by their prominence will become dearer to a people than their institutions, and in fighting for our favorites we may become their slaves.

This evil we regard as a growing one; and we know but one remedy for it. The people must acquire a just self-respect. This they want. It has been repressed by false notions about government which have come down from ages of monarchy. The spirit of freedom, of which we so much boast, has not yet given a due elevation of sentiment to the community; and therefore the community basely binds itself to leaders as if they were its superiors. A people should understand its own greatness and dignity too well to attach much importance to any individual. It should regard no individual as necessary to it, nor should it suffer any one to urge his claims on its gratitude. It should feel, that it has a right to the services of its members, and that there is no member, with whose services it cannot dispense. It should have no idols, no favorites. It should annihilate with its frown, those who would monopolize its power, or bring it into subserviency to their own glory. No man's name should be much on its lips. It should bind up in no man its prosperity and honor.

A free community, indeed, has need of a presiding officer but it depends on no individual as alone fitted for the office; and still more, it needs a President, not to be its master, but to express and execute its own will. This last thought is fundamental, and never to be forgotten. The only law of a free people is the will of the majority, or public sentiment, and to collect, embody, utter, and execute this, is the great end of its civil institutions. Self-government is its great attribute, its supreme distinction, and this gives to office in a free state an entirely different character from what it possesses in despotic countries. The difference however is overlooked among us, and the same importance is attached to office, as if it conferred absolute power.

We repeat it, the supreme law in a free state is its own will, and consequently, among such a people, the highest power does not necessarily belong to him, who is clothed with office, but to him, who does most, in whatever sphere, to guide and determine the public mind. Office is a secondary influence, and indeed its most enviable distinction consists in the opportunities which it affords for swaying the opinions and purposes of the community. The nominal legislator is not always the real one. He is often the organ of superior minds, and, if the people be truly free, his chief function is, to give form and efficiency to the general will. Even in monarchies, where a free press is enjoyed, the power passes more and more from the public functionary to the master spirits who frame the nation's mind. Thus the pen of Burke rivalled the sceptre of his sovereign. The progress of freedom and of society is marked by this fact, that official gives place to personal, intellectual, and moral dignity. It is a bad omen, where office is thought the supreme good, and where a people sees in the public functionary, not an organ of its own will, but a superior being, on whom its peace and happiness depend.

We mean not to deny the necessity of office. We know that the President fills an important place. We know that the community has an interest in his integrity and wisdom, and that it is disgraced and injured by placing an incompetent or unprincipled man in the most conspicuous station. To the President are confided important functions, but not such functions as can be discharged only by one or two individuals in the country, not such as ought to make him an object of idolatry or dread, not such as should draw to him any extraordinary homage, not such as to justify intense desire in the candidate, or intense excitement in the people. Under institutions, really free, no office can exist, which deserves the struggles of ambition. Did our Constitution create such an office, it would prove its authors to have been blind or false to their country's dignity and rights. But that noble charter is open to no such reproach. The presidency, the highest function in the state, is exceedingly bounded by the Constitution, and still more by the spirit of the community. A President has been, and may often be, one of the least efficient men in the government. We need not go far for proof. In both houses of Congress there were men, whose influence over the country was greater than that of the last President. He indeed contributed to keep the wheel of government in mo-

tion. But we ask, What new impulse did he give it? What single important measure did he originate? Was there a man in office more fettered and thwarted. We talk of the administrations of Mr Monroe and Mr Adams. We ask, what impression of themselves have they left on legislation and on public affairs? They gave no spring to the public mind. A popular senator or representative did more to sway the community. And this is as it should be. We rejoice, that official influence is so restricted, that the people are not mere echoes of a single voice, that no man can master his fellow citizens, that there is a general, all pervading intelligence, which modifies, controls, and often neutralizes, the opinion and will of the highest public functionary.

We have spoken of the presidency as it has actually existed, and as it must in a great measure exist whilst we are free; and yet, through a delusion which has come down from past ages, this office, so limited in power, so obstructed by the legislative branches and by public opinion, which is conferred on the individual at the longest but for eight years, and from which he retires to a seclusion, where scarcely an eye follows, or a voice of approbation cheers him, this office, to our disgrace, is coveted by an insane ambition, as if it were an hereditary throne, and the people are as much excited and disturbed, when called to fill it, as if they were choosing a master for life at whose feet the country was to be laid an unprotected victim. To our shame be it said, for the last eight years every interest of the nation has been postponed to the comparatively inferior concern of choosing a President. The national legislature, forgetting its appointment to watch over the general weal, has wasted and worse than wasted its annual sessions in intrigues for the advancement of rival candidates. The most important measures have been discussed and decided, not with reference to the country, but chiefly according to their bearings on what has been called the presidential election. So sadly have we wanted the self-respect which belongs to freemen! In these disgraceful transactions, in this shameful excitement spread through the community, we see that as a people we have not drunk as deeply as we imagine into the lofty spirit of liberty. In proportion as a people become free, in proportion as public sentiment reigns, office ceases to be a distinction, political ambition expires, the prizes of political ambition are withdrawn, the self-respect of the people preserves it from bowing to favorites or

idols. Whilst it is the characteristic of despotism, that the ruler is everything and the people comparatively nothing, the reverse is the grand distinction of a free state. This distinction we have yet to learn; and it cannot be learned too thoroughly. Unless we are preserved by a just self-respect from dividing into factions for the elevation of leaders, we shall hold our Union and our rights by a very uncertain tenure. Better were it to choose a President by lot from a hundred names to which each State shall contribute its fair proportion, than repeat the degrading struggle through which we have recently passed.

We close this topic by entreating our citizens to remember the great argument in favor of hereditary monarchy. It may be expressed in few words. 'The highest office in a nation,' says the monarchist, 'ought to be hereditary, because it is an object too dazzling and exciting to be held up for competition. Such a prize, offered to the aspiring, must inflame to madness the lust of power, and engender perpetual strife. A people having such a gift to bestow will be exposed to perpetual arts and machinations. Its passions will never be allowed to sleep. Factions, headed by popular chiefs and exasperated by conflict, will at length resort to force, and in the storms which will follow, the Constitution will be prostrated, and the supreme power be the prey of a successful usurper. The peace and stability of a nation demand, that the supreme power should be placed above rivalry, and beyond the hopes of ambition, and this can only be done by making it hereditary.' Such is the grand argument in favor of monarchy. As a people, we have done too much to confirm it. It is time that we proved ourselves more loyal to freedom. We shall do well to remember, that a republic, broken into parties which have the chief magistracy for their aim, and thrown into perpetual agitation by the rivalry of popular leaders, is lending a mournful testimony to the reasonings of monarchists, and accelerating the fulfilment of their sinister forebodings.

Much remains to be said of the means of perpetuating the Union, and of the dangers to which it is exposed. But we want time to prosecute the subject. The injuries, with which the confederation is menaced by party spirit and a sectional spirit are too obvious to need exposition. The importance of a national literature to our Union and honor deserves particular consideration. But the topic is too great for our present limits, and we reserve it for future discussion.

We intended to close this article with some remarks on the conduct of the different parties in this country in relation to the Union, for the purpose of showing that all have occasionally been wanting in fidelity to it. But the subject would necessarily expand itself beyond the space allowed us. Still we cannot wholly abandon it. One branch of it is particularly recommended to us by the Correspondence at the head of this review. The merits or the demerits of the Federal party in respect to our Union, seem to be in a measure forced on our consideration; and we are the more willing to give a few thoughts to the topic, because we think that we understand it, and because we trust that we can treat it dispassionately. Our attachment to this party we have no desire to conceal; but our ideas of the allegiance due to a party are exceedingly liberal. We claim the privilege of censuring those with whom we generally agree; and we indignantly disclaim the obligation of justifying in the mass whatever they may please to do. Of the Federalists therefore we shall speak freely. We have no desire to hide what we deem to be their errors. They belong now to history, and the only question is, how their history may be made most useful to their country and to the cause of freedom. Before we proceed, however, we beg to remark, that in this, as in every part of the present review, we write from our own convictions alone, that we hold no communication with political leaders, and that we are far from being certain of the reception which our views will meet from our best friends.

A purer party than that of the Federalists, we believe, never existed under any government. Like all other combinations it indeed contained weak and bad men. In its prosperity, it drew to itself seekers for office. Still when we consider that it enjoyed the confidence of Washington to his last hour; that its leaders were his chosen friends; that it supported and strengthened his whole administration; that it participated with him in the proclamation and system of neutrality, through which that great man served his country as effectually as during the revolutionary war; when we consider, that it contributed chiefly to the organization of the Federal Government in the civil, judicial, financial, military, and naval departments; that it carried the country safely and honorably through the most tempestuous days of the French revolution; that it withstood the frenzied tendencies of multitudes to alliance with that power, and that it averted war with Great Britain during a period,

whensuch a war would have bowed us into ruinous subserviency to the despot of France ; when we consider these things, we feel, that the debt of this country to the Federal party is never to be extinguished.

Still we think that this party in some respects failed of its duty to the cause of the Union and of freedom. But it so failed, not through treachery ; for truer spirits the world could not boast. It failed through despondence. Here was the rock on which Federalism split. Too many of its leading men wanted a just confidence in our free institutions and in the moral ability of the people to uphold them. Appalled by the excesses of the French revolution, by the extinction of liberty in that republic, and by the fanaticism with which the cause of France was still espoused among ourselves, they began to despair of their own country. The sympathies of the majority of our people with the despotism of France were indeed a fearful symptom. There seemed a fascination in that terrible power. An insane admiration for the sworn foe of freedom, joined with as deadly a hatred towards England, so far pervaded the country, that to the Federalists we seemed enlisted as a people on the side of despotism, and fated to sink under its yoke. That they had cause for fear, we think. That they were criminal in the despondence to which they yielded, we also believe. They forgot, that great perils call on us for renewed efforts, and for increased sacrifices in a good cause. That some of them considered the doom of the country as sealed, we have reason to believe. Some, disappointed and irritated, were accustomed to speak in bitter scorn of institutions, which, bearing the name of free, had proved unable to rescue us from base subserviency to an all-menacing despot. The Federalists as a body wanted a just confidence in our national institutions. They wanted that faith, which hopes against hope, and which freedom should inspire. Here was their sin, and it brought its penalty ; for through this more than any cause, they were driven from power. By not confiding in the community, they lost its confidence. By the depressed tone with which they spoke of liberty, their attachment to it became suspected. The taint of antirepublican tendencies was fastened upon them by their opponents, and this reproach no party could survive.

We know not in what manner we can better communicate our views of the Federal party, of its merits and defects, than by referring to that distinguished man, who was so long prominent

in its ranks ; we mean the late George Cabot. If any man in this region deserved to be called its leader, it was he, and a stronger proof of its political purity, cannot be imagined, than is found in the ascendancy which this illustrious individual maintained over it. He was the last man to be charged with a criminal ambition. His mind rose far above office. The world had no station which would have tempted him from private life. But in private life, he exerted the sway which is the worthiest prize of a lofty ambition. He was consulted with something of the respect which was paid to an ancient oracle, and no mind among us contributed so much to the control of public affairs. It is interesting to inquire by what intellectual attributes he gained this influence ; and as his character now belongs to history, perhaps we may render no unacceptable service in delineating its leading features.

We think, that he was distinguished by nothing so much as by the power of ascending to general principles, and by the reverence and constancy with which he adhered to them. The great truths of history and experience, the immutable laws of human nature, according to which all measures should be framed, shone on his intellectual eye with an unclouded brightness. No impatience of present evils, no eagerness for immediate good, ever tempted him to think, that these might be forsaken with impunity. To these he referred all questions on which he was called to judge, and accordingly his conversation had a character of comprehensive wisdom, which, joined with his urbanity, secured to him a singular sway over the minds of his hearers. With such a mind, he of course held in contempt the temporary expedients, and motley legislation of commonplace politicians. He looked with singular aversion on everything factitious, forced, and complicated in policy. We have understood, that by the native strength and simplicity of his mind, he anticipated the lights, which philosophy and experience have recently thrown on the importance of leaving enterprise, industry, and commerce free. He carried into politics the great axiom which the ancient sages carried into morals, 'Follow Nature.' In an age of reading, he leaned less than most men on books. A more independent mind our country perhaps has not produced. When we think of his whole character, when with the sagacity of his intellect we combine the integrity of his heart, the dignified grace of his manners, and the charm of his conversation, we hardly know

the individual, with the exception of Washington, whom we should have offered more willingly to a foreigner as a specimen of the men whom America can produce.

Still we think, that his fine qualities were shaded by what to us is a great defect, though to some it may appear a proof of his wisdom. He wanted a just faith in man's capacity of freedom, at least in that degree of it which our institutions suppose. He inclined to dark views of the condition and prospects of his country. He had too much the wisdom of experience. He wanted, what may be called, the wisdom of hope. In man's past history he read too much what is to come, and measured our present capacity of political good too much by the unsuccessful experiments of former times. We apprehend, that it is possible to make experience too much our guide; and such was the fault of this distinguished man. There are seasons, in human affairs, of inward and outward revolution, when new depths seem to be broken up in the soul, when new wants are unfolded in multitudes, and a new and undefined good is thirsted for. These are periods, when the principles of experience need to be modified, when hope and trust and instinct claim a share with prudence in the guidance of affairs, when in truth *to dare* is the highest wisdom. Now in the distinguished man of whom we speak, there was little or nothing of that enthusiasm, which, we confess, seems to us sometimes the surest light. He lived in the past when the impulse of the age was towards the future. He was slow to promise himself any great melioration of human affairs; and whilst singularly successful in discerning the actual good, which results from the great laws of nature and Providence, he gave little hope, that this good was to be essentially enlarged. To such a man, the issue of the French revolution was a confirmation of the saddest lessons of history, and these lessons he applied too faithfully to his own country. His influence in communicating sceptical, disheartening views of human affairs, seems to us to have been so important as to form a part of our history, and it throws much light on what we deem the great political error of the Federalists.

That the Federalists did at one period look with an unworthy despondence on our institutions, is true. Especially when they saw the country, by a declaration of war against England, virtually link itself with that despotism which menaced the whole civilized world, their hearts sunk within them, and we doubt not that in some cases, their mixed anger and gloom

broke forth in reckless speeches, which, to those who are ignorant of the workings of the passions, might seem to argue a scorn for the confederation and for all its blessings. So far they failed of their duty, for a good citizen is never to despair of the republic, never to think freedom a lost cause.

The political sin of the Federal party we have stated plainly. In the other great party, examples of unfaithfulness to the Union might also be produced. Whoever reverts to the language of Virginia on the subject of the alien and sedition laws, or to the more recent proceedings and declarations of Georgia in respect to the Indian territories within her jurisdiction, or to the debates and resolutions of the legislature of South Carolina at its last session, will learn, that a sense of the sacredness of the Union and of the greatness of its blessings, is but faintly apprehended, even by that party which boasts of unfaltering adherence to it.

In closing this article, we are aware that we have said much, in which many of our fellow citizens will not concur. Men of all parties will probably dissent from some of our positions. But has not the time come, when the vassalage of party may be thrown off? when we may speak of the past and present, without asking whether our opinion will be echoed by this or that class of politicians? when we may cease to condemn and justify in the mass? when a more liberal and elevated style of discussion may be introduced? when we may open our eyes on the faults of our friends, and may look at subjects which involve our country's welfare in the broad clear light of day? This style of discussion, we are anxious to promote; and we feel, that whoever may encourage and diffuse it, will deserve a place among the most faithful friends of freedom.

NOTE. In the remarks made in this article on the restrictive system, our intention was, to assert the general principles, which, in our opinion, ought to have guided our legislators from the beginning, and which ought to guide them now, as far as they can be applied in consistency with the past measures of Congress. Whether by these measures the government has not contracted an obligation to the citizen, or whether, after imposing a tariff for the purpose of encouraging certain branches of industry, it can justly withdraw protection, is a question, which did not come within our subject, and which is to be determined by a different order of considerations.

ART. III.—*Provincial Antiquities and Picturesque Scenery of Scotland, with Descriptive Illustrations.* By SIR WALTER SCOTT, Bart. London and Edinburgh. 2 vols. 4to. 1826.

THIS is a beautiful book, got up in the first style of art, and greatly enhanced in value by the name of Sir Walter Scott, the contributor of the descriptive text. Of the interest which this name alone would give to their undertaking, the publishers were no doubt well aware. Nor could they have applied to a more proper person for their purpose in every respect; for there is not, it is probable, in all Scotland, one better versed than he in its history and antiquities. And while he was the best qualified and most popular man for such a task, he could also despatch it on the shortest notice; for it must have been a mere pastime for his wonderful and versatile genius, and an employment only for the loose scraps of his time, to furnish the letter press for these splendid quartos. The materials were all, doubtless, in his memory, or under his eye, or within his immediate reach.

The power of Sir Walter of conferring interest on any subject which he takes up, is pleasantly exemplified in the work before us, the descriptive, historical, and genealogical details of which are wonderfully relieved by the anecdotes and pithy digressions which he liberally scatters over its pages. One or two instances in point may give entertainment to our readers.

In describing Merchiston Tower, the seat of the ancient family of Napier, which is situated about a mile and a half from Edinburgh, he gives the following notices of the most distinguished member of that family. After a short sketch of the feuds and bloody skirmishes of which Merchiston Tower had been the witness in elder times, he thus continues;—

‘We have touched on these sad times, to illustrate the history of the country. But it is not from the petty incidents of a cruel civil war that Merchiston derives its renown, but as having been the residence of genius and of science. The celebrated John Napier of Merchiston was born in this weather beaten tower, according to the best accounts, about the year 1550; and a small room in the summit of the building is pointed out as the study in which he secluded himself while engaged in the mathematical researches which led to his great discovery.

‘To the inventor of the Logarithms, (called from him Napier’s

bones,) by which process the power of calculation is so much increased, David Hume, no granter of propositions, declares the title of a great man is more justly due, than to any other whom his country ever produced. Yet the sublime genius which marked, by the logarithmic canon, the correspondence betwixt arithmetical and geometrical progression, had his weak points.' — 'Neither was the great Napier above the superstition of his age, but believed in the connexion betwixt the mathematical and what were called the occult sciences. At least, all we know of his character inclines us rather to believe that Napier was a dupe to his own imagination, than that he desired to impose upon the opposite party, in a celebrated and very curious contract made in July 1594, betwixt him and the noted John Logan of Restalrig. This person, renowned for his turbid ambition and dark cupidity, by which he was finally involved in Gowrie's strange and mysterious conspiracy, sets forth, that from all reports and appearances, there was treasure concealed in his old ruinous fortress of Fast Castle, on the verge of the German Ocean, near St Abbs-Head; and stipulates that "John Napier should do his utmost diligence to search and seek out, and by all craft and engine to find out the same, and by the grace of God shall either find out the same, or make it sure that no such thing is there." For his reward he was to have the exact third of what was found, and to be safely guarded by Logan back to Edinburgh, with the same. And in case he should find nothing, after all trial and diligence taken, he refers the satisfaction of his travel and pains to the discretion of Logan.'

Vol. I. pp. 93, 95.

In another place, our author tells us that the fate of this investigation is unknown. 'The contract,' he adds, 'evinces much credulity on the part of the great Napier; but the bounds of knowledge were then so indistinctly fixed, that there lay a waste of terra incognita between physical science and mystical doctrines, in which the wisest philosophers often are found to have bewildered themselves.'

There are some remarks on church architecture, in Sir Walter's account of Edinburgh, which are completely applicable to many churches that we know of, on this side of the water.

'The West Church, or Saint Cuthbert's, is another clumsy structure, but fortunately stands much out of sight. A circumstance happened with respect to this church, and to more than one besides, which singularly illustrates the proverb, that Scots-

men are ever wise behind the hand. When the heritors had chosen the cheapest, or at least the ugliest plan which was laid before them, had seen it executed, and were at leisure to contemplate the ground cumbered with a great heavy oblong barn, with huge disproportioned windows, they repented of the enormity which they had sanctioned, and endeavoured to repair their error by building a steeple, in a style of ornamented and florid architecture; as if the absurd finery of such an appendage could relieve the heaviness of the principal building, which is only rendered more deformed by the contrast. It may be hoped, that the number of excellent architects who have lately arisen in this country will introduce a better taste among their patrons; and it would be especially desirable to convince those concerned, that beauty or elegance in architecture depends not upon ornament, but upon symmetry; and that in truth a handsome and tasteful plan may often be executed at less expense than one which shall, so long as the building stands, entail disgrace on all who have had to do with it.' Vol. II. p. 115.

Change 'heritors' into 'building committee,' and the above observations might be inserted, almost entire, into a Picture of Boston. Church after church has been erected in our city with the same 'behind the hand' wisdom so neatly commented upon by Scott. Our fine granite is disgraced, and even bricks are ill treated, by the forms in which they are often piled. If we cannot originate tasteful plans, we have at least some models of a former day among us, which we could wholly or partially imitate. For instance, there is the Episcopal Church at Cambridge. Its symmetry is a proverb; and its simplicity equals its symmetry. Why can it not be copied? It is built of wood, and therefore cannot last very long itself, even with steady repair. Why cannot its proportions be perpetuated in some more durable material? The eye of any one may tell him, that stone, or brick and mortar, could not be more cheaply put together than in its chaste and simple forms. But no. Instead of copying this beauty of Cambridge Common, we must be original. Plans are spread out before the committee; the ugliest, if not cheapest one is selected; and the result is 'a great heavy oblong barn.' Then comes the ornament—perhaps a tall steeple, which would be very well, if we could see nothing else; or a belfry, which would look very suitably on a schoolhouse; and there is generally a plenty of stucco work inside, with a profusion of crimson damask about the pulpit window. By the time all this is completed, the committee

commonly find, that if there is nothing else handsome about their church, it has cost them quite a handsome sum; and this, with a few gratifying exceptions, is our way of building churches.

Our country is a new one. We possess not a single object like those glorious ruins which are represented in the work before us. We ought then to take more than common care that the buildings which we raise for ourselves and posterity, may be such that they may be contemplated with complacency, if not delight, instead of being passed by with indifference, derision, or disgust.

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- ART. IV.—1. *Pelham, or Adventures of a Gentleman.* 2 vols. 12mo. New York. J. & J. Harper. 1829.
2. *The Disowned.* By the AUTHOR OF PELHAM. 2 vols. 12mo. New York. J. & J. Harper. 1829.

WE shall not enter very largely into the question as to the effect of novel reading, but we are tempted to say, that this question is in general too broadly stated. Doubtless the habit of novel reading is injurious, for in its ordinary acceptance, it means an exclusive reading of works of mere amusement without judgment or selection; and it is sufficiently clear, that this constant excitement of the mind, this living upon luxuries, would soon destroy the vigor of the intellect and feelings, even if novels were, which no one pretends, books to which we should go to borrow correct views of life and duty. But it is quite too much to say that it is injurious to read them under all circumstances, and at all times. To this broad maxim *Rasselas* and the *Vicar of Wakefield*, have long been a standing reply. The practical question, therefore, must be cut down to this; Are the novels which have taken their place in English literature, and those which the press is now sending out with such unrelenting liberality, works calculated to benefit or injure those who read them as works of amusement should be read? The answer is in many respects humbling, and the two works before us add nothing to our pride.

Some, we know, are disposed to find fault with these works because they are fictions. An unfortunate association with that harmless word, makes them treat all fiction as false-

hood. But there can be no very criminal deception in works which profess to be inventions merely, not pretending to be true to fact, but claiming the praise of being true to nature. Rousseau, according to his usual practice of straining at the gnat, as a sort of apology for making others swallow the camel, makes the same objection to fables. But the worst result we can imagine from the use of them, is, that a child might address one of the fourfooted or feathered tribe, and be disappointed of a reply. This objection would strike at the root of all poetry. It would condemn the bold figures and personifications of scripture; the parables would come under the same censure, and all the most striking and convenient forms in which instruction has been conveyed from mind to mind and from generation to generation, would be pronounced violations of that truth which it was their whole object to impress. We are not aware that this habit of invention makes men indifferent to truth. Johnson was remarkable for his strict veracity, though the author of some tolerably romantic fictions. We never have heard that Scott was noted for turning his invention to account in the intercourse of life; and Milton, who raised on a very slender basis of truth, as large a fabric of invention as the world ever saw, spoke the truth to those who had no delight in hearing it, with a boldness and power, which have been regarded as little better than crimes from his own age up to this.

Some are opposed to these fictions because they give false views of human life. The censure is somewhat indefinite; but we suppose, it often means that they represent beauty and other personal attractions as the only things worth living for. We have been edified at hearing this objection made by considerate parents, with the view of impressing on their children that the great object of existence is to be rich, and its greatest misery to be poor. We strongly doubt whether the children would learn the true purpose of existence from either. The truth is, that there must be illusion in all these descriptions, however exact they may be. The parent who takes his child to a hill to show him a path through the plain, cannot convince him that the region he is to traverse is not smoother than the ground he stands upon. Every such view is liable to mistake, like that of the officer of the customs, who believed that *Marseilles* was next door to *Malta*, because on the map he could span from one to the other. These works may occa-

sionally give good suggestions; but practical experience is only to be earned by acquaintance with the reality, and the fate of fictitious characters is about as valuable in giving principles of moral duty, as the Book of Shipwrecks in teaching navigation.

We cannot say much more in favor of the generous sentiments which novels inspire. Scott, in reply to objections urged against them, evidently considers this as their highest praise. But the mind is generally so passive in reading them, that their character is determined by the impressions they make, not by the feelings they awaken. These feelings are, almost without exception, cold and hollow. They are very grateful and flattering to self-love, no doubt, so long as they are not put to the trial; but if the time comes when they might be useful, they turn out to be a bright reflection merely, not a warm and cheering fire in the breast. We think we have known more than one, whose generosity was formed in this way, who wept over imaginary distress with praiseworthy emotion; but when they undertook to go into the lanes of poverty and affliction, they were sorely dismayed at meeting with vulgar insolence and sullen coldness, where they expected nothing less than a chorus of admiration. It is needless to say, that ever after, their benevolence was limited to sympathy with elegant distress, and they gave over to hearts less susceptible, the duty of relieving the sorrows in which the world abounds. So much for the benevolence which fictitious representations of distress inspire.

Miss Edgeworth and Scott, as might be expected from such minds, have discovered the best use that can be made of fiction. The plaything in their hands, like the soap bubble in the hands of Newton, is made to teach and illustrate the most important practical truth. Not that they have made it a formal drapery for philosophical opinions, like *St Pierre* in Paul and Virginia, and Voltaire in many of his writings; but they have used it largely for the purpose of suggesting various improvements and giving historical and other information in engaging forms. Every one knows how much Miss Edgeworth has done to enlighten children, in fact to improve the moral sentiment of the world, by throwing open the lower walks of life to disclose those examples of manly virtue and long suffering affection, which raise the humble above the high; and thus, by aiming at good suggestions more than formal instruction, by not attempting 'to make better bread than can be made of wheat,'

she has secured the gratitude and admiration of ages yet to come. Scott, in the same way, by giving bright glimpses rather than panoramas of history, has inflamed the curiosity of his readers, and we believe that where one has been misled by his writings, hundreds have been induced by them to go to the sources of information. Their joint praise is, that they have made what from its nature must be amusement, an efficient instrument of indirect, not of formal instruction, and thus carried their art as high in usefulness as it will ever be likely to go.

Having thus stated the highest pretensions of this kind of writing, we think it little better than absurd to pronounce one sweeping condemnation; and we have no reverence for the judgment of those, who, like a well known divine of our country, 'condemn that which they allow,' denouncing novels, and in the same breath recommending other works of taste and imagination; a sentence, which, followed out, would take the Absentee and the Antiquary from the drawing room, and leave Don Juan in their stead. It is plain, that to escape this censure, Scott has only to break up his novels into such blank verse as passes muster at the present day, a labor which any printer might save him. We have strong doubts as to the good sense implied in thus condemning by the parcel; though it must be owned that it would lighten the labor of the moralist as much as a similar process would relieve our courts of law.

The truth is, that novels belong to the department of poetry. They have a right to the same immunities, and must be tried by the same law. This fact does not seem to be acknowledged or understood. Many would ask, what there is poetical about novels in general; but they should remember that if it were required of all poems to be poetical, an immense volunteer force of writers would at once be disbanded. We see no reason why a romance should not be as poetical as a tragedy, why Hudibras more than Ivanhoe should deserve the name of 'poem.' In ancient times poetry was another name for invention; and in the older times of English literature, we find Sir William Temple speaking of Don Quixote as a poem. We shall therefore take illustrations indiscriminately from novels and poems, in speaking of the morality of works of imagination.

The morality of such works must be estimated by the moral impression actually given; and it must be remembered that the

main body of readers, are not the most judicious and enlightened. No one puts himself on his guard when he reads them. They pass into hands of every description, in their most open and unguarded hours. It is not enough that they will not corrupt the wise; for even to them, they may be injurious at times, like the breath of flowers, which is said to be pernicious at night, though harmless all day. The line must be sternly drawn, and in this case it is better that ten innocent works should suffer, than that one positively injurious should be tolerated and praised.

The professed moral, by which is meant the direct truth or instruction the writer aims to impress, is not the important thing; for often where this is unexceptionable, incidental sentiments and descriptions may be thrown in, which leave a deeper impression than that which is direct and intended. The plays represented in this city, were at one time called 'moral lectures,' for the purpose of evading the law; and many an author with the same view gives the name of moral to his writings, when the evil communications of the state prison are quite as much entitled to it, because there is nothing from which a moral may not be drawn, either for example or warning. We must pay no sort of regard to the account of his wares, which the writer hangs out in gilt letters before him. We must look to the decided moral impression likely to be received by readers in general, and inquire whether, on rising from the work, their feelings are bent, or have received an impression likely to bend them, either to vice or virtue. If they find in themselves an attachment excited for the guilty, and a disposition to smile at, rather than condemn their crimes; if they feel as if a few bold vices in the hero were rather amiable weaknesses and manly attractions than defacing stains; if the horror which every pure mind feels for coarseness and sensuality is lessened, no doubt can remain as to the moral character of such productions. This rule, firmly applied, would fall heavily on some of our writers, but would leave Goldsmith, Edgeworth, and Scott without reproach. The whole moral impression of their writings is uniformly good.

Neither is the moral character of these works to be determined by poetical justice, as it is called, a term which applies to all works of imagination, and means the retribution by which the author, in the course of the narrative, brings success to the deserving and shame to the guilty. Many errors are forgiven

where this rule is observed, and wherever it is violated a clamor is raised, like that of Richardson's admirers when they heard that *Clarissa* was unfortunate in her closing scenes. The author judiciously persevered, knowing that human life affords no exact retribution. This making success the invariable result of excellence, is like promising fairy gifts to good children. It is poorly calculated to secure young or old from weariness in well-doing, beside being the observance of a rule which has nothing like it in nature. It may be well to show that the virtuous are not losers by their fidelity, and that unmerited success is always balanced by some weight within the breast. But the true justice is, to secure the reader's regard for the characters in exact proportion to their merit, and to bring the force of moral disapprobation to bear on the corrupt, in spite of occasional flashes of good feeling, which never can amount to virtues. To give riches and happiness to his characters, requires but a dash of the writer's pen; but to secure the reader's sympathy for them through various changes of humiliation and sorrow, requires power of the first order; such for instance as is exhibited in *Henry VIII.*, when the poor dying queen towers above all the glory that surrounds her; and also in the death of *Cordelia*, a result which meaner hands have altered. But *Shakespeare* knew that there was no kindness in leaving her the sole remaining ruin, that in such an overflow of suffering it was time for her to die, when she had lived long enough to secure the sympathy of the world.

That something more than a formal moral is required, is abundantly manifest from the fate of religious novels, in which, probably from defect of power, the intention of the writers is sadly disappointed, if they meant to recommend religion. They parade for the reader's edification their stiff and ungainly specimens of goodness, with a draft upon his reverence and affection, which, if we may judge from ourselves, is very seldom honored. But this is nothing worse than mistake, and while these pretending characters are unattractive from their want of practical, familiar virtues, the characters offensive to morality are the reverse; those in which vices are made engaging by their union with virtues. The old English novel, we are sorry to say it, has many such heroes, entirely unprincipled, enemies to every moral and social law, and yet rendered interesting by an appearance of chivalrous courage, manliness, and good nature. The only defence set up is, that such characters really

exist, and works that profess to give pictures of real life must describe them. But suppose such characters as Tom Jones and others do really exist, is that a reason for introducing them to the public eye? Because there are profligates in the world, have we a right to make them intimate with our families and children? To say it gives experience is nothing; for these characters are introduced with an effort to make them captivating. All such experience must make them ambitious of crime, rather than sagacious in detecting it; all such experience is like that of certain thief-takers, learned by an apprenticeship to guilt. We wonder that Dr Johnson could say, 'men do not become highwaymen because Macheath is acquitted on the stage.' No, truly; but this does not touch the source of the evil. The work may be pernicious for all this; for we apprehend that a man's morals may be seriously injured, without his taking to the highway. There is guilt in the private walks of life, crime never arraigned at any human bar. The history of novel writing affords numberless scenes, incidents, and expressions, which violate morality by their indecency; for we need not say that such things are immoral, as well as disgusting. And we know not by what pestilence, this taint has spread so deep and widely through our literature, so that such scenes and passages are found, not merely in Swift, the Yahoo of literature, but, with sorrow we say it, in some of the best writers of the day, we meet with anecdotes and phrases which no man can read to a decent audience, nor blunder upon without a blush of indignation. There is a close connexion between decency of manner and language, and purity of mind. It is in vain to say that he who violates the one, has any claim to the other. We are delighted to see that the world, by a noble retribution, is inclined to consider it evidence of want of understanding, as well as moral taste. Novels are banished to the thoughtful retirement of the bookcase, which might otherwise have kept their places upon the table, in defiance of the Author of *Waverley*. Poems, like those of Dryden, are cast out, as they well deserve, on account of this stain upon their garments. We find passages, it is true, deserving the same rebuke, in Shakespeare; but it is not in these dark channels, that he pours out the fulness of his mind.

The success of writers of this kind is a triumph over the moral sentiment of their readers; but for those of a different cast to give the moral impression of which we have spoken,

requires not merely good intentions, but considerable power. To arrange the circumstances of their story, to keep control over the movements of the characters, to regulate the suggestions, narratives, and descriptions which combine to give the moral impression, requires thorough good sense and a comprehension which very few possess. Without these, their works are apt to resemble an artless puppet show, where some vagrant figure, or the spasm of some refractory limb, constantly occasions evolutions unsuited to the performance. The timid writer endeavours to avoid this difficulty, by making each person speak and act with exact regard to his place and character. The cobbler is never permitted to leave his last, even for the rest which weary nature requires. Scott, however, has nothing of this formality. A few bold touches make us better acquainted with his characters than volumes of painful description, and when those characters are historical, nothing can exceed the art with which he falls in with our previous conceptions, or replaces them with his own. Very different is the manner in which our nameless writer introduces Dr Johnson in the *Disowned*. He evidently has no power to govern the unmanageable spirit he has raised. Fielding certainly possessed this comprehension; but his habits and companions placed him in an unfavorable position. He could not be supposed to take large views of life from the window of a London inn. It seems to us, that this controlling spirit of good sense, steadily exerted in the department of imagination, always indicates a master's hand; and it is perhaps owing to the want of this, rather than of good intentions, that the works of genius and morality united, are so few.

Our literature of this kind is but a century old; for we cannot think of including in it such works as Barclay's *Argenis*, though, as Job Orton, in a fit of unusual enthusiasm, said of a fine passage of poetry, there is much weight in them. There is no doubt that readers hung over them with delight. 'The high thoughts seated in a heart of courtesy,' to use Sidney's expression, afforded a perpetual charm. The eye was never weary of gazing on this romantic grandeur, though the characters are relics of chivalrous times, and the descriptions seem copied from old embroidery, rather than the vulgar reality of nature. The taste of the times was so spell-bound by these works, heavy as they seem to us, that it required much originality to strike into a new path, and much talent to make the

innovation popular. Richardson did this with perfect success ; but he did not escape at once from the beaten track. The long drawn story, the interminable conversations, and the majestic stiffness of some of his characters, are evidently owing to the spirit of the romantic fiction which was then dying away. But be it remembered to his praise, that, in a very unscrupulous age, he borrowed no popularity by addressing low tastes and passions. He brings forward none of those libertines, with attractions fabulous as those of the mermaid, who figure in the works of his successors. It is true that some of his scenes are highly indelicate, and in this he may plead the common taste and example as far as such an excuse will go ; for though the times ' being immoral will not make him moral, it will show that he sacrificed very little to the popular demand. We would not be understood to say that the virtue he describes is of the first order. That of *Pamela* is certainly less than evangelical. She resists where she could gain nothing by submitting, and then most thankfully accepts the hand and fortune of her unprincipled seducer. *Grandison* also, is one of those virtuous persons who are good because they do not happen to be tempted. But *Clarissa* is liable to no such objection. The virtue she illustrates is affecting and sublime. On this, his fame may well be suffered to rest, for there is much about it of a fashion that will never pass away. Richardson was the first who raised the novel to virtue, truth, and nature ; for truth and nature there are in his works, however disguised by the dress and manners of the day. But it is enough for his fame to remember, that he came forward when the old romances were floating majestically on the stream of popular favor, turned the tide, and left those brave old transports mouldering upon the sands.

In point of talent, Fielding had no superior among the older writers. Smollett, with whom, for reasons not creditable to either, he is generally associated, was not to be compared to him as a man of genius or a keen observer of men. We often think that we have known characters resembling Smollett's, but we speak of most of those which Fielding describes as if they were living men. Fielding was a perfect master of grave irony. He was a shrewd and sarcastic painter of men ; and the remarks at the beginning of the chapters, in which these talents are best displayed, are often unrivalled for good sense and humor. But a dissipated life depraved these intellectual gifts. Instead of triumphing over Richardson as a copyist of

nature, he sunk into a mere describer of manners, and, to secure popularity, became a painter of English manners in their lowest forms. But he wrote to gratify the humor or supply the wants of the moment. To render a service to virtue, was unhappily no part of his design. His first work, *Joseph Andrews*, was a kind of travesty of *Pamela*, then in the height of popularity; and he seems to have been encouraged to write the rest, by the success of this. We could not expect elevated characters in his writings. It was natural that his favorites in fiction, as in real life, should be libertines, recommending themselves by a gay and happy exterior; that scenes of vulgar merriment should abound, and that amusement should be, at any expense, the main object of his writings. But his sketches, like *Parson Adams*, *Colonel Bath*, and *Partridge*, are often wonderfully fine, and no one can read them without regret that they are associated with so many of a different description. But *Fielding* has had the reward he aspired to; a popularity unbounded in its measure, and, considering the improvement of the age, long in its duration. It is time for his works to give place to more refined entertainment, and this is certainly not afforded so much by the author of *Pelham* as some others; for if *Fielding* could be charged with his transgressions, he might find some passages in the writer of the nineteenth century, which would match the coarsest of his own.

The success of *Fielding* encouraged *Smollett* to try his fortune, and happily furnished him at the same time with an example. If he must be classed with *Fielding*, to whom he is every way inferior, he must be considered as entitled to something more than an equal share of condemnation. He describes the scenes of sin and shame into which the chances of his life have thrown him, in a manner which makes us feel that he is in a circle to which he belongs; but it is one proof of his accuracy at least, that he finds it impossible to give any attraction to the low minded *Roderick Random*. In this character, he represents himself; and a most unengaging portrait it is. The hero of his other best known work also, evidently meant to be playful and interesting, is a monkey with the malice of an evil spirit. He found that vice was a deformity, which no mask would cover, and that, labor as he would, nature was always looking through. If the changes of his life did something to corrupt his moral sentiments, there must have been a deeper deficiency in a mind which was willing to stoop so low.

We shall not undertake to criticise Goldsmith or Johnson, for even he condescended to apply his ponderous mind to this light exertion. Their morality cannot be suspected. Goldsmith's *Vicar of Wakefield* is the most delightful moral picture of domestic life the imagination ever drew. The moral of *Rasselas* is not so satisfactory. That Johnson, with his melancholy views and feelings, should have felt as if his hours of misery outnumbered those of pleasure, is not singular. But when he remembered that the mind had power 'to make the happiness it does not find,' and that most of our sorrows spring directly or indirectly from ourselves, that men are made happy, not by supplying any new resources, but by teaching them to improve the familiar means which they possess, it is strange that he should not have reflected, that the feeling which he encouraged, was discontent in the form of religion. Boswell, with all his reverence for Johnson, seems to have suspected the soundness of his philosophy, though he duly endeavoured to silence his doubts as usual. Since our author has thought fit to amuse himself with this worthy, in a strain of humor which makes us feel less for the subject of it than the writer, we may take occasion to say, that we never knew a man of cultivated mind, who did not delight in Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, who did not overlook all minor faults in admiration of the moralist's gigantic strength and comprehensive wisdom; though it must be confessed, that the operations of his mind resemble the dark rolling of some mighty enginery, rather than the free and graceful movements of nature.

Though Sterne is ranked with the novelists, we shall not introduce him into this, or any other decent company; nor shall we speak of the morality of Cumberland's novels, which, every one knows, were rather conscientious than intellectual. To them succeeded the Radcliffe school, the founder of which at least, exerted considerable talent to as little purpose as could well be imagined. They gave place to Miss Porter and Madame D'Arblay. We are not sure that the former did not furnish Scott with the hint of the historical novel, on which he has laid the foundation of his fame, and we are quite confident, that the author of *Camilla* is more neglected than she deserves. But it is not kindness to these names to revive them since the shadow has passed over all such productions. Scarcely any beside Miss Edgeworth, are able to maintain their ground, while the great enchanter moves through the field of imagination with

so much majesty and power. Even in her, it was a rash attempt, to use his incantations. The spirits of the departed great, though an inferior spell may raise them, bow to the bidding of but one. Her Lord Oldborough is but a cold abstraction of a prime minister, which, like Chatham's statue, does not aid, but rather tasks the imagination. She cannot manage with ease the heavy machinery of state and of the law. But in her own department and on her native soil, no rival comes near her. The Absentee, in our opinion her best work, will compare with the best of Scott for its perfect picture of female loveliness and national manners. But Scott came to the field in the maturity of his judgment and his years, with his mind full of curious and elegant learning, with a fine poetical genius balanced with perfect good sense, with a manly humor seldom aspiring to the questionable fame of wit, with a power of observation, benevolent as well as keen, which looked to the bright as well as the dark side, and able to distinguish the various shades between. With these rare qualifications, he was, beforehand, sure of success; and though some complain of the sameness of his characters, which is no other than the uniformity of nature, and others condemn his later works, for no reason, that we can see, but because they are not the first, he is already sure of a place worthy his highest ambition, at the side of Shakspeare, as a historian of the heart.

His unbounded success has produced one bad effect, for which however he is not responsible. A vast number of pretenders have been filled with envy and despair; and finding it impossible to contend with him on his own ground, have endeavoured to divert the public interest to some other. Some have kept on in painful dulness, describing the manners of high life with no better advantages for observation than those of astronomers for settling the geography of the moon. But others have used far more reprehensible means for gaining attention, or rather, buyers and readers. They have republished the vile scandal of the day, have served up caricatures of well known characters. They have made us familiar with deeds and places of darkness, with retreats of gamblers, thieves, and murderers. They have counted the steps by which the man of rank and fortune descends to the villain, and have used without scruple every scene and incident which could interest the most depraved imagination. Among these writers, we must set down the author of Pelham. This work is of the

family of Vivian Grey. There is the same pretension, pedantry, and affectation in both, and the two heroes are almost precisely alike, made up of elegant audacity and vulgar accomplishments, each having a miraculous power of managing cabinet ministers, and organizing political parties, of overawing the freedom of those whom they injure, and carrying captive female hearts. Pelham is equipped with better feelings than the younger rascal, but the conception of both characters gives strong evidence that they were drawn by the same hand. If not, we can only say, we are sorry that there are two. It is not difficult to account for the success, or more properly the run of Pelham in this country, where it has been read with much interest by many who have no pleasure in immorality. The truth is, that we have a feverish interest in the concerns of English high life, and every description of it is received with implicit faith by a large body of admirers. This credulity has been imposed upon to an alarming extent, and we were fast growing wiser, when Pelham appeared, and convinced us, by his fashionable dress and knowing air, that he came fresh from the inhospitable regions of high life. Now the ready simplicity with which we take these adventurers upon trust, might remind us of the Vicar of Wakefield, who was struck with the gracious manners of the two fashionable ladies, though he thought it very coarse in them to speak of 'the living jingo.' That there is at times a 'living jingo' in Pelham, is obvious to every eye; but we are so trained to confidence that we do not suspect him. These, however, are points on which we would be understood to express ourselves with much hesitation. We can say with more confidence, that there are opinions given with more freedom than judgment, and a variety of jests, entertaining no doubt, but far too venerable for their antiquity to be proper subjects of mirth.

It is said that parts of this work are powerful. But it is well to remember, that there is a power of the scene, distinct from the power of the writer. Very inferior painters, by searching out and rudely imitating some fearful scene in real life, may make our blood run cold without much skill; and some perverse writers of the present day, have shown that, by selecting circumstances from works like the Newgate Calendar, or narratives taken from the lips of ruffians, stories of thrilling interest may be written without any invention at all. True, the ablest writers sometimes introduce such scenes; but they are

not the evidence nor the triumph of their power, and there are cases in which, like the death of Amy in Kenilworth, they almost destroy the illusion of the whole. The scene in the den of thieves in Pelham, the character and tricks of Job Johnson, were probably furnished in this easy, mechanical way. Compare such scenes with the trial of Fergus in Waverley, where the circumstances are simply told, and in ordinary hands would have made little more impression than any other criminal trial; but Scott, with his usual ease and unseen charm, binds the hearts and souls of his readers in an interest intense and overwhelming.

We think that the whole interest of Pelham is of a kind that implies little ability in the writer. We take the truth of his characters upon trust. We are content to be amused, without asking whether we are not mistaking impudence for spirit, and folly for humor. They are all characters of manners. Nature is out of the question, or rather, where everything depends on caprice, it is impossible for any character, however extravagant, to seem out of nature. We think that an action of libel would lie against him, for his representation of the English peerage. For, unfavorable as their position is for moral or intellectual improvement, it is not easy to believe that they are, as this writer represents them, rakes without honor or shame; jockies in their own mansions, or epicures inferior in every respect to the animal whom they most resemble. Specimens of all these there may be, and circles in which impertinence is talent and shame is glory. But if there is no more relief to this dark picture, than this author would have us believe, and if such are the favorites and friends of his 'gentleman,' they are more in need of civilisation than the same class at the Sandwich Islands, and it is shameful to describe the ways in which they *tattoo* their characters and persons, till they leave not a trace of nature.

But the lower characters in Pelham are drawn with the greatest relish and apparent truth. The high are not so well described. Pelham makes his first appearance with a vile jest upon his father's meanness and his mother's dishonor. Now, though such things may be specially amusing when related of others, we cannot think the English 'gentleman' would bring the joke to bear upon his own connexions. The pathos is apt to turn on subjects of a similar cast. Thus Glanville, the extravagant character who is represented as something above humanity in all virtue and honor, seduces a wretched female to elope with him, and his respectful attachment keeps on increas-

ing under circumstances, which we are assured by a great authority in such cases, are apt to 'harden a' within.' The sequel of her history we would not willingly explain, though it is doubtless read with much interest by many who would find some difficulty in relating the circumstances in their own words, with the poetical drapery taken away. Her fate fills this magnificent being with a burning spirit of revenge; and what think ye he resolves to do? Why, to plunder his rival of his last penny at the gaming table; and to accomplish this noble purpose, he leagues himself with the lowest of the human race. This is a pretty fair example of our author's ideas of what is sublime and exalted—we may say of his morality; for a writer can hardly do a greater injury to truth and virtue, than to throw the veil of sentimental or pathetic interest, over that love to which Heaven has annexed a curse that changes passion into disgust, tenderness into unnatural hardness, and life unto something worse than death.

The author seems suspicious that Pelham is not exactly what it ought to be, and by way of conciliating the public taste has published the *Disowned*; a work of a different character in some respects from the former. He seems aware that high life, above the limit of vegetation, is not the most favorable for the growth and cultivation of virtue. He has therefore brought us into somewhat more domestic scenes; but enough of high life is introduced to give him an opportunity of painting a graceless libertine, who is no less than his Grace the Duke of Haverfield. In order to be exact, the author has formed his characters on scientific principles, like the Laputan tailors who used quadrants in taking their measures; and perhaps like those learned artists, he has been puzzled to account for his dress not suiting the natural form; for his characters, though formed by rule, are not less extravagant than those of Pelham. His principle seems to be, that we are all under the dominion of some ruling passion, and the chances are even, whether it incline to vice or virtue. At different times it may incline to both, and the virtue will not be the less excellent for springing from bad principles. This is exemplified in the case of an old beau, whose disease was vanity. After various acts of malice in his youth, this vanity induces him to gain the affections of an amiable woman, whom he at the same time intends to abandon. Hearing, after her marriage to another, that she is the delight of all eyes in London, he hurries thither and regains his influence

over her, though, according to the author, with no fault on her part. By an unmanly insult he contrives to break her heart. For this he is sorry ; but now, intent on gaining the applause of men, the same principle of vanity makes him benevolent, useful, and happy. He enjoys the consolations of religion withal, while his sole resource is to pay a weekly visit to an exquisitely vulgar family, who feed his vanity with their paltry admiration. Here we think is a tolerable confusion of moral principles and traits of nature. The author may say that the history is a true one. Perhaps so, but it is something more than error to challenge for such a wretch our respect and regard.

Selfishness, according to our author, is the source of virtue. He introduces two characters to show its effect ; one, a profligate swindler, who acts naturally enough upon this principle ; the other, a man of cold and retired manners and feelings, who becomes an enthusiast in virtue, and through various trials not only holds fast his integrity, but has hours and trances of delight. Desolate himself, he devotes himself to others, and with apparently no other hope of immortality than Plato affords him, he perseveres in maintaining that virtue is its own reward. We need not say that selfishness is not apt to make philanthropists and martyrs, or that religion, as we understand it, is not a principle of vanity. The author has a moral theory, which he unfolds like the Egyptian who brought a broken cruet-stopper to Belzoni, believing it to be a jewel of immense value. Of this it is enough to say, that it seems to be the system of Plato, blended with that of Cloutz the orator of the human race, with a strong leaning to the theory of Condorcet, that the progress of reason will remove all disease, vice, and suffering, and in the result make men immortal in the present world.

The author has so many graver faults, that we should not think of criticising his style, if it were not of a kind which many second rate writers consider very fascinating. Its great merit is, that it suggests instead of defining, and makes an impression instead of communicating thoughts. The reader is imposed upon with an appearance of precision, while everything is left in that happy obscurity, which he must believe, covers something striking, and in which his imagination, if he have any, may trace whatever meaning it will. It is sometimes seasoned with a little insolence or profaneness to make it the more commanding. Some of the little English periodicals afford choice specimens of this style, which is particularly convenient in their

craft, enabling them to speak with much majesty, while they leave their readers in perplexity as to what they say, so that no man can expose or contradict them. This author is much indebted to his style. It enables him to parade common maxims with an air of originality; to deal out thoughtless judgments, as if they were deliberate opinions, and venture into philosophical discussions without fear of pursuit and detection. But with all these advantages, it is by no means to be recommended. The 'dim religious light' is not the most favorable for study, nor is a style like this, though it may please the fancy, well calculated to enlighten the mind.

We have no hope that an author like this, though not deficient in talent, will ever do service to his art. We should have said, on reading Pelham, that he was in that state, which Hume describes in the affairs of nations, when any change must be for the better. In the *Disowned*, there was certainly a change, but not altogether a reform; for though written with more regard to decency, it shows that his moral sentiments are unaltered. But his art can do without him. Though no one may ever rival Scott in variety and power, we shall doubtless have many, who can look with an accurate and prophetic eye into the depths of the soul. The field of imagination is perhaps not more cultivated as yet than the face of nature. There may be many a region where the foot of the adventurer has never trod. But in encouraging the spirit of adventure, the public must be jealous of its honor, and if any one offers to tempt it, must resent the insult, by instant and unsparing condemnation.

ART. V.—*Memoirs of a New England Village Choir. With Occasional Reflections.* By a MEMBER. Boston. S. G. Goodrich & Co. 1829. 18mo. pp. 149.

LIVELY and faithful delineations of our national habits and manners are always highly acceptable. We have had some such, but they are rare. Miss Sedgewick and Cooper have employed their talents successfully and delightfully in this field, but as yet it has been but little explored, and many an untravelled tract remains. We give our new adventurer a warm and smiling welcome. To criticise him we find impossible. How

can we criticise a man who takes us by the hand, and with such a grave and modest deportment, and humorous, good-natured twinkle in his eye, leads us into one of the villages of our queer, bustling, self-important, but noble and dear New England? Have we not seen Waterfield? Have we not the pleasure of being acquainted with the Rev. Mr Welby? Ebed Harrington, Charles Williams, Miss Sixfoot, Jonathan Oxgoad, Mrs Shrinknot, and the rest, do we not know them all? Why then, or how, should we be critical?

Our author has been wise, particularly as this seems to be his first attempt, in selecting a single and simple subject. He has painted but one group, but he has painted it to the life. His characters are not those dim, uncertain, unmarked personages, whom writers so often introduce to us, who might figure with equal propriety in either quarter of the globe. They are real, native New Englanders. They could not be mistaken for anything else. They belong to no other country under the sun. Neither are they caricatures. They are true portraits. As we said before, we know them all.

We do not mean, by quoting largely from these Memoirs, to spoil them for those to whose reading we would urgently recommend them. Let a passage or two, however, speak a better recommendation than ours. The extract which follows, is an account of Mr Ebed Harrington's first appearance as leader of the Waterfield choir. The hymn being duly given out by the minister, the narrative thus continues.

'The tune which he selected was well adapted to the hymn announced. Every body remembers Wells. Mr Harrington had forgotten to take a pitchpipe with him to the place of worship, and there was accidentally no instrument of any kind present. He was therefore obliged to trust to his ear or rather to his fortune for the pitch of the leading note. The fourth note in the tune of Wells happens to be an octave above the first. Unluckily, Mr Harrington seized upon a pitch better adapted to this fourth note than to the first. The consequence was, that in leading off the tune, to the words of "Life is the time," he executed the three first notes with considerable correctness, though with not a little straining, but in attempting to pronounce the word *time*, he found that nature had failed to accommodate his voice with a sound sufficiently high for the purpose. The rest of the tenor voices were surprised into the same consciousness. Here then he was brought to an absolute stand, and with him, the whole choir, with the exception of two or three of the most

ardent singers of the bass and treble, whose enthusiasm and earnestness carried them forward nearly through the first line, before they perceived the calamity which had befallen their headquarters. They now reluctantly suffered their voices one after another to drop away, and a dead silence of a moment ensued. Mr Harrington began again, with a somewhat lower pitch of voice, and with stepping his feet a little back, as if to leap forward to some imaginary point; but still with no greater success. A similar catastrophe to the former, awaited this second attempt. The true sound for the word *time*, still remained far beyond the utmost reach of his falsetto. In his third effort, he was more fortunate, since he hit upon a leading note, which brought the execution of the whole tune just within the compass of possibility, and the entire six verses were discussed with much spirit and harmony. When the hymn was finished, the leader and several of his more intimate acquaintances exchanged nods and smiles with each other, compounded of mortification and triumph—mortification at the mistakes with which the singing had begun and triumph at the spirited manner in which it was carried on and concluded. This foolish and wicked practice is indulged in too many choirs, by some of the leading singers, who ought to set a better example to their fellow choristers, and compose themselves into other than giggling and winking frames of mind, at the moment when a whole congregation are about to rise or kneel in a solemn act of praise and prayer.' pp. 10-13.

Mr Harrington's success in the afternoon was such as might be divined from the happy auspices of the morning.

'His principal mistake on the latter part of the day, was that of selecting a common metre tune which ought to have been one in long metre. He perceived not his error, until he arrived at the end of the second line, when, finding that he had yet two more syllables to render into music, he at first attempted to eke out the air by a kind of flourish of his own, in a suppressed and hesitating voice. But he was soon convinced that this would never do. Had he been entirely alone, he might in this way have carried the hymn through, trusting to his own musical resources and invention. But it was out of his power to inspire the other singers with the foreknowledge of the exact notes which his genius might devise and append to every second line. They too, must try their skill to the same purpose, and while the whole choir, tenor, bass, and treble, were each endeavoring to eke out the line with their own efforts and happy flourishes, a tremendous clash of discord and chaos of uncertainty involved both the leaders and the led together. There was nothing in

this dilemma, therefore, for him to do, except to stop short at once, and select a new tune. This he did with much promptness and apparent composure, though, that there was some little flutter in his bosom, was evident from the circumstance that the tune he again pitched upon, contrary to all rules in the course of a single Sabbath, was Wells,—which, however, went off with much propriety, and with none of the interruptions that had marred its performance in the morning.' pp. 14-16.

The successor of Ebed is Charles Williams, an enthusiast in music, under whose reign the choir prospered exceedingly. The following description of their performance of what is commonly called a *fuguing tune*, once so popular in our churches, is admirable.

'It is impossible to look back without some of the animation of triumph upon those golden hours of my early manhood, when I stood among friends and acquaintances, and we all started off with the keenest alacrity in some favorite air, that made the roof of our native church resound, and caused the distant, though unfrequent traveller to pause upon his way, for the purpose of more distinctly catching the swelling and dying sounds that waved over the hills and reverberated from wood to wood. The grand and rolling bass of Charles Williams's viol, beneath which the very floor was felt to tremble, was surmounted by the strong, rich, and exquisite tenor of his own matchless voice. And oh! at the turning of a fugue, when the bass moved forward first, like the opening fire of artillery, and the tenor advanced next like a corps of grenadiers, and the treble followed on with the brilliant execution of infantry, and the trumpet counter shot by the whole, with the speed of darting cavalry, and then, when we all mingled in that battle of harmony and melody, and mysteriously fought our way through each verse with a well ordered perplexity, that made the audience wonder how we ever came out exactly together, (which once in a while, indeed, owing to some strange surprise or lingering among the treble, we failed to do,) the sensations that agitated me at those moments, have rarely been equalled during the monotonous pilgrimage of my life.

'And yet, when I remember how little we kept in view the main and real object of sacred music—when I think how much we sang to the praise and honor and glory of our inflated selves alone—when I reflect that the majority of us absolutely did not intend that any other ear in the universe should listen to our performances, save those of the admiring human audience below and around us—I am inclined to feel more shame and re-

gret than pleasure at these youthful recollections, and must now be permitted to indulge for a few pages in a more serious strain. pp. 35-37.

Our readers will perceive, by the last paragraph of the above quotation, that the author's object in these Memoirs is not merely amusement. He can answer triumphantly those questions, which are posing ones to so many writers of much higher pretensions. What does it teach? What is the moral of it? It teaches—this little book—many a lesson, upon subjects, which, though important in their relations, are of such a nature that they cannot be gravely handled, or even touched, in the pulpit. We have been in various 'singing seats' ourselves, and can testify that Charles Williams is not the only individual to whom the following gentle rebuke might do some good.

'Then again, it ought not to have been Charles Williams, of all persons, who scribbled with a lead pencil upon every blank leaf of every hymn book and singing book within his reach, filling them with grinning caricatures, with ridiculous mottos, and with little messages to the adjoining pew, some of the occupants of which would blush, when they found themselves glancing with greater eagerness at these irregular and unseasonable *billets doux*, than listening to more edifying productions from the pulpit.' p. 55.

In fact, though the historian of the Waterfield Choir has very evidently a keen perception of the ludicrous, and indulges himself constantly in playful and unwounding satire, he inculcates on every page christian seriousness and christian charity. We conceive that we give his book a high as well as an appropriate place, in ranking it by the side of the Annals of the Parish.

Our friend has taken occasion, in his Memoirs, to express his opinion on the frequently agitated question, whether church music should be left to a selected choir, or participated in by the whole congregation. He supports, and with his usual felicitous and modest manner, the latter part of the question, not, however, pretending to speak with absolute decision. It is a side which we ourselves have advocated in the third and fourth volumes of the first series of our work; but as we are willing that both sides should have a fair hearing, we insert with pleasure in this place a letter on the subject, which we have received from a respected correspondent.

‘There are some prevalent ideas upon the subject of Church Music, which seem to me erroneous, and of a very unhappy effect upon many excellent persons, and which need only to be considered, or even fairly presented to their minds, to be at once corrected. Will you indulge me, Mr Editor, with an opportunity of expressing an opinion upon a subject of much interest to a large portion of the community, and of presenting a view of it, which, if not new, deserves more consideration than is commonly given to it?’

‘It is thought by many, that the music of the church is of a species entirely different from every other, and that the true and only desirable effect of it, is to be produced by means very widely removed from those by which musical effect is produced in all other cases. It is supposed that as the music is designed to affect the minds of all the auditors, therefore all must join in it, not merely mentally, or with the heart, but with an audible effort of the lungs. If seriously considered, this appears one of the most singular inferences that could be drawn from such a position. I should think it more natural to say, if it be desired that music should produce a certain effect, it must be listened to. And in all other cases but the solitary one of church music, this is so unquestioned a truth, that it is universally considered a proof of bad manners, or of great insensibility, to interrupt the current of melody, or to disturb the effect of good music, by any sound loud enough to divert the attention of the listeners. If any one were to proceed so far as to accompany the performer, under the idea that the effect would be heightened by his joining in the air, he would very fairly be thought either a person of singular vanity, or one whose intellect was disturbed by a theory which had got possession of it. And why should it be regarded differently in church? Is there any such radical difference between the music of the church, and that of the theatre or the drawing room, that what is conceded to be in a high degree improper in the one case, is necessary in the other? I conceive not. All music, whether of the church or the theatre, is designed to affect the mind through the ear; and many times does it happen, that the intended effect of profane music, as it is called, is identically the same with the intended effect of sacred music. Reverence, awe, tenderness, pity, and other emotions are very often designed to be produced, and frequently are excited, by both kinds of music. Still further; the very same airs, the very same

harmony, which is used for a certain effect in the theatre, is often very properly selected to produce a similar effect in the church, so that it would seem impossible, in those instances at least, that there should be any essential difference in the design or character of the music of the two places.

‘It may possibly shock some minds to learn that many of the best and simplest psalm tunes, which they are accustomed to hear with reverence on the Sabbath, and to join in as a part of the sacred duty of the day, are portions of operas. It is, nevertheless, strictly and literally true; and if their consciences would suffer them to go to the theatre, I doubt not they would consider it a ludicrous absurdity, at least, to join the performers, under pretence of increasing the effect, either upon their own minds, or those of others. If amateurs of music, they would be seen with excited feelings and strained attention listening to every sweet note, and fearing to disturb, by too loud a breath, the effect upon their minds. If it be said that this is merely the result of art which we admire, that the skill of the performer is what strikes us, I admit that it sometimes is so, but I ask if this be the only effect ever produced on us. Are not the feelings affected, emotions excited, and even passions roused by music? Is not an effect sometimes produced similar to that which results from the successful exertions of a skilful orator? Surely it will not be denied. It has been acknowledged in all ages of the world. Mere admiration of skill falls far short of the true purpose and the frequent effect of music; it is a proof that the skill is not great enough; it needs the last finish, the power of concealment. If admiration and wonder at difficulties overcome, be the only effect of the best execution of the best music, it is an art not fit to be practised at church; but if the feelings may be touched, the heart warmed or elevated by tender or sublime strains of music, these effects must be produced upon the listeners at church, by the same means as they are upon the listeners at other places. It is not the performer, certainly not the unskilful, unpractised performer, who is most likely to feel the effect of music; but under the unhappy prevalence of the mistake that devotion is aided by singing one’s self, how many have been taught to proclaim at church their own incapacity, and to deprive themselves and others of the gratification and benefit which might be derived from good music. There are many, probably the great majority of those who are not qualified by nature or education to utter musical

sounds, who are still acutely sensible of their power ; and as I presume such persons constitute the greater part of those promiscuous assemblies which form our congregations, it is unfortunate for them that this error is so general. If they had been taught to listen to the music, instead of joining in it aloud, they would offend the ear of no one, and would sometimes have the opportunity of enjoying a pleasure which they are unable to give.

‘I have heard it said, and I cheerfully acknowledge the truth of the remark, that the union of many voices in the same strain sometimes produces an effect far beyond that which could result from one or a very few, however charming or skilful. So well is this understood, that scientific composers have taken advantage of it to produce, in their choruses, some of the sublimest effects of which music is capable. But it must be remarked, that an accidental collection of persons, without previous instruction or skill, cannot perform the music in such a manner as to produce these effects either upon themselves or others. Singing is an art, requiring education and discipline, and can no more be attained without them, than valuable results can be reached in other arts by the ignorant and unskilful.

‘Still I may be told that a mere collection of human voices, however untrained, produces its exciting effect, as in the boisterous repetition of a lively chorus to a song, or a loud and animated shout. I am far from denying it, and merely contend that the impressions made by such sounds are not the effect of music. Few things are more exciting than the loud shout of a multitude ; but it is the mind actuating that multitude which operates on our minds ; it is the feeling or purpose displayed which is sublime. There is, too, an effect produced upon us by mere noise, as by any other sign and emblem of power, which we often strive in vain to counteract. What, for instance, is more imposing than the thunder, the roar of a stormy ocean, of a vast cataract, or of a mighty whirlwind ? But is this music ? Do we endeavour by music to imitate these, or the still small voice in which God speaks to the heart not less than in the uproar of an agitated world ? If it be desired to excite a rude merriment at church, or a mere agitation of the animal spirits, then let all the congregation shout aloud. But if a chastened cheerfulness, reverent love, and penitent sorrow be the proper sentiments to accompany our public worship, let

these feelings be produced by suitable strains of touching or animated music, performed by those who have the necessary gifts of nature and education. In this way they can be produced, and in no other. It is vain to say, as it often is said, that a few tunes sung by all the congregation, will produce the best effect of church music. A congregation is composed of those who have not the necessary qualifications for singing, as well as those who have. No reiteration can teach the former even a limited number of tunes, and the latter will inevitably become weary; for nothing is sooner or more thoroughly wearisome than the frequent repetition of the same musical strain.

‘It is occasionally a subject of complaint with those who wish to hear the voice of the whole congregation, that the music in our churches is becoming too scientific. I believe it is a complaint which no scientific musician would make of the best of it; but if there be any truth in the remarks I have offered, it is rather a subject of congratulation than complaint, and the sooner and the more attention is paid to a skilful and judicious manner of singing in all our churches, the better will it be both for those who can, and those who cannot sing themselves. Persons of musical taste are generally well pleased to listen to good music, if performed with tolerable judgment; and those who have not a cultivated ear will probably be suitably affected by it, if its impression be not prevented or destroyed by the dissonance of their own accompaniment. I am at a loss to imagine the origin of the notion that the mere sound of one’s own voice can add strength to the emotions of the mind. Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth sometimes speaketh. An ejaculation or exclamation is a natural effect of strong emotion; but that the melancholy sounds produced by some who have a zeal for singing, but not according to knowledge, can aid their feelings of piety to God, or love to man, is beyond all belief. It is a custom which has prevailed in comparatively few places, and even in those where musical attainments are most common, as in some parts of Germany, whenever the singing in the church is performed by the whole congregation, it ceases to be music, and degenerates into noise. On the other hand, who has not heard of the beautiful and solemn effects which are produced in the Roman and English churches by the skilful performance of select and commonly small choirs? I would not imply that all the chanting and singing of their sometimes pompous services, is in good taste, or of a

devotional tendency; but some effects are produced of an elevating and touching kind, which can never be attained by the united efforts of a whole congregation. We have the opportunity of selecting what is good, and rejecting the bad in our own churches, and if the experience of ourselves and others be not lost upon us, we shall encourage the growth of musical taste, till, instead of a small number in each worshipping assembly, there will be a majority, or even, if it be possible, the whole, who may be able not merely to enjoy, but to produce good music. I have no fear that when this happy result shall be obtained, the whole congregation will join in the singing. No, they will then have learned that music is intended for the ear, and having selected those among them who are most competent, they will listen with warm hearts, or elevated affections to the strains in which the worship of God, and sympathy with his creatures, will be suitably expressed.'

We will only say of this letter, that we like its spirit, and are not insensible to the force of its reasoning. We must not take up the time of our readers by repeating the arguments which have been advanced on the other side; but will merely refer those who are interested in the question, to the *Memoirs of a New England Village Choir*, and to the articles in the *Examiner* to which we have already alluded.

ART. VI.—*A Commentary on the Epistle to the Hebrews.* By MOSES STUART, Associate Professor of Sacred Literature in the Theological Seminary at Andover. 2 vols. 8vo. Andover. Flagg & Gould. 1827–8.

PROFESSOR STUART, in the first volume of his *Commentary*, endeavours to prove, that the *Epistle to the Hebrews* was written by St Paul. We were not satisfied with his reasoning; and, in consequence, in our last series, were led to maintain our own opinions on the subject. We first examined the historical evidence, which seemed to us not only insufficient to prove that St Paul was the author of the work, but to be of such a character as to create a strong presumption that he was not. We next turned our attention to the *Epistle itself*, and

neglecting what seemed to us arguments of less weight, applied to it, a test, which seemed to admit of a near approach to certainty upon the question. We stated the fact, that certain words very familiar to St Paul, and such as it is equally probable that we should find in this Epistle, if written by him, as in his acknowledged writings, did not occur in the Epistle. Proceeding upon the principles of mathematical reasoning, we showed, that their not being found in this work, rendered it morally certain that St Paul was not its author. We next remarked on the great difference between the style and method of the Epistle and that of his writings; a difference, obvious to every intelligent reader of them in the original, or in a good translation; acknowledged by those Greek Fathers, who regarded the apostle as the author of the work; and concerning which there has been a general agreement of the learned in modern times. We next turned to a topic, in itself curious and interesting, and which has in its various bearings been very imperfectly explained,—the mystical interpretation of the Old Testament by the Jews. We showed that in his style of interpreting the Old Testament and reasoning from it, the writer to the Hebrews followed the fashion of his age; that he was distinguished as a mystical expositor and reasoner; and that in this particular there was a wide difference between him and St Paul.

The further prosecution of the subject was interrupted by the ill health of the writer. It is now proposed to resume it. The question respecting the authorship of the Epistle to the Hebrews is not only one of much importance in itself and its consequences; but involves incidentally the discussion of some of the most interesting and important topics connected with the study of our religion. Among well informed and rational Christians, who feel the value of their faith, but who are not professed theologians, we believe there is an increasing thirst for correct information, which comparatively speaking has been very scantily supplied. It is one purpose of the present work to afford such information, according to the measure of our ability. We proceed to our subject.

The next objection to be adduced to the supposition of St Paul's being the author of the Epistle to the Hebrews, may be thus stated;—It appears from the Epistle, that there was a wide difference between its author and St Paul in the general character of their minds, and particularly in the aspect under which

they regarded various important topics connected with Christianity.

The proofs of this proposition have in part been already alleged under the preceding heads. The fact is shown by the great difference between them in their style of writing, in the use which they make of the Old Testament, and in their manner of reasoning. But there are other striking examples of it, some of which we shall now adduce.

The first we shall notice, is the fact, that the writer to the Hebrews, in speaking of the blessings of Christianity, limits his view to Jewish believers. He does not regard our religion in its relations to the rest of the world. We believe, from various considerations, that he considered it as intended for the benefit of Gentiles, as well as Jews; but of this his epistle affords no direct proof. His manner of treating the subject was adopted, we conceive, in conformity to the prejudices of his nation.

The believing Jews, at first, regarded Christianity, not as a universal religion, but as a particular dispensation, like that of Moses, the benefits of which were to be confined to Jews, and to proselytes to Judaism, who were considered as incorporated with their nation, and who therefore may be included under the general name of Jews. All the blessings expected from the coming of their Messiah had been limited in their imaginations to those under the Law. He was to be the deliverer of Israel, not of mankind. It was probably somewhere about twenty years after our Saviour's ascension, that the apostles, and the elders of the church at Jerusalem, 'after much discussion,' determined to throw open the doors of the christian church to the Gentiles, without requiring them to submit to the Law of Moses, or in other words to incorporate themselves with the chosen people. The determination was made on the ground that the will of God had been miraculously revealed to that effect.* Still the authority of the decree was not acknowledged by all those Jews who 'professed themselves believers. It is probable that far the larger portion of them had no just conceptions of the character and value of Christianity as a religion for all men. The decision of the apostles was strongly opposed to their national pride, their ancient hopes, and that veneration which they still cherished for the Law. By its operation, the holy people were confused together with the profane and im-

*Acts, Ch. xv.

pure Gentiles, with whom free intercourse had been hitherto considered as pollution. The admission of the uncircumcised into the Christian church was probably regarded by the majority of Jewish believers, as something to be tolerated rather than desired. With but few exceptions, the Jewish and Gentile Christians seem from the first to have kept aloof from each other, and after the apostolic age to have separated into two distinct bodies.

But St Paul was wholly adverse to the prejudices and pretensions of his countrymen. His mind had been opened to the comprehension of the infinite value of Christianity as a religion for all men. He asserted the cause of the Gentiles, and was a minister to them, at a period when the other apostles, the immediate followers of our Lord, appear only to have assented to the propriety of his course. In his epistle to the Galatians, written, probably, before the question of the admission of Gentiles into the church had been settled by the Council at Jerusalem, St Paul evidently speaks with some dissatisfaction of the want of sympathy on the part of the other apostles. He says that he, with Barnabas, went up to Jerusalem, 'and laid before them the gospel which he preached to the Gentiles, lest he might labor or might have labored in vain;' that is, lest his labors might be frustrated by a disagreement of opinion and feeling on their part. This communication he says, was made 'privately to those in most esteem;' implying that as yet there had been no general approbation expressed of his ministry. Then, after stating that Titus, who was with him, was not 'compelled' to be circumcised, he thus proceeds; 'But from those who appeared to be something, whatever they were—it makes no difference as respects me; God does not regard external distinctions—to me those who appeared thus, communicated nothing.' They, indeed, recognised his divine commission, and gave him and Barnabas the right hand of fellowship, but gave it as to those engaged in a different ministry from their own, 'that we,' as St Paul says, 'should preach to the Gentiles, and they to the circumcised.'*

Thus early did St Paul take the lead in the assertion and application of the fundamental truth, that Christianity is a universal religion, and assume, in consequence, the peculiar office of apostle to the Gentiles. He was distinguished from

* Galatians, c. ii.

others by the full, explicit, earnest inculcation of that truth, without compromise or qualification. It was the steady avowal of it which particularly exposed him to persecution; for a doctrine, which put the Gentiles, who had been so odious, upon a level with the chosen people, was detested by the unbelieving, and evidently but little favored by a large portion of believing Jews. The language which the apostle used concerning it, must have jarred harshly with the prejudices of his countrymen. There were few, probably, who agreed with him in the clearness of his convictions, and the strength of his feelings. This very want of sympathy, the discouragement, the opposition, and the persecution which he encountered, must, with his character, have tended powerfully to deepen his interest in the cause to which he devoted himself. This interest pervaded his mind, governed his life, gave its character to his ministry, and animates his writings, where it appears with all that distinctness which we might expect from one, who seems never to have hesitated about laying bare his thoughts and heart. When he adverts particularly to the admission of the Gentiles to the blessings of Christianity, it is easy to perceive the intensity of his feelings, elevated by the magnificent prospect that opened before him, and gaining strength from every personal consideration. It is thus, to give a single example, that he expresses himself in one of the passages in the Epistle to the Ephesians, which refer to this subject; ch. iii. vv. 1-13.

‘It is for this, for the sake of you Gentiles, that I Paul am a prisoner of Jesus Christ; for ye have heard of that ministry which the favor of God has conferred upon me in your behalf; that the secret purpose of God was made known to me by revelation; that purpose of which I have just written to you in a few words, by reading which you may understand my acquaintance with the secret design of Christianity; which in other generations was not made known to the sons of men, as now it has been revealed by the spirit to the holy apostles and teachers of Christ; that the Gentiles should be joint heirs, incorporate, and sharers in the promise, by means of Christ, through that gospel, of which I became a minister by the favor of God, freely conferred upon me through his mighty energy. On me, the very least of all the holy, was this favor conferred, to make known to the Gentiles the glad tidings of the inconceivable riches of Christ, and to enlighten all respecting the character of that se-

cret purpose, hidden from the past ages in the mind of God, the author of all, to the end that through the constitution of the church, might now be made known to those most exalted in power and authority, the manifold wisdom of God, shown in the disposition of the ages which he has made by Jesus Christ our Lord; by whom we have boldness to approach confidently through faith in him. Wherefore I beseech you not to be disheartened by the troubles which I am suffering for you, in which you ought to glory.'

It is thus, that the apostle of the Gentiles speaks of the peculiar ministry with which he had been intrusted by the favor of God, of his devotion to the cause, of his sufferings for it, and of the enlarged and glorious views of Christianity, to which his mind had been opened by express revelation. The sufferings to which he directly refers, were those which preceded and accompanied his first imprisonment at Rome; but a little before the conclusion of which the Epistle to the Ephesians was, probably, written. Why he speaks of them as incurred for the sake of the Gentiles, may partly appear from the circumstances attending his previous apprehension at Jerusalem. He visited the city with a full perception of the dangers to which he was exposed from his fearless avowal of those generous and noble conceptions of Christianity which he entertained. He did so, notwithstanding the earnest persuasions of his friends. He said to them, 'I am ready not to be bound only, but to die at Jerusalem, for the sake of the Lord Jesus.' The next day after his arrival, he 'explained particularly' to the other apostles 'what God had done *among the Gentiles* through his ministry.' They felt with him, and 'glorified God;' but they knew the prejudices of their countrymen, and said; 'Thou seest, brother, how many thousands of Jews there are who believe; *and they are all zealous for the law*; and they have been informed of thee, that thou teachest all the Jews who are among the Gentiles to forsake Moses; telling them not to circumcise their children, nor to conform to our customs.' To remove the odium which had been excited so generally against him, they advised him to conform in a particular observance to the Jewish ritual. He consented to do so; but the object was not attained. He was assaulted in the temple, and his life was in imminent danger. He was rescued, but, at the same time, apprehended by the Roman guard. From the steps of the temple, the captain of the guard allowed him to address the multitude;

but the last words which they suffered him to utter were these ; ' And the Lord said to me, Go ; for I will send thee far hence to the GENTILES.' ' And they heard him,' says the historian, ' to that word ; and then lifted up their voices and said, Away with such a fellow from the earth ; for he is not fit to live.' *

Now the Epistle to the Hebrews, if written by St Paul, must have been written just after his first confinement at Rome ; and there is no probability, supposing it to be his work, that the community to which it appears to have been particularly sent, was any other, than that of the Hebrew Christians at Jerusalem. The interval must have been short between its composition, and that of the Epistle to the Ephesians. After reading this epistle, therefore, and those to the Colossians and Philippians, which were both written about the same time, and breathe the same spirit, let any one turn to the Epistle to the Hebrews, and consider, whether it be probable that St Paul was its author, and that it was sent by him to the Jewish believers of Jerusalem.

The writer to the Hebrews, as has been stated, in speaking of the blessings of Christianity, limits his view to Jewish Christians. It is a remarkable characteristic of his work. He regards the dispensation solely in reference to his believing countrymen. There is not a passage in the Epistle which clearly intimates that the Gentiles had any concern in it.† Now this characteristic is strikingly at variance with St Paul's habits of action, thought, and feeling. We will produce some of the passages which show that the writer thus restricted himself in the consideration of his subject. In commencing his work, he says ;—

' God, who at different times and in different ways, spoke to *our fathers, by the prophets*, has at last spoken to *us* by his Son.'

In this passage, Jews alone are regarded as the subjects of

* Acts, chh. xx, xxi, xxii.

† There are two passages in which, speaking of those to whom the blessings of Christianity extended, the writer to the Hebrews uses the general expression 'all,' or 'every one.' In chap. ii. vs. 9, it is said that 'Jesus tasted death for every one ;' and in chap. v. vs. 9, that he 'became the author of eternal salvation to all who obey him.' But such general expressions, as every one acquainted with the interpretation of language knows, are to be limited to those individuals, or that class of men, to whom the attention of the reader is directed ; or, in other words, to those whom it appears from the connexion and tenor of the discourse, that the writer had in view.

the new dispensation. In the second chapter, vv. 16, 17, he says;—

‘For Christ, truly, did not give aid to angels; but he gave aid to *the offspring of Abraham*. Hence it was proper, that he should be in all respects like his brethren, that he might be a compassionate and faithful high priest in the service of God, to make propitiation for the sins of *the people*.’

In order to understand this passage, as well as others in the Epistle, it is necessary to determine the sense of the terms, ‘the offspring of Abraham,’ and ‘the people.’

By ‘the offspring of Abraham,’ the Jews, according to the obvious meaning of the words, understood themselves, his natural descendants. They gloried in this distinction, and relied upon it as securing to them exclusively the blessings, which God had promised to Abraham and his offspring. But in two passages, one in the Epistle to the Galatians, chap. iii. 6–29, and the other in that to the Romans, chap. iv. 11–18, St Paul, knowing that the ministry of the Messiah was intended equally for the blessing of believing Gentiles as of believing Jews, contends that both classes, as Christians, are entitled to that name. He applies it in this broad and figurative meaning, because that distinguishing favor from God, which the Jews had expected as natural descendants of Abraham, was now manifested not toward them as such, but only toward the followers of Christ. John the Baptist had thus addressed the teachers of the Law, and the Pharisees; ‘Think not to say within yourselves, We have Abraham for our father; for God is able from these stones to raise up children to Abraham.’ St Paul teaches the Jews, that God had from the Gentiles raised up children to Abraham. The Gentile believers might, metaphorically, be called the sons, or the offspring of Abraham, because they were like him, because they obtained the favor of God as he had done, not by observing the Law, but through religious faith. The peculiar distinction in the sight of God which had before been expressed by this title, had been transferred from Jews, as such, to Christians; and on this ground the name might be applied to the latter. But this was a new metaphorical application of the term. St Paul does not thus use it without explanation, but only in the two passages referred to, where it is his purpose to enforce the truth, that, in regard to Christianity, Gentiles were on an equality with the descendants of Abraham. Elsewhere, he employs it in its common

acceptation, as distinguishing a Jew from a Gentile. Thus, Romans xi. 1. 'Do I say then that God has rejected *his people*? Let it not be thought. For I also am an Israelite, of the offspring of Abraham, of the tribe of Benjamin.' Thus also, 2 Corinthians, xi. 22. 'Are they Hebrews? So am I. Are they Israelites? So am I. Are they the offspring of Abraham? So am I.' When, as in the Epistle to the Hebrews, the term occurs without any explanation or intimation from the writer that it is employed in a wider meaning than common, it must be taken in its usual acceptation, the only one with which Jews were familiar.

The other term, 'the people,' or its equivalent, 'the people of God,' properly denotes the Jews. It is used indeed to denote the Christian community, or that portion of it which consisted of Gentile believers; for Christians might be considered as having been adopted by God as his peculiar people in the place of the Jews. But it is employed in this new signification only twice by St Paul, and in these cases the sense in which it is thus used is clearly indicated by the connexion, or rather necessarily results from it. Thus Romans, ix. 25, he quotes the words of Hosea, 'I will call that people which was not mine, my people.' And he tells the Corinthians, 2 Epistle vi. 16, again using a quotation from the Old Testament; 'Ye are the temple of the living God; as God said, I will dwell among you, and be conversant with you, and I will be their God and they shall be my people.' Once also, he has a somewhat analogous use of language in his Epistle to Titus, when he says, ii. 14, 'Christ gave himself for us that he might ransom us from all iniquity, and purify to himself a peculiar people devoted to good works.' The word, *λαος*, 'people,' occurs not so frequently in all St Paul's writings, as in the Epistle to the Hebrews. But with him, as with the other writers of the New Testament, 'the people,' or 'the people of God,' when used absolutely, without explanation, always denotes the Jews. Of its use in this sense by the writer to the Hebrews almost all the instances of its occurrence are clear examples.

In the passage last quoted from the Epistle to the Hebrews, let us, then, for the terms 'the offspring of Abraham,' and 'the people,' substitute that to which they are equivalent in sense, though the associations with it are so different, and consider whether the passage could have been written by St Paul.

'For Christ, truly, did not give aid to angels; but he gave

aid to the Jews,' being 'a high priest in the service of God to make propitiation for the sins of the Jews.'

In the mystical account of the rest into which the followers of Christ are to enter, the view of the writer is still limited to Jewish Christians. He says, chap. iv. 8; 'If Joshua had brought them [the ancient Jews] into the rest, *there would after this have been no mention of any other day.*' The interest of the Gentiles in Christianity is here kept entirely out of sight; and in correspondence with this fact, the writer proceeds to observe; 'So then there still remains a sabbath rest for the *people of God.*'

In the seventh chapter, v. 11, having sole reference to the Jews, he asks; 'If then perfection could have been attained by means of the Levitical priesthood (for to this *the people* were made subject by the Law), what need was there still that another priest should be appointed after the order of Melchisedec, and not after the order of Aaron?'

It is difficult to believe that St Paul could have proposed such a question. Agreeably to what he here expresses, the writer afterward declares, chap. viii. 7. 'If that first covenant [the Law given to the Jews alone] had been faultless, *there would have been no room for a second,*' and proceeds to quote the words of Jeremiah; 'I will make a new covenant *with the house of Israel, and house of David,* not according to the covenant which I made with their fathers when I took them by the hand to lead them out of Egypt.'

Again, he says, chap. ix. 15. Christ, 'is the mediator of a new covenant, that through his death deliverance being obtained *from the sins committed under the first covenant,* those who are called may receive the eternal inheritance which was promised.' Here Christ is represented as effecting nothing more than the deliverance of Jews from sins committed under the Law.

In the beginning of the tenth chapter, he is described as coming to do away sin; and in accordance with the passages just quoted, the only reason assigned for his coming, is, the inefficacy of those sacrifices 'which were offered according to the Law.' The writer then quotes again a part of the passage of Jeremiah, before alleged by him, which, whatever event it was meant to predict, relates exclusively to the Jewish people.

We will adduce but one passage more, chap. xiii. 12. 'So Christ also, that he might sanctify *the people* by his own blood, suffered without the gate.'

It is highly improbable, that he who was peculiarly the apostle of the Gentiles should, under any circumstances, have given so imperfect and contracted a view of the Christian dispensation, as appears in the Epistle to the Hebrews. In writing to Jewish Christians, no one can believe that he would have attempted to gain their favor by countenancing their prejudices. The occasion would have brought their national errors immediately before his mind; and fearless, and open, as he was, devoted to the truth, and comprehending its immeasurable importance, one main object with him would have been to remove those false conceptions, and narrow feelings, which obscured their view of the Gospel, and remained as a barrier between them and the Gentiles, after the 'partition-wall' of the Law had been broken down.

But the mind of the writer to the Hebrews was deeply imbued with Jewish conceptions and sentiments; and in the same spirit of conformity to the feelings of his countrymen, which appears in confining his attention to them alone, he arrays some of the essential truths of Christianity in imagery borrowed from the Law, and thus presents them under a new aspect, unknown to St Paul. It is thus, for instance, that he ascribes to Christ the office of a high priest; a topic to which we shall now advert.

He introduces the subject early, saying, ch. ii. 18;— 'Whence it was proper that Christ should be like his brethren in all respects, that he might be a compassionate and faithful high priest to make propitiation for the sins of the people.' He brings forward this doctrine, as that which gave value to their faith as Christians, ch. iv. 14. 'Having, then, a great high priest, Jesus the Son of God, who has past through the heavens, let us cleave to our profession.' He represents it as the ground of their confidence toward God, ch. iv. 15, 16. 'For we have not a high priest, who cannot sympathize with our infirmities; but one who, without having sinned, has been subject in all respects to the same trials as we are. Let us therefore approach with confidence the throne of favor, that we may receive compassion and obtain the favor of seasonable help.' It is as a high priest, that he considers Christ as the author of eternal salvation, ch. v. 9, 10. 'Being perfected, he became the author of eternal salvation to all who obey him, having been appointed by God a high priest after the order of Melchisedec.'

After this preparation, the writer proceeds to give at length an exposition of what he represents as a great, distinguishing characteristic of our religion; that Christ is a high priest after the order of Melchisedec. He introduces it with solemn reproof, warning, and exhortation. He speaks of it as a high doctrine, to be comprehended only by full grown men; and seems to elevate its importance above that of the fundamental truths of our religion, which he represents as milk for babes; ch. v. 11—vi. 4.

‘Concerning Christ we have much to say, which is hard to be explained to you who have become dull of hearing. For when after so long a time, you ought to be teachers, you have need that some one should teach you the very elements of the oracles of God; and have come to need milk and not solid food. But they who are to be fed with milk want ability to comprehend the doctrine of righteousness, being but babes. Solid food is for full grown men, who have their senses exercised by use to distinguish between good and bad.

‘Let us then leave discoursing concerning the elements of Christianity, and press on to perfection; not laying again the foundation of reformation from dead works, and faith in God; baptisms, instruction, the imposition of hands, the resurrection of the dead, and eternal judgment. And this we will do, if God permit.’

When the writer exhorts those whom he is addressing to press on to perfection, he had undoubtedly in view moral perfection; but it seems equally evident that he meant to include under this term, a knowledge of the doctrine which he is enforcing, and a familiarity with other conceptions of a similar character.

It is not necessary to remark particularly upon his exposition and proof of the priesthood of Christ. It is clear that this conception was regarded by him, as one peculiarly interesting and important. It is evident that it had taken strong possession of his mind, and was intimately associated with his belief as a Christian. But we find no trace of this conception in the epistles of St Paul. He could not have regarded it as did the writer to the Hebrews, or we should find it urged upon the attention of believers in his undisputed works. But he never calls Christ a high priest. The very word ‘high priest,’ which occurs so often in the Epistle to the Hebrews, is nowhere to be found in his writings.

We do not suppose, however, that the proper belief of the writer to the Hebrews embraced any important particular not expressed by St Paul. To a Jew, there was sufficient foundation for the metaphor by which Christ is denominated a high priest. The Jewish high priest was the head of their religion, presiding over all which belonged to it; he was the officiating minister, through whom the people, on the great day of atonement, obtained the remission of their sins; he was regarded as a mediator between them and God; through him God was believed, in former days, to have miraculously revealed his will, and to have given answers when consulted, and the notion still prevailed, that he was occasionally gifted with direct inspiration and had power to prophesy. 'The Law,' says Philo, 'requires him to partake of a higher nature than that of man, to approach nearer to the divine, bordering, to speak the truth, upon both; so that through him as a sort of intermediate being, men may propitiate God; and that God, using him as an inferior minister, may confer his favors upon men.'*

These facts and conceptions afforded abundant opportunity for instituting a parallel between the Jewish high priest, and the founder of our religion. Such a parallel must have been particularly grateful to Jewish Christians, separated as they were from the rest of their nation, and fearful of relinquishing their share in the glory and protection of the Jewish high priest. To the writer, it must have appeared a very important mode of representation, not only as corresponding to his own conceptions of Christianity as a sort of spiritualized Judaism; but as powerfully adapted to wean the Jewish believers from the letter of the Law, which still retained a strong ascendancy over their minds, and thus to transfer their regard from an earthly high priest to his glorious antitype. Attaching so much importance, therefore, to this mode of representation, as well as to the simple truths involved in it, he demands earnestly the attention of his readers, and treats the subject elaborately. Its difficulty and obscurity, however, consist, as should be observed, in the figurative conception which he has adopted, and not in the essential truths on which this conception seems to have been founded, as affording sufficient ground for an analogy between Christ and the Jewish high priest.

* De Monarchia, Lib. ii. Tom. ii. p. 230. Ed. Mang.

When the writer pursues this analogy further than has been stated, it seems to be merely in the exercise of imagination. He speaks of Christ as ministering in the temple in heaven; but the conception of this archetypal temple is so shadowy and baseless, that we can hardly ascribe it to the writer as a proper object of belief. He represents him, ch. vii. 24, 25, as the eternal high priest of Christians, ever living to be their advocate. But this is an easy figure to denote the truth, that the true followers of Christ will always be accepted by God. He likewise describes him, in the fulfilment of the office of high priest, as making an offering of himself for the sins of 'the people.' This is a representation to which we shall immediately attend. When resolved into its elementary ideas, it may appear that it involves only an imaginary resemblance.

Still it must be confessed, that there seems to have been in the mind of the writer an obscure and mysterious grandeur thrown round the conception of Jesus as a high priest, which he was unwilling to dispel. His imaginations appear to have become in some measure blended with his belief. He seems to have gazed upon the glorious image before him, till his eyes were dazzled and his sight unsteady, and he could not clearly distinguish between realities and figures. In so far as this may have been the case, we perceive a still wider difference than has been stated, between the writer and St Paul, respecting this subject.

We will now proceed to another topic, and attend to the very different aspects under which the two writers regard the death of Christ.

The Saviour of the world came to redeem men from the slavery of superstition, and sin, and to transfer his followers from the kingdom of darkness to the kingdom of light. He came from God, as incomparably the greatest and most uncompromising of reformers. But his immediate ministry was confined to men, whose passions and vices had become incorporated with what they called their religion. Sustaining such a character, among such a people, he could not escape the most rancorous opposition. But for our sakes, he devoted himself to the work. It could be accomplished only at the cost of life. They in whom his declarations of the true nature of religion and virtue, had produced the bitterest enmity, having the multitude at their command, at last seized him by force, and extort-

ed from the Roman governor, his condemnation to torture and death. It was thus that he purchased us with his blood ; that he died for us ; that he suffered on account of our sins ; that he reconciled us to God by his cross, so that 'by his stripes we are healed.' He sacrificed himself in the cause of God and mankind ; and this offering of himself was as an act of the highest virtue, acceptable to God.

It is conformably to such obvious and simple conceptions respecting the death of Christ, that St Paul expresses himself. He often adverts to the subject. No topic was better suited to give the new converts to our faith a deep impression of its value, than the consideration that their Master, he who sustained so peculiar a relation to God, had submitted to a death of humiliation and torture, in order to procure them its blessings. Nothing was more adapted to excite their feelings or his own, and to produce that gratitude and reverence which were due to the great Deliverer, than the recollection, that in the cause of man's happiness, he put off all selfish regards, and never turned aside from the course appointed by God, though the dreadful sufferings to which it led him, were always before his eyes. The example of self-sacrifice which their Master had left them was to be impressed on the hearts of Christians. They were to be governed by a like unwavering sense of duty. The early believers, especially, were called to drink of his cup. They were to learn to suffer with him, that they might be glorified with him. Nor are these the only reasons why St Paul often recurs to the subject. The death of Christ displayed the purest self-devotion and love, because it was not only the most cruel, but the most ignominious and humbling. But this latter circumstance exposed his religion to the contempt of the unbelieving world. The apostle, therefore, with the openness and intrepidity which distinguished him, on this very account brings it distinctly into view, that he may exhibit it in its true character. With his high moral feelings, and his sense of the value of Christianity, the death of Christ was to him only an object of gratitude and admiration. He gloried in being the servant of such a crucified master.

With these views, St Paul regarded the mercy of God as freely offered to all men through Christ, or in other words, to all sincere Christians. To become a sincere Christian was to become a reformed man, to break off from sin, and to commence a new life. Now it is by reformation, and by this alone,

that under the moral government of the Almighty, the pardon of past sins always has been and always is to be obtained. No different scheme of the divine government was presented by Christianity. According to St Paul's conception of it, nothing arbitrary or conventional, nothing of the fictions of a later theology, is to be discerned in its character.

In speaking of the death of Christ, as well as in speaking of many other subjects, he borrows imagery from the Jewish ritual, with which he was so familiar. Once, and once only, he applies to it the terms, *προσφορά*, *offering*, and *θυσία*, *sacrifice*, which occur so often in the Epistle to the Hebrews. It is in the following passage, Ephesians, v. 2. 'Show love in all your conduct, even as Christ loved us, and gave himself for us, an offering and a sacrifice to God, of a grateful odor.' A sacrifice offered with proper sentiments was regarded as acceptable to God, and a means of obtaining his favor; and hence actions and states of mind agreeable to the will of God are metaphorically spoken of as sacrifices, as in the passage, Ps. li. 17. 'The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit.' So the author of Ecclesiasticus says, chap. xxxv. 1; 'He who thoroughly keeps the law, abounds in offerings; he who adheres to the commandments, sacrifices a peace offering.' St Paul thus speaks of the liberality of the Philippians toward himself, chap. iv. 18; 'I have all that I desire, and I have abundance, I am full, having received from Epaphroditus, what was sent by you, a grateful odor, an acceptable sacrifice, well pleasing to God.' He says in the same Epistle, ii. 17; 'Yea, even if my blood is to be poured out upon the sacrifice of your faith, of which I am the minister, I rejoice and I congratulate you all.' And he exhorts the Romans, chap. xii. 1, 'to present their bodies, living sacrifices, holy, well pleasing to God, which is the worship of the mind.' With these illustrations, there can be no difficulty in understanding in what sense he speaks of the death of Christ as a sacrifice.

But the writer to the Hebrews, taking advantage of the obvious metaphor of a sacrifice, institutes an elaborate comparison between the death of our Lord, and the Levitical sacrifices. He insists upon this mode of representation as something essential to his purpose. The sacrifices of the Law were of various significancy. Some were expressions of dependence and thankfulness, or for the purpose of procuring a continuance of God's favor. Others were the means of removing ceremonial

uncleanness; and others again were required after the commission of sin, as an outward expression of repentance and the desire to be reconciled with God. Both the latter kinds were denominated sin offerings. In representing the death of Christ as a sacrifice, the writer to the Hebrews for the most part, though not always, conceives of it as a sin offering. In following out this conception, he represents it, to the imagination at least, as a matter of positive appointment, like the sacrifices of the law, and as having in consequence an intrinsic efficacy to remove the sins of 'the people.' His representation likewise is, that by this great and only necessary sacrifice, the use of all other sacrifices was done away. Now to all this series of conceptions, commencing with the idea of a sin offering, there is, as we believe, nothing corresponding in the writings of St Paul.

In noticing the passages in which the writer to the Hebrews expresses his peculiar conceptions on the subject, we will begin with the following, chap. vii. 27. 'For our high priest has no need, like those high priests, to offer sacrifices day after day, first for his own sins, and then for those of the people; for this he did once for all, making an offering of himself.'

A little after, in the next chapter it is said, vs. 3, 'Now every high priest is appointed to offer gifts and sacrifices; whence it was necessary that this high priest likewise should have some offering to make.'

In the ninth and tenth chapters, the writer dwells at length upon the subject. The original temple on earth, the tabernacle in which the Jews first worshipped God, with its Holy of Holies, separated from the surrounding space within by another inclosure of curtains, is represented as an image of the temple in heaven, into the Holy of Holies, contained in which, Christ entered, having passed through its outer tabernacle. 'Christ,' he says, 'having appeared, the high priest of the blessings to come, passing through that greater and more perfect tabernacle, not made with hands, that is, not of this creation, entered once for all into the most holy place, not with the blood of bulls and goats, but with his own blood, procuring for us eternal deliverance. For if the blood of bulls and goats, and the sprinkling of the ashes of a heifer, purified externally those who were unclean, how much more shall the blood of Christ, who, his spirit being eternal,* offered himself without blemish to

* 'His spirit being eternal,' or 'having an eternal spirit;' *δια πνευματος αινου.* According to a not uncommon use of *δια*, it here, we believe, denotes

God, purify your consciences from dead works, for the worship of the living God.* And hence he is the mediator of the new covenant, that death having taken place to effect a deliverance from the transgressions under the first covenant, those who were called may receive the eternal inheritance which was promised.†

If we take this language in the most literal sense which it will admit, and press the analogy between the death of Christ and the sin offerings of the Jews, on which the writer here and elsewhere insists so much, it will imply, that there was by the positive appointment of God, an efficacy in the death of Christ to free the Jews from their sins, and the consequences of those sins, and to purify their minds from dead works; to effect a deliverance, not of the Gentiles from their sins, but of the Jews *from the transgressions under the first covenant*. We say, if it be taken in the most literal sense which it will admit; for obviously a part of the passage is highly figurative, or mystical; namely, where Christ is represented as having entered the Holy of Holies in the temple in heaven, with his own blood. If we regard the whole language of the passage as figurative, it is to be remarked, that no corresponding figurative representations are to be found in the writings of St Paul.

After the words last quoted, the author proceeds to speak of the new covenant, as of a *will* or *testament*. The ambiguity of the Greek word in the original, which has both these meanings, affords an opportunity to do so. The use of it in the sense of *will*, is connected with the mention just before of an eternal inheritance. Viewing the covenant, then, as a testament made by Christ, he represents the death of Christ, the testator, as necessary to its taking effect. The thought is strange and forced. It is important to be remarked, as showing on what slight analogies the writer founds his representations concerning the death of Christ, and how careful we must be, in determining his meaning, not to suppose too great a correspondence

the relation of a mode or circumstance. This use of it is better explained and illustrated in Wahl's Lexicon of the N. T., than in any other book we have met with. The sacrifice of Christ, *having an eternal spirit*, is meant to be opposed by the writer to the sacrifices of the 'brutes which perish.'

* The writer here compares the death of Christ with the Levitical sacrifices only in one point; their efficacy in removing ceremonial uncleanness so that they who had contracted it might again join in the worship of God. The followers of Christ were in like manner freed from the pollution of sin. The metaphor 'dead works,' refers to the uncleanness contracted by touching a dead body, which was to be removed by using the ashes of a heifer that had been sacrificed. See Numbers, chap. xix.

between his modes of picturing this event to the imagination, and the event itself.

The writer next introduces the fact, that Moses ratified the first covenant by sprinkling the people, and the book of the Law, the tabernacle and the sacred vessels, with blood. He then proceeds, chap. ix. 22—x. 15; 'And according to the Law, almost all things are cleansed with blood, and without the shedding of blood, there is no remission. It was necessary, then, that the images of things in heaven should be purified with such sacrifices, but the heavenly things themselves with better sacrifices than these. For Christ entered not into the most holy place, made with hands, the copy of the true, but into heaven itself, so as now to appear before God in our behalf. Not indeed to make an offering of himself many times, as the high priest enters into the most holy place, yearly, with blood not his own; for then he must have suffered many times since the foundation of the world; but on the contrary, he has appeared once, at the completion of the ages, to abolish sin by the sacrifice of himself. And as it is appointed for all men once to die and afterward comes the judgment; so also the Messiah having been once set forth to bear away the sins of many, will appear a second time without bearing sin, as the deliverer of those who are expecting him.'

The passage suggests several remarks. The allusion in the last verse we suppose to be, not to a sin offering,* but to the scape-goat, which is represented in Leviticus, ch. xvi, as bearing away the sins of the Israelites into the desert, on the great

* No sacrifice is ever represented as 'bearing sin;' and it is for this reason we conclude that the allusion is to the scape-goat. *Πεσσευχθης*, which we have rendered 'set forth,' does not show that a sacrifice is alluded to, as it is often used concerning other subjects. *Πεσσευσθαι* and *πεσσευσθαι* are indiscriminately given in the Septuagint as renderings of the same Hebrew words; and the scape-goat is spoken of, Leviticus xvi. 20, as *πεσσευχθης*, 'set forth,' 'brought forward,' by the high priest.

When the expression 'bearing sin,' occurs, sin is conceived of under the figure of a burden. When Christ is said to bear the sins of his followers, the primary idea is, that he relieves them from the burden of sin, by bringing them to reformation. With this is associated, likewise, the conception of his sufferings in effecting that great work, his taking, as it were, the burden upon himself, his dying, the righteous for the unrighteous.—But the conception of the suffering of him who removes the burden of another's sins, is by no means always associated with the figure. The Hebrew word *נשא*, which is that most commonly used in expressing it, and which, in our Common Version, is repeatedly rendered 'bear,' in the sense of 'bearing sin,' is often used where God is the subject, meaning that God removes the burden of sin, that is, forgives sin.

day of atonement. Christ, the writer says, will at his second coming appear 'without sin,' that is, not again bearing the burden of men's sins. In the commencement of the passage his death is represented as analogous to sacrifices which were not sin offerings, but peace offerings, with the blood of which Moses sprinkled the people, as Christians are, mystically, represented to be sprinkled with the blood of Christ. These examples show that the writer's representation of the death of Christ as analogous to a sin offering, is not to be pressed. But the imaginary character of the correspondences between the Jewish and Christian dispensations, on which he dwells throughout his work, is apparent when he speaks of the heavenly things, the temple in heaven, being purified by the blood of Christ. It is seen, likewise, in another passage, before quoted, ch. vii. 27, in which he represents Christ as offering himself for his own sins.* These are evidently representations into which he was led by his earnestness to discover analogies between the old and new dispensation, and to represent Christianity as the sublime anti-type of Judaism. It is evident that the language of such a writer is not to be weighed and analysed as if it had a strict philosophical meaning. That his coincidences sometimes become parallel, to use the language of mathematicians, only at their vanishing point, appears likewise from his comparison of the death and judgment of man, with the single offering and future coming of Christ, between which the only resemblance seems to be, that the former and the latter both take place but once. We, therefore, do not argue that the writer of the Epistle was not St Paul, on the ground that he taught doctrines unknown to the apostle; but on the ground, that his mode of representing the same essential truths is wholly different.

In immediate connexion with the passage last quoted, the writer thus goes on;—'For the Law, but shadowing forth the blessings to come, and not possessing the very image of the things themselves, can never by those yearly sacrifices which are repeated continually, make perfect those who come with them. For then would they not have ceased to be offered, the worshippers, after being once purified, having no longer any consciousness of sin? But in them is a yearly recognition of sins. For it is impossible for the blood of bulls and

* In order to understand this passage, we may recollect that the term 'sin,' under the Law, was extended to actions having no relation to moral purity; namely, involuntary breaches of the ceremonial law.

goats to remove sin. Wherefore upon his coming into the world, he says, *Sacrifice and oblation thou hast not desired ; a body hast thou prepared for me ; with holocausts and sin offerings thou art not pleased ; then I said, Behold I come—in the volume of the book it is written concerning me—to do thy will, O God.* After saying, *Sacrifice and oblation, and holocausts and sin offerings thou hast not desired nor art pleased with,* which are offered in conformity to the Law, then he says, *Lo I come to do thy will.* He sets aside the former to establish the value of the latter. By the which will we have been made holy, through the offering of the body of Jesus Christ once for all.

‘And every priest stands daily in the temple ministering, and offering again and again the same sacrifices, which can never remove sin ; but he, having offered one perpetual sacrifice for sin, has sitten down at the right hand of God, waiting only for his enemies to be made his footstool. For by one offering, he has made perfect forever those who are sanctified. To this the holy spirit testifies ; for after saying, This is the covenant which I will make with them hereafter, the LORD says, I will put my laws in their hearts, and write them upon their understandings, and their sins and iniquities will I remember no more. But these being remitted, no sin offering is longer to be made.’

When in this passage the writer says, ‘it is impossible for the blood of bulls and goats to remove sin,’ and that ‘the daily sacrifices could never remove sin,’ his meaning is liable to be misunderstood. In the first passage he refers to the sacrifice on the great day of expiation, the law concerning which is given in the sixteenth chapter of Leviticus. Of the ceremonies and sacrifices on that occasion, it is said, vs. 16 ; ‘On that day shall the high priest make an atonement for you, that ye may be clean from all your sins before the Lord.’ The writer to the Hebrews could not mean to deny that these ceremonies and sacrifices were a means appointed to procure the remission of past sins ; a fact which he repeatedly recognises, and on which he founds the analogy which he institutes between them and the death of Christ. On the other hand, in the second passage just referred to, he speaks of the daily sacrifice, which was not a sin offering, and concerning which, therefore, it would have been unnecessary to deny that it could not procure the remission of sins. It is not of this subject that he is speaking. His meaning is, that the sacrifices, general-

ly, of the Jewish Law, could not produce that purity, that moral perfection, that freedom from sin in the worshippers, which would render their repetition unnecessary. These, on the contrary, had been produced in Christians. Freedom from sin, and perfection, seem strong words; but they are used repeatedly in the New Testament in a similar manner, and are to be understood of course in a limited sense. That by 'perfection,' is meant *moral* perfection, the writer himself explains, using it in one case as equivalent 'to being free from the consciousness of sin,' and in another, 'to having the law of God put into the heart and written upon the understanding,' that is, 'to having it constantly in mind.'

From the passages quoted, it appears that the writer believed the sin offerings of the Jews, to be means appointed by God for procuring the forgiveness of sin, but that they wanted power to remove sin, to produce the moral reformation of the people. On the contrary, he regarded Christians, sincere Christians, as having obtained, through the death of Christ, the remission of their past sins, and as being made free from sin and raised to a state of moral purity and perfection. For them no more sacrifice for sin was necessary.

The passages quoted give a view of the language which he uses concerning the death of Christ. But how is this language to be understood? Does the writer differ from St Paul in his belief, or only in his manner of conceiving and representing the same essential truths? These are questions not to be answered correctly but by one who is in some degree familiar with the changeable power of language, and with the very different modes of using it, found in different writers.

The author of the Epistle to the Hebrews belongs to a class of writers, who, in a wide sense of the term, may be denominated mystical,—writers whose imaginary conceptions are blended with their opinions; and the shadowy and fluctuating outline of whose thoughts does not admit of their being traced in very definite language. In such writers the character of the emblem is likely to become confounded with that of the idea which it was intended to denote; or in other words, the notion of real existence belonging to the idea, is, or seems to be, transferred to the emblem. The imaginations and the opinions of the writer run into combinations with each other. Or if this be not the case, the conceptions of his fancy are presented with so much vividness, with such an air of reality, that they are lia-

ble to be mistaken for his distinct apprehensions of what he believes to be the truth.

Still, in the present instance, an attentive and intelligent reader of the Epistle may succeed, we think, in separating the proper doctrine of the author from the figures in which it is veiled; and this doctrine corresponds, as we believe, to that of St Paul. It is to be recollected that it is the design of the writer to throw a Jewish aspect over Christianity, and to image forth something more glorious in the new dispensation, corresponding to what was most valued in the old. He was writing for Jews, some of whom were in danger of growing cold to their new faith, and of relapsing into that religion in which they and their fathers had gloried. To such, the doctrine of a crucified Messiah, as it had been an offence, might, when their opinions wavered, become so again. A timid and superstitious Jew, might feel that there was great hazard in giving up the sin offerings of the Law, and especially his share in the great day of expiation. The prejudices which the writer to the Hebrews had to encounter, he does not meet as St Paul would have done, and has done, by an earnest, direct, and bold statement of opposite truths, but on the other hand, he conforms his representations of truth as nearly as possible to these prejudices, in order to quiet them, or to win them over to his side. His conceptions respecting the death of Christ correspond to this general character of the Epistle, and afford an example of the ability and skill with which the writer has executed his purpose.

He represents it under what we have seen to be the obvious figure of a sacrifice; a figure, it may be remarked, used by him as well as other Jewish writers in application to other subjects.* He thus connects his death with his exaltation as high priest. It was a sacrifice, the only one which he presented in the fulfilment of his office, of incomparably more value than those of the Levitical Law, superseding their necessity, and one which it was necessary for him to offer; for 'every high priest is appointed to offer gifts and sacrifices, whence it was necessary that this high priest likewise should have an offering to make.' Thus he presents the death of Christ, not under its highest moral aspect—far from it—but under that aspect, which would probably most impress the minds of a majority of the Jewish converts. He effects likewise an-

* Ch. xiii. 15, 16.

other purpose, essential to his main design of representing Christianity as the counterpart of Judaism; for, by adopting the figure in question, he was able to discover in the death of Christ, where alone he could have found it, an antitype of the Levitical sacrifices.

Like most of his other analogies, it is founded upon the imagination, and admits of being traced out only in figurative modes of speech. A sacrifice was an external act of worship, regarded as deriving its efficacy from its correspondence to the state of mind in the worshipper. Properly speaking, one could no more offer a sacrifice for another, to which he was not assenting, than he could worship for another.

Proceeding from the general conception of a sacrifice, the writer represents the death of Christ as particularly a sin offering. After the explanations given, it does not seem difficult to follow the train of associations which led him to this figure, nor to discover the reason of its introduction. The sin offerings of the Jews were acts of worship to obtain the remission of past sins. But the past sins of every sincere Christian had been blotted out. As a true follower of Christ he had renounced them, and thus escaped their punishment. But this remission of the sins of believers was the effect of what Christ had done, and had died in accomplishing. It was in consequence of the reception of that religion, which he had sacrificed his life to establish. The figure, therefore, by which his death is represented as a sin offering, seems to be one, which would readily present itself to the mind of a Jew, especially when occupied as was that of the writer to the Hebrews.

The sin offerings of the Jews, were likewise means of removing ceremonial uncleanness, and recovering legal purity. With this the writer compares the moral purity attained by Christians. Their religion had power to free them from sin, and to make them in a certain sense perfect. Christ had suffered that they might possess this character. They had no occasion to offer continual sacrifices for sin, as did the Jews, whose law wanted efficacy to raise them to the same moral purity. Christ, in offering himself as a sacrifice, had, as regarded his followers, rendered all Levitical sacrifices unnecessary. His sacrifice also was not of a nature to be repeated. Whatever was to be effected by his ministry and death, had been accomplished by his once dying for men.

To the mind of a Jew, the mode which the writer has adopted of imaging the death of our Saviour, must have been particularly striking and agreeable. It was accordant with his former tastes and feelings. It was likewise such as might remove the fears of any weaker convert, that in renouncing the sin offerings of the Law, he was giving up the means of obtaining reconciliation with God.

It appears, then, that the apprehensions of the writer concerning the death of Christ, when disengaged from the imagery in which they are involved, did not, probably, differ in any important particular from those of St Paul; but his mode of representing the same essential truths is widely different from that of the apostle. The figurative conception of Christ's death as a sacrifice, and particularly as a sin offering, appears to have occupied his mind as a favorite topic. On the contrary, we have many epistles of St Paul, in all which it might have been introduced; but, though the metaphor which speaks of the death of our Lord as a sacrifice, must have been so obvious to the mind of a Jew, and though St Paul refers so often to the subject, it is not certain that it is more than once expressly used by him. It is so used in the passage in the Epistle to the Ephesians before quoted; but in this passage there is no reason to suppose that the apostle had in mind the conception of a sin offering.

This indeed is not the only passage in which it has been supposed to occur. Another is found, Romans iii. 25, thus rendered in the Common Version; 'Whom God hath set forth to be a *propitiation*, through faith in his blood.' But there is little doubt that the word *ἱλασμεν*, rendered *propitiation*, should be translated, *mercy seat*. It occurs often in the Septuagint, commonly in the latter sense, and never in the former. Supplying the chasms in St Paul's elliptical style, which we are often compelled to do in order to render his meaning intelligible to an English reader, the verse may be thus rendered; 'Whom God hath set forth, a mercy seat, to be approached through faith, sprinkled with his own blood.'

The passage found Romans viii. 3, has also been thought an instance of the figure in question. The Common Version renders, 'God, sending his own Son in the likeness of sinful flesh, and for sin, condemned sin in the flesh.' The words translated *and for sin*,* some have thought should be translated *and an*

* καὶ περὶ ἁμαρτίας.

offering for sin. There is, perhaps, little doubt that, considered without reference to their connexion, they may express this meaning. But from the eighth verse of the preceding chapter, sin has been personified by the apostle, and represented as a cruel tyrant ruling over miserable slaves. The personification is equally distinct in the verse quoted, where the words, 'condemned sin in the flesh,' do not express the full force of the original; to which we may make a nearer approach by saying, 'passed a damnatory sentence upon sin in the flesh.' Now to represent Christ as at once an offering for sin, and as passing a damnatory sentence upon sin, is not merely an incongruity of metaphorical language, but a clashing of remote thoughts with their discordant associations, which is hardly to be supposed in any writer. As regards the meaning of the whole verse, it may be thus expressed; 'For what the Law could not do, because it was made weak by the flesh, God has done; who, on account of sin, has sent his only Son in the fashion of a sinful body to destroy the power of sin in the flesh.'

But one other passage requires particular remark, 2 Cor. v. 21. 'For he hath made him to be sin for us, who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God through him.' *Made him to be sin for us*; some would render, *made him to be a sin offering for us*; but, as we conceive, in the two clauses of the verse, sin and righteousness are both abstract terms used for concrete, and opposed to each other. The meaning is; 'For God hath made him who knew no sin, to suffer as a sinner for us, that we through him might attain the righteousness which God requires.' The expression, 'Christ was made sin,' corresponds to that in Galatians iii. 13, where it is said, that he 'was made a curse,' that is, made to suffer as one accursed.

These are the principal passages of St Paul, which have been supposed to present figurative conceptions answering to those on which the writer to the Hebrews insists so much at length, and with which his mind was evidently so much occupied. His Epistle is an elaborate work, in which he designed to exhibit his views of Christianity in such a manner as would be most acceptable to his countrymen. It is clear that the representation of the death of Christ under the figure of a sin offering, with all the series of images connected with it, was thought by him important to his purpose. It is, evidently, one familiar to his mind. But it is not clear, to say the least, that we find

this representation anywhere in St Paul ; though he was equally earnest with the writer of the Epistle to recommend Christianity to his countrymen. There is no satisfactory proof that this figurative conception was ever present to his mind. There is sufficient proof that if it may have been, he attached no importance to it ; and there is a strong probability therefore that the writer to the Hebrews was not St Paul.

With the Epistle to the Hebrews, generally, we may compare the Epistle to the Romans. The latter is, in great part, addressed to Jewish Christians. A majority of those to whom it was written, were, probably, of this description. They were surrounded by unbelieving Jews, with whose national sentiments they sympathized, and by whose objections to the new dispensation, they were embarrassed. St Paul had never visited this community ; and his mind, while writing, was not occupied, as in his epistles to the Corinthians and others, by any circumstances or incidents peculiar to those addressed. He, accordingly, gives a general view of Christianity, with constant reference to Jewish opinions, feelings, prejudices, and objections. The design of the writer to the Hebrews may be expressed in the same general terms. But the modes in which this design is executed by the two writers, are widely different, and prove a great difference in the constitution of their minds, their habits of thought, conceptions, and sentiments.

The apostle brings distinctly into view the exclusive pretensions, the false opinions,* and the wrong feelings of the Jews, for the purpose of showing how unfounded they were, and thus leading his countrymen to abandon their errors, and receive the truth in its simplicity. The writer to the Hebrews, on the contrary, never glances at any error of the Jews ; but, with the design of recommending Christianity to them, presents it under an aspect accommodated to their pretensions, feelings, and prejudices. This is his art of persuasion. That of the apostle consists in the strength of his representations, in the earnestness of entire conviction, and in his ardent desire that his countrymen might enjoy the blessings of Christianity—‘his heart’s desire and prayer to God.’ St Paul regards the importance of Christianity as consisting in this ; that when all, both Jews and Gentiles, were destitute of just conceptions of religion and duty, ignorant and depraved, when ‘all the world was guilty before God,’ the Gospel was proclaimed with its clear and certain revelations, its new motives, its glorious hopes and awful sanctions,

to deliver men from this state of sin and misery ; and he shows that the Jews stood equally in need with the Gentiles of such an interposition of God's mercy. The writer to the Hebrews, as we have seen, represents the christian dispensation, with its new high priest and antitypal and mystical sacrifice, as necessary on account of the imperfection of the Levitical priesthood, and the but partial efficacy of the sacrifices of the Law. In this, according to him, appeared that deficiency which was to be supplied by the new dispensation. According to St Paul, the deficiency of the Law had been shown by the fact, that while it gave a knowledge of duty, those under it were not operated upon by this knowledge, but did continually what they themselves condemned. 'When we were without the spirit, the sinful passions which existed under the Law, were working with our members to produce the fruits of death.' * But, he says, 'what the Law could not do, because it was made weak by the flesh, God has done.' † The writer to the Hebrews, regards Christ as having come to deliver the Jews from their sins ; he does not represent the benefits of his ministry as extending beyond them ; he does not teach that God has 'called those his people who were not his people.' He does not advert to that subject which so deeply affected the feelings of St Paul, the rejection of his unbelieving countrymen ; and were it not for a single passage in the Epistle, ‡ it would afford no intimation, that Christianity was not generally received by the Jews. It is unnecessary to enlarge on the contrast presented in these particulars between the Epistle to the Hebrews and that to the Romans.

But the dissimilarity in the conceptions, reasonings, and sentiments of the two writers, striking as it is, is not more remarkable, than the dissimilarity in their modes of address. The Epistle to the Romans is alive with the personal feelings of the apostle. The writer to the Hebrews keeps himself individually out of sight, discovering no personal feelings, which can be regarded as characteristic. If St Paul had actually sent an epistle to the Jewish believers at Jerusalem, just after the termination of the long series of sufferings and ill treatment which had commenced in so remarkable a manner in that city, there is, we think, no doubt that it would have been an exceedingly different composition from the Epistle to the Hebrews.

* Romans, vii. 5. † Ch. viii. 3. ‡ Ch. xiii. 10.

ART. VII.—1. *Address of the National Society for Promoting the Observance of the Sabbath.*

2. *Memorials to Congress on the Subject of Sunday Mails.*

3. *Reports of Messrs JOHNSON and McKEAN, Chairmen of the Committees of the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States, to whom were referred the several Petitions on the Subject of Mails on the Sabbath, or the first day of the week.*

THE papers named at the head of this article, will sufficiently explain the inducement that calls us before the public at this time, to offer our thoughts on the observance of the sabbath. There are questions abroad on this subject, that require discussion. The subject itself is not to be lightly passed by. We think, that those who desire the good of mankind, who are anxious for the cause of virtue and piety, who are laboring for the wisdom and welfare of the people, should charge themselves to speak soberly, temperately, and with deep consideration, of an observance which occupies a seventh part of the time of life, and which, considered either as leisure or devotion, must exert a strong and decided influence upon the general character and happiness.

It is scarcely necessary to remark, that, during the last century and a half, there has been in this country, a gradual relaxation in the rigor of sabbatical observances. We have no hesitation in saying that the change was a desirable one. But how far it should proceed, is the question. The institution is evidently advancing among us, towards the state in which it exists throughout the most of Europe, in which it is a mixture of religious observances with holiday amusements. And, to our minds, the real question before us, is, which is to be preferred for its moral influences and uses, the degree of restriction that now prevails among us, or the European freedom?

If any one is startled with this view of the subject, let us ask him where he can stop, short of this alternative? Is it not obvious that a change is taking place from year to year in the feelings and habits of society with regard to the observance of Sunday? Is not the number increasing, of those who are gradually laying aside all unusual restraint on their pursuits and actions, and are making the seventh day as other days, who hesitate not to perform journeys on the sabbath, who entertain company at their houses, and ride or walk abroad for amusement, and who regularly absent themselves from church on the afternoon of the

sabbath? Let not these be regarded, now, as implications of wrong, but as questions of fact. Our business at present, is not with censure, but with argument. Suppose these practices to be innocent—and they are not, in their own nature and intrinsically wrong—but suppose them to be, every way, innocent. What, we ask, is, if it is not perfectly obvious, that they are leading to the result we speak of? Suppose that it were desirable that the European mode of observing the sabbath should be introduced among us; should we not all say, that these practices were promising signs? In one word, suppose the progress of the country to be as great for two centuries to come as it has been for the two centuries past, and would not the change be nearly, if not quite consummated? But, in truth, it is proceeding with accelerated rapidity; and if we do not decide soon, events will go far towards deciding for us.

This, then, to our minds, is the naked question; and in this view we shall, for a moment, consider the subject. We think it desirable that the comparison should be presented in some broad and palpable relations. So long as the question is whether in some one point or another there should be a shade more or a shade less of restriction, it may not be easy to decide. And it is desirable, therefore, that we should carry our thoughts forward a little, and should consider that, in this matter, the laying on of successive shades, or that the taking them off, will at last present marked and defined pictures of general manners and morals; and that we then should decide which picture presents in the fairest lights the prospects of our country.

To go fully into the subject, it would be necessary for us to discuss the general utility of the sabbatical institution. We venture to think that the importance of the institution to the welfare of society, as well as the support of religion, is not sufficiently understood. And with the leave and patience of our readers, we shall undertake to say something at large on this subject, though it may seem to them a very unpromising theme. But for the present, we wish to offer some views that have a bearing upon the late measures for promoting a stricter observance of the sabbath, and upon the questions that have arisen from them.

We say plainly, then, that we dread the evident tendencies in this country to a laxer observance of the sabbath. Even if we put religion out of the question, and looked only at the well being of society, we should still entertain this feeling. The

great principle in ritual observances, is, that they should be wisely adapted to the character of the people for whom they are ordained, and of the whole people. A practice, like that, for instance, of riding out, to enjoy the beauty and freshness of a summer's day, might do no harm to a single individual, of a certain degree of refinement and of certain habits of reflection; but the question is, whether the same license would not do harm to the body of the people, to the young, the frivolous, the head-strong, to men of coarser passions and appetites, and fond of more riotous pleasures; whether the termination of the ride to many would not be the tavern, or the bowling-alley? We said, also, that a ritual should be judiciously adapted to the particular character of a people; that is, to the national character. The introduction of amusements among the people of France, we think, is far safer than it would be among us. There is no intemperance, and comparatively but little rudeness and violence, in their recreations. We are obliged to say, that we dare not trust our own people so far. We are of a different temperament. We are a people of stronger appetites and passions. There is, to express the whole difference, if we understand it, and we think that the literature of the two nations bears us out, there is a more powerful infusion of our common nature in the English stock, and it needs to be more carefully guarded. It cannot as safely be given up to sports and holidays. We have an instance on a small scale in one of our cities, where we are told that fifty thousand persons at least, regularly turn the Sunday into a holiday; and we believe that we correctly state, that it is made a day of more vicious and abominable excess than any other time whatever that is given to recreation. If this is a specimen of what holiday Sundays would become among us, we presume there can be no question on the subject. It would clearly be better to have no sabbath at all.

We come now to the late measures adopted for enforcing a stricter observance of the sabbath. These measures have been pursued with much zeal, and discussed with much heat; and, as usual in such cases, means and ends, motives and principles, have been confounded together. Let us, then, attempt to discriminate. We agree with the advocates of a stricter observance, about the end; we differ with them as to the means. We do not doubt that their motives, as a body, have been good; but we question the principles on which they have proceeded. For although they have a perfect right, for instance,

to withdraw their capital from those investments that involve, in their opinion, a violation of the sabbath, and to establish opposition lines of stages and steam boats, yet we think it bad in principle—bad, not as a matter of morality, but as a measure of prudence. We regret that rival and lucrative establishments should have been set up to aid the cause of moral reform. It carries an ill sound. It provokes opposition. It is no sufficient answer to say that it is the opposition of ‘the wicked.’ ‘The wicked’ are the very persons to be reformed. And measures fitted only to exasperate them, measures of a questionable or menacing aspect, that have an air of coercion or pecuniary speculation, do not seem to us to possess the dignity, gravity, and gentleness, that are needful to the right exertion of a moral influence.

Then, as to the memorials asking the interposition of Congress to prevent the passing of mails on Sunday, we did not wish them to succeed. We did not wish that Congress should legislate on this subject. Not perhaps, that there was anything very dangerous in the principle; though we look with jealousy to such precedents. But we do not think that that observance of the sabbath which we earnestly wish to see, is to be brought about by any legislative enactments. Our hope of all that moral and religious improvement in society, which we pray for, lies, first, in Christianity and the powerful preaching of it; then, in the press, in public opinion, in the patient and pure example of good men. We entertain doubts, too, though good and wise men differ here, whether the cessation of the great mails on Sunday is to be desired. The stage and the mail might stop; but private travelling, and expresses, would probably take their places, creating equal disturbance, and only, through the latter mode of communication, throwing greater advantages into the hands of capitalists. Besides, some works are proper to be done on Sunday, where the good to be accomplished is greater than the evil implied in the occupation; as when property is to be saved from fire, or flood, or mildew; or when the beadle or the tything man is employed to keep the general peace. Now, the question is, whether the good done by the travelling of the mails on Sunday, does not overbalance the evil. And here we have to add to all the facilities given to business by this medium of communication, the convenience, comfort, and relief afforded by the transmission of private and domestic intelligence. The conveyance of not merely agreea-

ble, but needful information by the daily mails, is an interest that concerns millions. Every great mail that passes through a populous empire, relieves the anxieties of thousands. Now let the good and the evil be weighed against each other. To carry a mail from Philadelphia to New York will require the services of a man for a day; or what is better, it will require the services of six men two hours each, of the Sunday. But fifty or a hundred persons may be essentially relieved in mind, from some great and reasonable solicitude; to say nothing of the five hundred or the thousand persons, to whom information of various degrees of importance is communicated. Nay, there is a negative good in this matter; there is a general confidence that important intelligence will not fail to be transmitted. An individual living in Boston, who has friends in Hartford, or a traveller on any of the great routes, who is a hundred miles distant from his family, is sure, if any of them are taken sick on Saturday, that he shall be apprized of it on Monday morning. Let us bring this matter into a still narrower compass by one further illustration. Let our reader suppose—and let his ideas of the sabbath be of the strictest kind—let him suppose, that a family of his friends, at the distance of two hours' ride, are passing the sabbath or will pass the next day, in the most bitter anxiety concerning the fate of a husband, father, or brother, and that he has the information that would relieve them, or let him suppose that any such relative of theirs has become dangerously ill; we ask our reader, with confidence, whether he would not ride or send, to give the intelligence. If he would not, we certainly should not desire him for our friend. If he would, then, let us tell him, that this is precisely what the mails are doing; and doing not only at a cheaper rate, but at a rate so much cheaper, as to bring this relief of domestic inquietude, where it would not otherwise be brought, to the doors of thousands of the poor, of thousands in moderate circumstances, and, in fact, of the great body of the people. And yet after all, expresses, as we before said, of commercial transactions, expresses would be probably sent on domestic errands, by those who could afford them, to such an extent, that more time would be occupied, and more disturbance created, than is now done by the regular transmission of the mail.

We repeat it, that we agree with the advocates of the late measures about the great end, though we differ as to the particular of Sunday mails. We agree with them, in wishing

there were less travelling on the sabbath. We have no particular objection to a national society, in aid of this cause; only that, we think, that all which can legitimately be done, can just as well be done by the National Tract Society and other similar associations; that it is doing by our pulpits, religious presses, Sunday schools, &c. It is well, however, that more and more should be done, provided it be done by reasoning and exhortation. It is desirable that direct attempts should be made to bring the minds of the American people, to this issue, for it is coming to this, whether we will have a sabbath of seclusion and quietness in the land, or a sabbath, taken up in part with sports, with military reviews, theatric exhibitions, &c., as it is now, in the old world. Our own preference has been sufficiently expressed.

We desire that our liberality should be understood as well as our strictness. There is no need that these qualities, in their true character, should ever be separated.

We have no idea, then, of anything as being a violation of the sabbath, which promotes the real welfare and happiness of the people. However strong the argument may be made for the divine injunction of this observance, it will not be contended, we presume, that the mode of the observance for Christians, is regulated by any particular precepts. This is left to our serious and devout judgment of expediency. Whatever is expedient on this day, whatever will most tend to promote order, virtue, happiness, in society, is right. 'The sabbath was made for man, and not man for the sabbath.'

There are many, we apprehend, who think it necessary to hold the mind in a peculiar, fixed, and somewhat constrained posture, who feel as if they ought to put an unusual tension on their thoughts and emotions throughout that day, thus interpreting what they suppose to be written in scripture, that they 'should not think their own thoughts' on the sabbath. We cannot agree with them. Severe studies, it is found, require relaxation immediately to follow them. We would have a state of devotion unusually fixed and intense during a portion of the day, but for another portion, we can see nothing to object to easy and cheerful conversation, to the kind and enlivening intercourse of relatives and friends, happy and grateful to God, that he has opened to them amidst the pressing cares of life, a season of rest, devotion, and social intercourse.

We wish that we could see more of innocent freedom of

feeling, conversation, and action on the sabbath, consistent with the purposes of the day. We earnestly wish that it might be a more cheerful and happy day among us, that light to hallow it may not only kindle in the eye of devotion, but may be reflected from the bright and joyous face of society. We trust that more interesting religious books are to be brought into common use, and that more of such will be written, which may profitably and pleasantly fill up some of the hours of the day of rest. A religious work, taking a wide survey of nature, and drawing aid from all the sciences, something after the manner of Paley's Natural Theology, might convey a vast amount of knowledge, while it constantly gave aid, strength, familiarity, and habits to devotion. Our Sunday schools and juvenile libraries are doing much for children, and warrant the cheering hope that a generation is yet to rise up to whom the sabbath will not be a day of *ennui* and weariness, but a day full of pursuits and uses, intellectual, spiritual, free, and joyful.

We have now given some views of the sabbath in connexion with the measures lately adopted for promoting its stricter observance. We fear that the value of this institution is not sufficiently considered, and that the recent excitement has tended rather to provoke hostility, than to promote respect for it. These are our reasons for now going more at large into the grounds for this observance. We think that this is a matter to be commended to every man's sober judgment and sense of duty. The sabbath is not a neutral, negative, or merely harmless institution; but it is a mighty engine for good or for evil. Every good citizen may be fairly called on to consider how he would have it used. This consideration we ask for. We ask that it may be serious, deliberate, and definite, and then we only desire that every man should act according to his convictions, and not say, 'It is a very good institution,' and yet allow himself to do things which tend to bring neglect or abuse upon it.

We do not intend to go into the question of divine authority for the observance of it. Yet we may say, in passing, that there is obviously a strong argument by way of inference on this subject. If God has appointed a sabbath in ancient times, whether it is binding upon us as a law, or not, it is, at least, recommended to us as an observance; the more especially as the same reasons still exist, that were anciently assigned for it.

But we proceed to offer some remarks on the utility of the

institution. And if this shall be made to appear, we shall need no further proof of its being the will of God that we should observe it.

Let us clear away all obstructions to our argument, then, by saying, in the first place, that the sabbath does no harm. It is, at least, an innocent institution. It abridges no man's comforts. It does not promote among us, either vice or vicious idleness. It has been justly objected to the frequent holidays which are allowed in some countries, that they are injurious to the habits of the community in both these respects. But the sabbath, as it is generally observed in this country, is not liable to the same objections. And even in the countries just alluded to, the sabbath, from the holier associations connected with the day, is by no means perverted to the same excess as the common holidays. The idle and vicious everywhere, find less to facilitate their pleasures on Sunday, than on other days. Riot and revelling have more to encounter in the stillness and seclusion of the sabbath. The voice of public remonstrance is more clearly heard, and vice is obliged to restrain its boisterousness and to shut itself up within narrower bounds. The sabbath, then, is not a promoter of vice or vicious idleness.

But it is possible that some one may have incautiously taken up the opinion that the suspension of labor is an injury to business, that it is so much time subtracted from the opportunities of acquiring property, that the sabbath makes him poorer than he otherwise might be. But rest from toil, both for man and beast, is not only humane, but is requisite. Neither can labor continually. The human race would dwindle and become dwarfish with severer toils. There must be therefore about the present amount of leisure. Now, suppose, to recur to the topic of morality, suppose the sabbath abolished, and that two hours are added to every day's leisure and recreation, with no restraint upon them, no regular employment for those hours; and can any one think that they will be more safely and properly used than the hours of the sabbath? We presume not. Again; in the six days of labor, there is time and more than time enough for all the business of life; time to till the earth and gather the harvest; time enough for the mechanic arts to supply all the demands of human convenience and even extravagance; time to exchange and barter all the commodities of trade. If men could labor more; if they should employ more hours in business, they would not produce, they would not ac-

compish more than they do ; because they already meet the demand.

We are willing to listen to any reasonable objection that can be brought against this view of the case. It may be said that men do want more comforts ; some, better food ; others, better apparel ; others, still, better dwellings. Admit it ; and admit for the sake of argument, what is not true, that they have the physical ability to labor more. But would they ? And would they be any better off than they now are ? We say, no. For why have not the body of mankind more of all these comforts as it is ? We answer, it is not for the want of time to get them, but for the want of a strong and decided taste and inclination for them ; it is because other and bad tastes and inclinations are stronger. If therefore we were to throw the sabbath in with the days of labor, not only is it true that men could not do any more, but it is certain they would not do any more, for the real comfort of life.

The argument then is strong either way. There must be a certain amount of relaxation from toil, a certain amount of leisure in life. Man cannot labor more than six sevenths of the time. Neither their strength, nor comfort, nor health will permit it. And if they could labor more, they would not do it to any better purpose. It is not for the want of time that men are not better off, but for the want of sobriety, wisdom, and virtue. These the sabbath promotes, and we are now prepared to pass from the negative to the direct part of the argument.

And, we say, in the second place, that the sabbath not only does no harm, that it is neither a painful, nor vitiating, nor impoverishing institution ;—but that it is, in many ways and eminently, useful ; that it does great good, and has the fairest possible claim for a respectful and careful observance.

First, it does good by its influence on the comfort and order, on the social condition and virtue of the world. And in this connexion, let us resume for a moment and extend a little one of the views which have already been stated. The sabbath provides relief from toil without interfering in the least with the accumulation of property. But this is not all ; it provides for us this relief, without exposing us to the usual temptations of idleness. Nay, more than this ; it saves us from an idleness which otherwise would threaten to overwhelm the community with disorder, vice, and ruin. Let us see if this is stating too much.

One of the most prolific sources of vice, is a negligent and careless idling away of time, the passing of hours and days without any object of active pursuit. The industrious, the busy are less likely to be victims of evil habits. Life, to such, has a stimulus in its pursuits, that renders it less dependent on artificial excitement. But when there is an interruption of employments, whether from necessity, or from choice, then the mind is open to bad impressions; it is weary of its own dullness, and is ready to pursue every phantom of pleasure, and to rush into every excess of riot. The house of the soul is empty and swept, and garnished with pictures of pleasure, and seven other spirits, worse than had before possessed it, enter in and fill it with disorder and defilement.

Now recollect that the demand for the comforts and luxuries of life is already more than supplied; that many have more of them already than they can pay for; that the market, the granary, and the warehouse are full, and filled, too, with the products of six days' labor; and it follows from all this, as well as from the necessary infirmity of the body, that a seventh portion of time remains to be disposed of in leisure. What shall be done with it? What kind of leisure shall it be? It were better, we hesitate not to say, that men should sleep through every seventh portion of time, than to give it up to common sports and holidays and all the temptations of ordinary indolence. Suppose it were so; that by the ordination of Providence, by a law and necessity of our nature, the whole human race should sink to this deep repose, during every seventh period of time; should we not think we saw wisdom in that appointment, since by it man would be preserved from the danger of unoccupied leisure?

But now that we are waked to life and activity on the seventh period, as we are on every other day, and must do something with this time, do we not almost, as it were, hear the voice of God saying, 'Sanctify this day and keep it holy. Devote it to sober and innocent relaxation, and to the sacred duties of piety. Since you have been enabled to labor through six days, and a season of grateful release is appointed to you, and appointed to you by the very necessities of your nature, devote a part of this season to acknowledging and praising the God of life and of all its mercies. Since a rest is appointed for you, let it be an innocent and a hallowed rest.'

And if this so evident voice of reason, of nature, and religion, were disobeyed, if the sabbath were abolished, we might well

expect that the consequences would be evil. It would not be difficult to anticipate them.

Labor would be more irregular, and so would leisure; and life would become more disorderly. Irregular and disproportioned application, moreover, would create not only an unnatural desire, but, men would think, an unusual demand, not for relaxation alone, but for indulgence. They would compensate their longer and severer labors with larger draughts of intemperance or longer periods of sloth, and the tendencies of idleness would be strengthened by the pleas of industry. The moderate and decent amusements of life, we might fear, would take a retrograde course to that state of unchristianized barbarism, where one whole season of the year is given to toil, and another considerable portion to indolence and consequent licentiousness.

All this, it is true, is said on the presumption, already stated, that the sabbath itself is not exposed to the worst effects of indolence. And this is perfectly evident from the nature of the institution and from fact. The regularity of its recurrence, the limitation of time, the sacredness of the season, and the devotional employments that are assigned to it, all concur to prevent that vicious idling and indulgence to which other seasons of leisure are exposed. There are no shows or sports in the public places to attract attention. Few, if any, are seen lying about the corners of the streets with vacant and listless minds, ready to be caught by every bait of folly and dissipation. Idleness and vice, we repeat, do not find their usual opportunities and resorts and gratifications. This is certain from the fact, that none are so averse to the institution as the idle and the vicious. Our argument then is this, and we consider it an important, and, we may say, a novel one. Men must have leisure. The great point, and we can easily conceive that it might be felt to be a very difficult point, with the moralist and legislator, is to make this leisure safe and advantageous. Now, nothing can do this so well as the institution of the sabbath; nothing else can do it at all. We are persuaded that the social benefits of this institution have been but slightly developed, and that they have been but partially considered by the body of the community. We believe, indeed, that the single argument now offered for the sabbath, is quite sufficient to vindicate its injunction and its observance. It takes up, not to say that it blesses a portion of the superfluous time of the commu-

nity, which, otherwise, would immediately be perverted. It is a preventive of indefinite evil, mischief, and disorder.

But there are other social advantages and pleasures connected with the sabbath, that we must not entirely pass over. The relief from toil is one, that deserves to be distinctly mentioned. It is an acknowledged comfort and pleasure, by itself considered. But it is still more important in its effects. We entertain the opinion that, in modern times, and with multitudes certainly, labor is too severe; too severe at least for the best promotion of health, happiness, and virtue. We think this is often true, both of intellectual and corporeal labor. Ambition and covetousness are driving men too urgently. The student and the merchant are too eager for their respective acquisitions. The laborer is too hard pressed by his necessities, or by competition with others. He thinks—falsely indeed, but not unnaturally thinks—that artificial stimulants are necessary to sustain him. And the men of more intellectual toils find, in their exhaustion, or their disappointment and mental miseries, an apology for the same thing.

Whether our readers fully agree with us in all these remarks or not, we think they will allow that business is apt to be too engrossing for our comfort and peace of mind, that labor is too oppressive to many, and study is often too intense. The struggle and clamor of earthly pursuits presses us on every side. We are often burdened and weary with our cares. But how much worse would all this be if there were no sabbath! How grateful, how needful, in such a state of things, is a pause, a rest, a season of retirement! We could almost call the sabbath holy, because it is a time of rest. It invites the noisy and toiling world to stillness, seclusion, and repose. It spreads upon the troubled waters of life a holy calm. For our own part, we confess that we venerate the good old sabbath, when silence was in all our borders, and upon all our shores, and by every way-side. If it must pass away—we trust it need not—but if it must pass, we shall be among those that linger about its parting footsteps, and cherish its remembrance. We ask not for superstition, we deprecate it; we deprecate it most of all, on this happy day. But that suspension of toils and cares, that silence coming amidst the noise and bustle of the world, is not only good, but it is beautiful. It shadows forth the silence of the mind. Nay, it is such. It is the silence of reflection and piety. It hushes the raging passions. It checks

for a while the strife of gain, and ambition, and pleasure. It soothes the anxious and troubled thoughts of men, the chafing cares, the wearing sorrows of life ; it soothes to rest. Into the ear that is vexed and deafened with the clamoring voices of this world, it whispers peace. Must not the weary hail it? Will not the busy welcome it? Does not the social world need it?

Nor is this all. The sabbath calls men to their own homes. It affords to many the only considerable opportunity that they enjoy for domestic intercourse. It 'writes holiness' upon the walls of our domestic habitations. It makes them more venerable and attractive.

It calls us also to the house of prayer. For there could be no public worship unless there were a time fixed for it, and fixed by common consent. We speak of public worship now as a social benefit. It brings us together. It keeps us from being strangers to each other, as many of us otherwise would be. It affords occasion for kind recognitions and friendly greetings, for mutual prayers and sympathies. All the ties of life are strengthened, and all its charities are softened by such an intercourse.

But all the social advantages of the sabbath are more fully secured by what we intended finally to notice, its influence on the culture of a religious disposition. On this ground, without any other argument, we might confidently maintain the expediency of the institution.

And in taking this view of the subject, we are willing that there should be the most sober and prudent consideration of all those things which determine the expediency of any appropriation, either of our time or thoughts. It is certainly worth our inquiry, what proportion of our life should be given to labor or business, and what to leisure, and how that leisure shall be employed. We do not doubt that a considerable part of life is as wisely as it is imperiously demanded for the support and comfort of life. It is no less evident that another large portion must be given to repose and recreation. But when we have done this, have we made all our appropriations? When we have labored, and are weary ; when we have rested and are refreshed, are all the demands of our reason and conscience and spiritual nature satisfied? We are dwellers upon the earth, indeed, and earth should have its dues. But we are, also, expectants of another state, and has not immortality also

something in it to be considered and provided for? We are dwellers upon the earth, indeed; but the space of our residence is brief, the time is short, the places that know us will soon know us no more; we are hasty wayfarers, who travel a day and tarry for a night; before us and near us, is another world, and one of endless existence. Will not a man meditate on that future being? Will he not pause in the rushing career of life, and think where it is leading him? Will he not be glad to find some open spaces amidst the crowding objects of sense? Will not he—the being whose welfare lies in his own mind, whose prospect is the immortality of that mind, who holds this mysterious and awful connexion with unknown ages, who as surely as he lives now, is to live forever—will he not welcome seclusion, and the time of deep thought and humble prayer? Is it not above all things meet and proper that he should have such seasons?

A sabbath for man—weak, tempted, toiling, burdened, troubled, sinful man! what ordinance could be so appropriate? Everything in his nature, in the constitution of his life, in his necessities, both his moral and physical necessities, requires it. Toil asks for its repose. Virtue stretches out her feeble hand for its aid. Society, order, government lean upon it. God has ordained it. In the very constitution of things, he has made labor to cease at times, and life to pause. And we cannot, with impunity, throw back the gift of leisure or turn it to a profane use.

But, a sabbath for the spiritual man—how emphatically needful! For the being who has a soul, and yet is ever prone to live but in the senses; for the being whose welfare consists in religion, and yet who is prone to make his treasure out of wealth, or fame; for one who is immortal, but whose thoughts are fixed to this point of time; for this being so tempted, so beset with cares, so bewildered with the mingling voices of conscience, interest, and pleasure, so thoughtless, forgetful, negligent of his highest good, how needful is a Sabbath! How necessary is retirement from the throng of his pursuits, seclusion from the noise and turmoil of the world, still and solemn meditation, calm and deep devotion! How necessary that he should have times appointed to bring serious reflection to him, to break the ever gathering spells of worldly fear and hope and anxiety, and to open to him the vision of eternity! Think how vast and how unspeakably precious is the interest com-

mitted to him, that the time of all coming ages will only unfold more and more its immensity and value ; and is one day in seven too much to bestow upon the particular care and consideration of it ? Does it too frequently bring this infinite interest of the soul to a solemn account ? Will the immortal spirit, as it is taking its departure for the eternal world, judge that the sabbaths came too often or were made occasions of too profound a meditation, too earnest a prayer ?

This is an argument of that clearness and certainty, that objection only strengthens it. For who object ? that is, who from feeling object ? If not the pious, if not those who are striving most to walk in the ways of religion, let it be considered whether all other objection, we speak not of any speculative question, but whether all other objection from the heart is not an argument for its expediency—whether the fallacy of the objection, in whatever mind it may exist, does not prove that mind to need a sabbath, a season of retirement and reflection, a season of thought and self-inspection ? If the sabbath shall be set aside for such an objection, religion itself can share no better fate. It is here, in fine, as it is in civil affairs, that hostility to the law only the more proves its necessity.

We have one general remark to offer on the mode of observing the sabbath, with which we will relieve the patience of our readers. It is often said, there are ‘cases of necessity and mercy,’ which form exceptions from the sober and retired observance of the day, and it is asked when these occur ? We answer by the following rule ;—not to do that which any considerable class of the community may do for as good a reason, and thus undermine the very foundation of the institution. This rule cuts off all the pleas of mere acquisition, convenience, and pleasure, because they may be the pleas of the whole community. It involves the only safe principle. The question is, whether, if other men should take liberties from our indulgence, if they should transact business, make journies, or engage in parties of pleasure, for the same reason that we do, or may do, whether there would be any sabbath at all ? We ought not to do that which is saved from being ruinous to the community, only because it is confined to us. A good institution ought not to exist in spite of us, ought not to exist by our sufferance. This is not the treatment of it which becomes good members of society. No ; it demands our countenance, our cooperation, our hearty and consistent aid. Besides, if it does

exist in spite of us, who can tell how much our habitual or occasional departures from the rule now laid down, may tend to weaken the public respect for it, and to lead to its general neglect. Our actions are often the results of slight reflection or momentary impulse, but their effects may be experienced by generations to come.

The cases of necessity and mercy, indeed, are allowed ; but they are few ; they are exceptions ; their admission cannot disturb the general practice. The pleas of interest, of convenience, of pleasure, are many ; they involve principles ; they embrace multitudes ; and it becomes us to see well to it that they are just and safe.

ART. VIII.—1. *A Plea against Religious Controversy, delivered on Sunday, Feb. 8, 1829.* By N. L. FROTHINGHAM, Minister of the First Church in Boston. Boston. Munroe & Francis. 1829. 8vo. pp. 16.

2. *The Final Tendency of the Religious Disputes of the Present Day, impartially considered.* By OLD EXPERIENCE. Boston. 1829. 12mo. pp. 29.

If the above publications, together with two or three others which might be named, are to be considered as signs of the times, one of the controversies of the day is likely to be, whether there shall be, or ought to be any controversy or not. The cry against religious disputes, can hardly have any other result than to produce a fresh dispute. The attempt to put an end to discussions and divisions of opinion only adds to their number. Of this event we entertain neither doubt nor fear. Believing as we do, in the necessity of controversy, we are certain of its continuance ; and holding it to be useful, we care not how many topics it embraces.

The abuses of controversy we sincerely dread, and would wish to see abolished as fast and as thoroughly as possible. But that this really glorious and happy work is to be accomplished or forwarded by those who would abolish controversy itself, we are not led very sanguinely to expect, from the spirit which is manifested in some of their writings. Their good and peaceful intentions we ought not to question ; but the manner

in which they express them, does not appear to us to be always in accordance with those intentions, nor the best calculated to promote harmony and love. 'Your characters are sinking,' says Old Experience to ministers who engage in controversy, 'and will soon go down beyond all redemption.' 'Forbear; or the holiest hands will soon be lifted up to hurl you from your angry thrones.' Now this may be a friendly and well-intended warning, but it is anything rather than a mild one; and is in far too denunciatory and presuming a style to come with the best grace from the lips of a peace-maker.

But we mean to be as little personal on this subject as the occasion will permit. We respect the motives of those who differ from us; we respect their minds, characters, and persons; but their opinions on the point at issue we do not respect, because we hold them to be erroneous, and cannot greatly respect that which we believe to be so. We are on the same ground, in this particular, with everybody else. Our own errors, though we hope they will be regarded with lenity, we cannot imagine will be absolutely respected. We trust we shall speak with candor and charity; but we cannot speak of what seems to us error, with the same deference as of what seems to us important truth. Without further preamble we address ourselves to our subject.

There are many excellent things, as is well known by those who are accustomed to reflect, which, being liable to abuse, have been so grossly abused, that their true nature has been misconceived, their virtues overlooked, their contact avoided, and their names held as words of evil omen, and reproach, and fear. Among these, controversy, and more particularly religious controversy, stands as one of the most prominent instances. With many, who are honest and disposed to inquiry, it is a word of terror, preventing them from a thorough search after truth. With others, who are indifferent and slothful, it is an excuse, which saves them from the trouble of investigation, and behind which they retire, as behind a secure and honorable intrenchment, whenever they are called on to come out into the field. Under the influence of different impulses, they one and all lift up their voices against controversy, unholy controversy, as they indiscriminately term it, and wish to banish it from the world, and never hear of it any more. They are not aware, perhaps, of the wildness of that wish; they are not aware that if controversy were banished, half of the mental light which

now guides and cheers us would be exiled too ; that their wish is such a one as his would be, who, incommoded by the heats of summer, should pray for the extinction of the sun.

In undertaking a general defence of controversy, we shall endeavour to state its principal uses, as we conceive they are pointed out to us by the plain indications of fact and experience.

What is controversy? It is debate ; the agitation of contrary opinions ; the test and trial of assumed truth. It is question and reply, assertion and denial, statement and counter statement, on all subjects of inquiry and human knowledge. Almost all truth is established by it ; almost all enlightened faith is founded on it. We were made to differ. Our trust in the wisdom of the Maker compels us to believe that it is right that we should differ ; and more than this, we think we can see why it is right that we should differ. This difference produces controversy, and controversy produces improvement. If all men saw and perceived things alike, they would be content with what they saw and knew, and would not go on to examine and improve. For there is improvement in the exercise and contest of the faculties alone, even though truth should not always nor altogether be the reward of the exercise and contest ; but that truth is often and in some valuable measure the reward, admits of positive proof.

What has enlightened men but controversy ; but the comparison and discussion of different questions and opinions? Who have enlightened mankind but controvertists ; men who have doubted, questioned, denied, and disproved notions or systems which were universally received, venerated, and acted upon? What was the establishment of the true solar system but a controversy? Did it take place without dispute? What is the whole science of metaphysics but a controversy? Are men agreed, or were they ever agreed about it? Was this new world discovered without a controversy? Were these young States separated from the parent kingdom without a controversy ; a controversy begun by the tongue and pen, and continued and concluded by resistance and the sword? What was the abolition of the slave trade in the British Parliament but a controversy? Did the measure go through quietly, and by acclamation ; or were its supporters checked and resisted at every step they took? Who have elicited the highest moral truths but those engaged in controversy? Who have been the great

of the earth but controvertists? Locke and Newton* and Milton,† philosophers, and literary reformers, have all been controvertists. All great politicians have been controvertists; and the science of politics is a continual controversy. Burke could not have been more misunderstood, than when it was said of him that he 'to party gave up what was meant for mankind.' A false and narrow view indeed of the application and effects of those giant powers, which, excited by the aspects of the age at home and abroad, leapt into the arena where they were wanted, and where they performed their part to the admiration of that and after time. Who can wish that he had been a writer of calm disquisitions? Who would give up his energetic speeches, and his noble Letter on the French Revolution, for all the essays on the sublime and beautiful which he could have written in his life? The truth is, that what he gave up to party, he gave to mankind, and in the most efficient and most permanent way. It is the exigences of affairs, the demands of mind, the fear of innovation on the one hand and the determination to innovate and improve on the other, which cause controversies; and dark and stagnant would the world be without them.

If it is said that we have spoken of merely worldly and secular subjects and disputes, which are no authority nor example for controversies in religion, a theme which ought to be kept sacred and separate from all dissension; we answer, keep religion sacred and separate from all defilement, all debasement, all perversion, and all misapprehension, if you can, and then we will grant that it should be preserved from discussions and contentions;

* 'Sir Isaac Newton, I am told,' says Old Experience, 'did not find the doctrine of gravitation drawn from him by a popular debate; he hated such debates.' The doctrine of gravitation was not drawn forth, but still it was confirmed and spread by debate—not popular debate, to be sure, because the people knew nothing about the matter—but learned debate. Let Old Experience look into Playfair's Dissertation on the Progress of Mathematical and Physical Science, and he will see that though Newton may have hated debates, he was, nevertheless, sometimes a debater.

† John Milton's most powerful, eloquent, and spirit-stirring controversial tracts, are noticed by Old Experience with the passing remark that their author 'sometimes dabbled in polemic mud.' Grant us patience! The Areopagitica 'polemic mud!' The Reason of Church Government, 'polemic mud!' There is always a more excellent way, he observes, to promote and find truth, than by controversy, which never promotes it; and he then adduces as examples of this more excellent way, Sir Isaac Newton's doctrine of gravitation, and Milton's Paradise Lost. What truth is established in the Paradise Lost? Is there any discovery in it? Is the example at all to the purpose? And if it was, what would it prove, but that truth was sometimes found out and confirmed without controversy?

but as this is, and has been from the beginning of the world, impossible, there is no other way to purify and properly to understand it, but through the paths of controversy. On this topic we shall go high and go confidently for our proofs; asserting that from no source whatever have mankind derived so much light, improvement, and liberty, as from religious controversies.

The Reformation was a religious controversy, an active and violent and extensive one. All who were engaged in carrying it on were necessarily controvertists; and the very breath of Luther's life was controversy. How could it have been otherwise? How could that bold man, and his colleagues and followers, have impugned the existing corruptions and superstitions, without raising up a host to defend them? And what was that attack and defence, what could it be, but a controversy? Ought the attack never to have been made, never to have been persevered in? Let those say so, who value neither truth, nor light, nor liberty. We care not what the doctrines of the reformers were, for they have taught us by their example to reform from them if we see fit and right so to do; and this is the principle, the great principle of the Reformation, which, however dimly brought forward, and however buried amongst other and less important matters, was really and practically at the bottom of the whole, because the right of private judgment was assumed, the moment a word was breathed aloud against the established hierarchy. We will go higher yet for a controversy. Christianity at the very first was a controversy, the Lord's controversy, a controversy with error, pride, hypocrisy, worldliness, and sin. The Prince of Peace himself knew that it was and must be so; that though his religion was intrinsically a religion of peace, he came, in another sense, not to bring peace, but a sword; that the christian faith must inevitably be opposed, and that those who held it must contend for, and with their lips and at the hazard of their lives maintain it. Apostles, confessors, martyrs, fathers, reformers, were controversialists; or they could not have been what they were, nor accomplished what they did. The early history of our religion, as well as the early history of the Reformation of that religion from some of the many and enormous abuses which had attached themselves to it, was a history of noble, honest, unavoidable struggle, dispute, controversy. Posterity are apt to forget this; to forget, while they talk about the blessings of Christianity, and of the Reformation, that there would have

been no Christianity and no Reformation without controversy ; for they were themselves controversies, and the mightiest which have been ever waged.*

It has been so always. Perhaps all religious controversies have not been productive of improvement ; but we are very sure that there can be no considerable improvement in the theory or even the practice of religion without controversy ; for improvement implies innovation, and innovation provokes resistance. If all men regarded alike a proposed change, and alike acknowledged it to be for the better, there would be no controversy. But this is not the way in which an intended alteration is viewed in the world. By some it will be approved, but there will always be others, who, prompted by conscience, or interest, or policy, or fear, will oppose it. And hence there arises controversy. If an attack on what is believed to be wrong, and the proposition and introduction of what is believed to be right, were to be abandoned in every case of opposition, there might be no controversy, to be sure, but there would be no advancement. We should stand still, always on one spot ; for the intellectual world is not constituted so as to move onward simultaneously and smoothly. The variety and discordances of its materials forbid it. If it moves at all, it must move according to its actual nature and constitution. No single mind advances much, without having controversies with itself. How can it be expected that millions of minds should march forward in line and in perfect harmony ?

* We cannot agree to Mr Frothingham's distinction between a declaration of *facts*, with a consequent struggle, and a declaration of *opinions*, with a consequent struggle, for we should call both of these controversies. Nor do we believe that there was in Christianity no declaration of controvertible and controverted opinions. We should say that the truth was remarkably otherwise. Nor can we conceive how that gentlemen should make up his mind that nothing true and valuable was contended for, and established by the Reformers, but the right of private judgment ; nor how he can say that the Reformation in England was brought about by brute force entirely, without argument and reasoning. Were there no books written against popery at that time ? Had the mass of the people no opinions, no convictions on the subject ? Were the English people of a character tamely to suffer Henry VIII. to impose a religion upon them, while the French people never would suffer their Henry IV. to change theirs, but on the contrary made him change his ? Was not the business of the English Reformation finally settled by the expulsion of James II. from his throne ? Was this done without the expression of the popular mind ? And had there been no controversies, no discussions from the pulpit and the press to produce opinion and conviction in the people ? The fact is, that the argument from history entirely fails the opposers of controversy. They cannot by any possibility get over it.

It is in vain to say, that all which is important in religion is clear and incontrovertible, and that all the rest is not worth disputing about. We might grant that all which is essentially important in religion is plainly to be seen ; but then there are many who will not see ; and there are many, also, who see through such a magnifying medium, that they swell into essentials what others regard as nonessentials, and there is of course a controversy about what is essential and what is not. We are ready to allow, for instance, and not only ready to allow, but anxious to insist, that neither a belief nor disbelief of the doctrine of the trinity, will, of itself, affect favorably or unfavorably a man's salvation. But the greater part of the religious world are not of our mind. They tell us that a disbelief of that doctrine is a soul-destroying error, and they shun us, and denounce and revile us, for presuming to entertain it. What are we to do ? To renounce our opinion, or to hide it, because it is denounced as one which destroys souls ? We hold it to be our distinct duty to controvert the doctrine, in a proper spirit, and a proper manner, till we either disprove it, or prove it to be nonessential ; and we are to continue to do this, till we are acknowledged as equals in all christian privileges. We are bound to do it, for our own happiness, and for that of our opponents ; for charity is the happiness of all, and exclusiveness is the root of bitterness ; and we are very sure that what measure of christian charity there is in the world has been mainly produced by controversy ; has been wrung from the mighty and predominant bodies of Christendom by the opposition, the resistance, the reasonings and proofs steadfastly and perseveringly displayed by those who first had the courage to examine for themselves, and then the far greater and nobler courage to declare the result of their examination. For what courage is there in sitting down and acquiring truth which is kept to one's self, and the acknowledgment of which is evaded on every scrutiny ? There is in it neither courage nor charity.

If it be said that truth will prevail of itself, and by its own power, I answer, that speculative truth is nothing of itself ; nothing which is separate from men's minds. It is that which exists in men's minds, and comes out of men's minds. If it does not come out, it cannot be known ; and if it does come out, and has anything in it peculiar, and opposite to prevalent opinions, then it will certainly be opposed by those who will consider it falsehood and not truth.

We like not discord ; we like not contention ; we know that we are true lovers of peace and charity. But from what we have read, and what we have seen, we are constrained to say that we infinitely prefer the peace and charity which are established through and by controversy, to the peace and charity which are maintained by excluding controversy. We shall show by an example or two, that this is no paradox. There is no religious controversy in Spain. It is full, to be sure, of gross superstition on the one hand, and rank infidelity on the other ; but the Holy Inquisition, in its tender regard for the peace of the church, has taken care that there should be no controversy. Nevertheless, as free and accountable men, we would rather live in England, or here, where controversial pamphlets are coming out every day, than in such a kingdom of peace as that. And in our own country, we must say, without making any invidious comparisons in other respects, that as religious men, we would rather live in this vicinity, than in those places where there is little or no controversy and division of opinion, for the simple reason, that here we are regarded as equals in all religious particulars with other men, and are met as equals by them, and there we are not so regarded and met.

Of the abuses and evils of controversy we are well aware ; and it is against these and these alone that the arguments which are levelled at controversy will apply. We are willing to allow, too, that charity is perhaps one of the last lessons which is taught by controversy ; but we are convinced that controversy does teach it, and much more effectually and thoroughly than it can be taught or brought about by a constrained uniformity, or an ignorant silence. And we ought to feel grateful to those original and fearless spirits, who, when dissent from establishments cost more than it does now, were willing to sacrifice their peace and comfort to secure ours.

We have something more to say in favor of free discussion or controversy. It not only conduces to the best peace, the peace of mutual respect, and equal rights and privileges, but to moral and religious activity and advancement. It wakes people up, and keeps them awake to the great and universal duties of benevolence and piety. The interest which they feel in their particular opinions, excites and fosters a general interest in the whole subject of religion. Never are designs of acknowledged utility and importance better attended to, than when a free, enlightened, unshackled community are en-

gaged in open discussions of controverted doctrines. As an example of this we fearlessly cite the recent and present state of our own community, and assert that there is vastly more attention among us to the religious education of youth, to the moral wants of the poor, to the suppression of intemperance, and to various means of elevating the public character, than was paid to such subjects twenty years ago, when there was no controversy, but a very unproductive and deceitful peace. If it is objected, that this is an instance of human imperfection, we answer, be it so ; it is nevertheless human nature, and fact, and necessity.

There is yet another obligation, which in this quarter especially, we owe to controversy. It has exceedingly softened down the most rigid and repulsive features of Calvinism, at the same time that it has exposed them. It has fairly driven from the field some of the horrible dogma of the old school, and forced the very followers of Calvin to forsake, on these points, their master. Not an individual has lately come forward in public defence of the doctrine of infant damnation, though we presume there are still many who privately hold it. This doctrine, undoubtedly held by Calvin, and the majority of real Calvinistic writers, is now kept back from the people, and even its former existence is, with a most extraordinary boldness, supported by as extraordinary evasions, flatly denied by the most notorious, if not the most prominent Calvinist of the day. And we are glad, not that these evasions have been made, but that the doctrine has been disowned, for it was quite time that it should be.

We conclude, then, that controversy, promotes both peace and truth. By peace we mean, as we have intimated before, a state of liberty and security, and equal rights, and mutual respect, which is the only kind of peace which we think worth having. And when we say that controversy promotes truth, we do not mean that it settles altogether and at once every question on which it is exercised, but that it propagates and diffuses sound opinions and useful knowledge, and makes continual encroachments on the domains of error and ignorance. From time to time, indeed, it absolutely settles questions, and banishes them past all returning. And here, as well as elsewhere, we differ entirely from the author of the *Plea against Religious Controversy*. It is one of the strongest points which he attempts to make against controversy, that 'all the specu-

lative questions that have ever been brought into the circle of debate have been always kept there. They often remain,' he says, 'for a long time unnoticed,—despised perhaps, and with good reason,—but they never vanish out of the ring.' Now is this the fact? Can we point to no single question, once agitated, and now laid aside, most probably, forever? Was there not a question in the early christian church, whether converts should or should not undergo the Jewish rite of circumcision? Is not this question settled? There was another question, whether it was lawful to eat meats sacrificed to idols. Is not this at present 'out of the ring?' Are there no speculative questions, once most seriously and warmly canvassed, which are now so completely out of the ring, that nobody remembers what they were about, and cannot even tell their names without turning to an ecclesiastical history? And what if such questions are sometimes revived in a feeble and dying condition, or still remain lingering in some obscure corner of the church; is it nothing that their importance is gone? And what if a valuable truth is never received by every mind in Christendom, is it nothing that controversy carries it to the majority of the intelligent, and that from weakness and contempt it has been brought out into notice and honor? That an absurdity maintains its hold on some or many minds, proves nothing but that there always will be ignorant and stupid people in the world; a truth of which we entertain no doubt.

But how, it is often asked, are the common people to know what to think, or how to act, when the wise and educated so constantly disagree? 'What are we poor sinners to do,' inquires Old Experience, 'when such learned men as yourselves flatly contradict each other?' You are to do precisely what you were put into this world to do. You are to use your reasoning faculties, you are to employ, according to your opportunities, the judgment and discrimination with which you have been endowed in common with the rest of your race. People who have not time nor capacity for extensive and original research, must come to almost all their religious conclusions, except the simplest, by the examination of opposite opinions as they have been discussed in controversy. If they do not examine, they will inevitably be prejudiced, narrow minded, and ignorant. If they do examine, they will meet, it is true, with differing sentiments on many subjects; but we are utterly unable to see why a man's judgment should fail him, the mo-

ment he comes to two conflicting propositions. What was the faculty of judgment given to him for? For the very purpose, as we should think, of choosing, of deciding, of building up his convictions. Now controversy furnishes him with the means of doing this. It places before him the two sides of a question. And what if there should be twenty sides? Let him find out by his natural reason, the candle of the Lord within him, on which of all these sides lies the greatest probability. And even if he comes to the conclusion that the truth is on neither side, he has still come to a conclusion, and it is controversy which has helped him to it.

We have before remarked, that it is to the abuses only, to which controversy is liable, and which it too often falls into, that the arguments against it will apply. The existence of these abuses we acknowledge and deplore; but we do insist that they may be remedied. We insist that controversy may be, and often has been carried on in a manly, vigorous, and decided, and at the same time a fair, candid, and charitable manner. In some manner it must be carried on, so long as mankind disagree with one another in opinion, and set any value on truth. And furthermore we believe that it not only must be, but ought to be carried on, because we esteem it to be the very life of improvement, and are persuaded that the benefits which it confers, far outweigh the abuses which it suffers. Now what is our duty and proper course? To do our utmost to reform and banish these abuses? or set ourselves to silence controversy itself, which we cannot do, and ought not if we could? Can we not effect the former? Is human nature in so abject a state, and christian charity at so low an ebb, that we can none of us discuss a topic, or expose an error, without vilifying each other, and heating ourselves up into a glowing passion? We have better thoughts of humanity, and better hopes of its improvement, than to think so. And we exhort those gentlemen who have been exerting themselves to put a stop to all controversy, to employ their undoubted talents in the far more practicable, and far more useful service of making controversy what it ought to be. Let them leave what is impossible, and devote themselves to what is possible and useful. Let them exercise, as occasion offers, the difficult, but certainly not impracticable, and the more honorable because difficult, virtue of controversial charity, and they will be doing a great good. If a viper should come out of the fire which is

warming a whole circle, and fasten on the hand of any individual, let him, as St Paul did, shake the reptile off; and he will be doing a much wiser thing than if he should angrily address himself to put out the fire.*

For ourselves, our course has been long since taken on this subject, and we have not the least intention of forsaking it. We have enlarged and in some respects altered our work, but it was with the design of embracing a greater variety, and a wider field of topics, and not of deserting any general ground which we had hitherto maintained. We shall probably advert less than before to subjects of a merely local and temporary interest, but both friend and foe entirely mistake us, if they suppose that we are to abandon controversy, and give up the strenuous defence of religious truth. We mean to speak on more questions than before, and to speak upon all as openly and decidedly as ever.

ART. IX.—*Memoir of Mrs Ann H. Judson, late Missionary to Burmah, including a History of the American Baptist Mission in the Burman Empire.* By JAMES D. KNOWLES, Pastor of the Second Baptist Church in Boston. Boston. Lincoln & Edmands. 1829. 12mo. pp. 324.

WE have read this volume with much interest. It exhibits a life of remarkable adventure, exposure, and sufferings, sustained, as we doubt not, by an unwavering trust in God, and by many excellent virtues. Whatever diversity of opinion may be entertained as to the wisdom, or even the propriety of the course, which was at first voluntarily adopted, and afterwards, in part from necessity pursued, no one can read these Memoirs without admiration of the constancy, heroism, and self-sacrifice, which almost without an exception, from her first departure from her native land to the day of her death, Mrs Judson seems to have maintained. Some allowances, undoubtedly, must be made for the unavoidable colorings of biography. The partiality of friendship, and even the mere attempt at description, will give a prominence to incidents and virtues, to which they are not entitled. And sometimes, without any intention to ex-

* The motto of the tract by Old Experience, is, *There came a viper out of the heat.* Notwithstanding his signature, Old Experience, we understand, is not an old man.

aggerate, an action or a quality may be made to appear extraordinary, which to the eye of the actual observer, and viewed in connexion with the passing circumstances of real life, would seem to be entitled to no special regard. Thus it is, that biography, however on the whole true and faithful, becomes a deception. And when death has once put its seal to a character, the sacredness due to the memory of the departed, our love of their virtues, quickened by our sense of their loss, and forgetfulness of their failings, disposes us to give a value to what had never before seemed extraordinary, and to confer praises, which, as long as they were living among us, even friendship itself would have thought extravagant.

We would not be understood to apply these remarks particularly to the subject of these Memoirs, but as just limitations to biography in general. The incidents in the life of Mrs Judson are, without the slightest exaggeration, of the most extraordinary nature, such as the records of few indeed of her sex, and not many of ours, can exhibit. They demanded, and they produced, uncommon qualities. In the most literal and extended meaning of the terms, her history might be recorded in the very words of the most faithful and patient of all christian missionaries. For, for months and even years, 'she was in journeyings often, in perils of water, in perils of robbers, in perils by the heathen, in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness, in perils in the sea, in weariness and painfulness, in hunger and thirst.' Of every one of these dangers, her history, which we have no reason to doubt is authentic, gives some examples; and though it is impossible to say, with what fears and doubts and misgivings, never recorded, and by herself soon forgotten, they may have been attended, yet with all the allowances, that can be made for these, her character must have been marked by extraordinary energy and a most sustaining faith.

We believe the most prominent events of her life, connected as they inseparably are, with the history of foreign missions, have been repeatedly published. And probably the readers of the *Missionary Herald*, and of similar publications, will not find much in this volume, not already familiar to them. Still, it has the merit of a faithful compilation, and particularly, the merit, which in such works is not to be accounted small, of permitting the subject to speak, that the reader may judge for himself.

The most prominent passages of Mrs Judson's history may be briefly recapitulated.

She was a native of Bradford, in this State, the daughter of pious and respectable parents, still living ; and was educated in the academy of that town, being a companion and cotemporary there of Mrs Harriet Newell, whose name and early death are justly celebrated in the annals of foreign missions. She is represented as pursuing her studies with success, as an object of affection and esteem with her friends, giving early evidence of that ardor of temperament, decision, and perseverance, which were afterwards so remarkably developed in her life. She is represented as a gay, volatile girl, of a joyous spirit, fond of dress and amusement, and thinking little of religion. She was early taught by her mother, who, however, she tells us, was herself then ignorant of true religion, to abstain from the vices, to which children are liable, and therefore she said her prayers night and morning, and abstained from her usual play on Sundays. All this she afterwards considered as indicative of a very worldly heart ; and in her private journal, she presents it in strong contrast, stronger, as we believe, than just views of religion will warrant, with the deep and serious convictions, of which, at about the age of sixteen, at a time of awakening in Bradford, she became the subject. She then discovered the vileness and depravity of her heart, thought she saw new beauties in the way of salvation by Christ, and under these feelings, and with many devout resolutions, became a member of the church in Bradford. The various exercises of her mind from this period are detailed in her journals and letters with evident tenderness and sincerity.

‘The event,’ says her biographer, ‘which determined the nature of her future life, was her marriage with Mr Judson.’ Her acquaintance with him first commenced at Bradford, when he was attending an association of ministers there, and was soon followed by an engagement of marriage, including the resolution to take part with him in his great missionary enterprise. As events of this class always find a ready interest in the human breast, and as this marriage was attended with peculiar circumstances, we shall extract a letter addressed by Mr Judson to the father of the lady, requesting his consent ; and it will be freely admitted, that he was seeking no slight favor.

‘After mentioning to Deacon Hasseltine, that he had offered marriage to his daughter, and that she had said something about consent of parents,’ Mr Judson proceeds, as remarks the compiler, in this ‘*eloquent*’ strain ;—

“I have now to ask, whether you can consent to part with your daughter early next spring, to see her no more in this world; whether you can consent to her departure for a heathen land, and her subjection to the hardships and sufferings of a missionary life; whether you can consent to her exposure to the dangers of the ocean; to the fatal influence of the southern climate of India; to every kind of want and distress; to degradation, insult, persecution, and perhaps a violent death. Can you consent to all this, for the sake of him who left his heavenly home, and died for her and for you; for the sake of perishing, immortal souls; for the sake of Zion, and the glory of God? Can you consent to all this, in hope of soon meeting your daughter in the world of glory, with a crown of righteousness, brightened by the acclamations of praise which shall redound to her Saviour from heathens saved, through her means, from eternal wo and despair?”

This is certainly an extraordinary document in the annals of courtship. There was no want of fairness and sincerity in stating the difficulties of the case, and they were not without their reward; for, notwithstanding the greatness of the blessing sought, and the inevitable dangers the whole enterprise involved, consent was given, and the parties were married, in February 1812. On the following day Mr Judson with Mr Newell were ordained as missionaries at Salem, and on the nineteenth of that month embarked in the brig *Caravan* for Calcutta.

The incidents of their voyage; the inconveniency, sicknesses, and dangers, inseparable from a life at sea, which Johnson has described as including in itself the miseries of a jail, with the danger superadded of being drowned; their safe arrival at Calcutta; the difficulties they were at once called to encounter with the British Bengal government, who absolutely forbade them to remain as missionaries, and ordered their immediate return to America; the conversion of Mr and Mrs Judson to the Baptist faith; the consequent dissolution of their connexion with the American Board, on whom they depended for support; their departure from Calcutta for the Isle of France, after painful deliberations as to the most desirable station for their labors; the affliction they must naturally have endured in the early death of so faithful and interesting a companion as Mrs Harriet Newell; their adoption by the Baptist General Convention at Philadelphia in 1814, as their missionaries; their visit to Madras, and at length, after many trials, their arrival at Rangoon, a flourishing city of the Bur-

man empire, and the principal scene of their future labors, and sufferings; their domestic anxieties and bereavement; the sickness of Mrs Judson, and her visit for the restoration of her health to America; her return to her husband in 1823; the calamities consequent on the war between the British and the Burmans; the scenes of horror and anguish to which the missionaries were exposed at Ava, and which, with untired constancy, even with the soul of a martyr and the patience of a saint, Mrs Judson endured; and finally, her death, at Amherst,* during the absence of her husband, in October 1826, in consequence of the long and complicated sufferings to which she had been exposed; these, with many other connected incidents, are the prominent passages of her adventurous history, and are described with the interest, which events so remarkable, and an example of female fortitude, so heroic, could not fail to inspire.

Some interesting views of the nature of the government, state of society, manners, and religion of the Burmese are exhibited, which our limits will not permit us to notice.

The great consideration, which the perusal of this volume, and indeed of the whole history of foreign missions, forces upon our attention, is involved in the single question of the expediency, wisdom, and utility of the whole enterprise, on which it is founded. An obvious, and very rational inquiry, first of all, presents itself. What has been the fruit, or what may reasonably be expected to be the fruit, of all these labors, and sufferings; of all these privations, sacrifices, sicknesses, and deaths? The answer is, as yet, the conversion, real or only external, of a few native heathens, principally of very humble condition, to the faith of Christianity; the acquisition by a few missionaries of the language of the country; the consequent translation of some or all of our sacred books; and the ability of preaching the gospel to the natives in their own tongue. We stop not to inquire as to the accuracy with which the languages are obtained, or the correctness of the translations that have been made, or the sincerity of the converts who have been gained, or the qualifications of the missionaries themselves. For though each of these subjects involves essential considerations, and to our view, is fraught with objections of vital importance, yet neither our limits nor

* Another settlement in the Burman Empire, probably so named from Lord Amherst, late Governor General of India.

inclination will now permit us to discuss them. Yet, as in the instance immediately before us—and the example of Mrs Judson must certainly be regarded as the fairest possible representation of all the rest—it is our deliberate conviction, that the whole enterprise was uncalled for, and that these immense labors, expenses, and sufferings, at first voluntarily undertaken, might have been spared. Had the same patience, fidelity, and courage, nay, any considerable portion of these martyr virtues been exhibited at home, in any scenes of duty or suffering, to which the providence of God had undeniably appointed her, we could hardly by any language in our power convey a just sense of their excellence. Neither can we now distrust the sincerity of the motives, by which Mrs Judson and others, who with her have renounced country and friends in the cause of religion, were actuated. We would not, but upon the most undeniable testimony, yield ourselves to the suspicion, that such sacrifices and such sorrows, with death itself, were not sustained by a true love of God, by a sincere faith in his Son, and by an unfeigned concern for the salvation of souls. Yet without the odiousness of so uncharitable suspicions, it requires certainly no profound observation of human character and conduct to believe, that motives, at first, unmixed, pure, and honorable, may call to their aid others, far inferior; that what is begun in a true benevolence may afterwards be carried on and increased with a leaven of selfishness; and that regard to consistency, the pride of perseverance, the very excitement that comes with obstacles, and especially a passion for distinction, may insensibly mingle themselves with higher feelings, and yet the prevailing motive remain sincere and holy. This is not, we apprehend, greatly to disparage human virtue. Perhaps, the reflexion should rather lead us to adore the Father of our spirits, who has so constituted us, as to enable us to enlist in the cause of virtue the inferior principles of our nature, and to strengthen ourselves amidst the dangers and difficulties, not seldom attendant on duty, by uniting the most spiritual and disinterested to the more earthly affections with which he has endued us.

We are disposed to think these remarks are to be applied to Mrs Judson. We honor the noble zeal she exhibited in the cause of her Master, and for the salvation of her benighted fellow creatures. We should deem it a great injustice to

indulge the suspicions, and still more, to utter the calumnies, with which enterprises like hers, and, as her Memoirs intimate, her own motives, in particular, have been assailed. But we repeat it, as our most serious conviction, that she had better have remained at home ; that her path of duty was marked out for her by Providence within the limits, if not of her own domestic circle and religious friendships, yet at least of her native land. Perhaps it might raise a smile in our readers, if we should repeat in such a connexion the plain saying, 'that a woman's sphere of duty is at home ;' yet we think it applies in its full truth and obligation even here. What is more prominent in the history of foreign missions, and of missionaries' wives, than the journal of their sicknesses, the births of their children, their maternal cares, their domestic sorrows, and their early deaths ? And with the same energy, and the same piety, and the same resignation at home, or even a small part of them, what blessings might they have diffused ! what precious fruits might have been gathered to the ignorant, poor, degraded population of our own new settlements, distant villages, or broken parishes, from their instruction, or counsel, from their charity and prayers. We think much of the wide spreading influence of retired domestic virtue.

When Mrs Judson was first meditating her enterprise, her biographer informs us, that a lady inquired of a common friend, 'Why does she go to India ?' and it being answered, 'Why, she thinks it her duty. Would you not go, if you thought it your duty ?' The good lady replied with emphasis, '*I would not think it my duty.*' The compiler has thought fit to quote the answer with a sneer ; and possibly it may admit of a wilful interpretation. But we think the remark might also be the suggestion of wisdom and of just views of moral obligation. For ourselves, we are disposed to give credit to the worthy matron for having thought wisely, both of the province of women, and of the designs of God. We interpret her answer, as her own determination to maintain such sober and regulated views of truth and duty, as should save her from enthusiastic schemes and unwarrantable and undemanded enterprises. And we are persuaded, that whatever may be the counsels of God with respect to the heathen world, it does not belong to women, to anticipate his providence, or to desert the scenes of duty, usefulness, and happiness at home, where they are wanted, and may certainly do good, for the temptations, exposures, and

sufferings of foreign lands, where they may meet, for all their pains, only insult, and persecution, and death.

To all this it will be replied, that the souls of the poor heathen are perishing for lack of knowledge, and that it is a duty beyond all others, to go at every hazard and deliver them from an everlasting death. To this we only answer, that we have no faith in such views of God, or in such fearful designs for the creatures he has made. We reject such views as utterly opposed to all that reason suggests, that experience teaches, and God's own word declares, of his paternal character and mercy. We believe, that in every nation he that feareth God and worketh righteousness is accepted of him; that whosoever lives according to the light he has, shall never be condemned for the want of opportunities he has not. And especially, with the apostle of the Gentiles, do we believe, that the Gentiles, who do by nature the things contained in the law, are a law to themselves; and through the mercy of God shall obtain, even as we, everlasting life.

ART. X.—*Letters written in the Interior of Cuba, between the Mountains of Arcana, to the East, and of Cusco, to the West, in the Months of February, March, April, and May, 1828.* By the late Rev. ABIEL ABBOT, D. D., Pastor of the First Church in Beverly, in Massachusetts. Boston. Bowles & Dearborn. 1829. 8vo. pp. 256.

THOSE of our readers to whom the author of these letters was not personally known, will be more interested in our remarks and extracts, by first learning something of his character and history, which we will give in the language of the Rev. Dr Flint of Salem, in his sermon preached before Dr Abbot's society, in Beverly, on the 18th of June last, on the occasion of his death.

'Like most of the ministers of New England, who have sustained the piety of her churches, and adorned their office by the sanctity of their manners, Dr Abbot was reared in a family, distinguished, as were generally our yeomanry of the last century, by the simplicity, frugality, and religious order of their domestic economy. From the daily example of his parents, and especially the instructions of a discreet and pious mother, the aspirations of his young heart were early directed in cheerful

devotion to his Father in heaven. As all children should be taught to do,

"He walked with God in holy joy
While yet his days were few;
The deep glad spirit of the boy
To love and reverence grew."

pp. 17, 18.

'His youthful piety accompanied him, as the guardian of his innocence, through his collegiate course, in which the quickness of his parts, and the facility with which he mastered the regular studies of his class, never tempted him to relax into indolence, or to abuse his leisure in any sort of dissipation. He passed that perilous ordeal of youthful virtue without stain or censure, and graduated with honors among the most distinguished of his class. He soon after engaged as assistant instructor in the academy of his native town, where, with the minister of the place, the late Rev. Jonathan French, he pursued his theological studies, till he began to preach at the age of twentyfour. He, from the first, took rank among the most popular preachers of the day. He, a short time after, received and accepted a unanimous call to settle in Haverhill, a beautiful village on the west bank of the Merrimack.

'After eight years usefully and happily spent with an affectionate people, to whom he was extremely endeared, inadequate support and a growing family rendered it an imperative duty, as it seemed to him, reluctantly to ask a separation from a beloved people. It was with equal reluctance granted. He immediately became a candidate for resettlement; and of several invitations from highly respectable societies, he gave the preference to yours. And here, "in the chosen spot," as he writes in his last letter to his family, "where my tabernacle has now been twentyfour years pitched," *ye are witnesses, and God also, how holily and justly and unblameably he has exercised his ministry among you; and as ye also know, has exhorted and comforted and charged every one of you, as a father doth his children, that ye would walk worthy of God, who hath called you to his kingdom and glory.*'

pp. 18, 19.

'There was an amenity and benignity in Dr Abbot's air and voice and address, exceedingly conciliating to strangers and endearing to his friends. His countenance beamed with complacency, and bespoke that inward satisfaction and peace,

"— which goodness bosoms over."

He had always something kind and courteous to say to every one, into whose company he fell even for a few moments; and no one could long remain in his society, that had a heart, who did not feel that he had been conversing with a man equally

amiable, intelligent, and gifted. The minister and the man were never in him at variance with each other. In his most playful moods there was no unbecoming levity. His sport was the innocence of a child, seasoned with the wit of a man, and guarded by the circumspection of a Christian.' pp. 20.

'Dr Abbot was *an eloquent man*, as well as *mighty in the scriptures*. If Jehovah sent Aaron to communicate his will to Pharaoh, *because he could speak well*, Dr Abbot possessed this credential of his office in an eminent degree. His manner in the pulpit was singularly impressive, grave, natural, solemn ;

" much impressed
Himself, as conscious of his awful charge,
And mainly anxious, that the flock he fed
Might feel it too ; affectionate in look,
And tender in address, as well becomes
A messenger of grace to guilty men."

He exhibited a beautiful union of zeal with prudence ; and the love of souls so evidently dictated his admonitions and reproofs to the delinquent, that his fidelity and plainness seldom gave offence. In the sick chamber and in the house of mourning, he was truly a *son of consolation*.

'Few men have lived more endeared, or more deservedly dear in the more private relations of life. Like all virtuous men, he sought and found the best happiness which this world affords, in the bosom of domestic affection, in the reciprocation of those sacred charities and daily offices of love, which render home, the fireside of a christian and well ordered family, at once the best emblem of the mansions which await the righteous in our Father's house in heaven, and the best scene of preparation for those mansions. The yearnings of his heart to return to this asylum of his repose, of his purest affections and joys, are affectingly expressed on his arrival from Cuba at Charleston ; "happy am I to touch natal soil again, and hope soon to revisit *home, sweet home*."*

'I remark one trait more, in these days of inestimable value in a minister ; his signal love of peace. No object was dearer to his heart than to bring ministers and the people to feel on this subject as he felt. His convention sermon, the delivery of which was almost the last public act of his ministry, will now seem to his brethren, to the community, and still more to his flock, like the dying bequest of Jesus to his disciples ; "*Peace I leave with you ; my peace I give unto you ; not as the world giveth, give I unto you*." No ; the world, and I grieve to say it, the ministers of the Prince of peace, too many of them, speak a very different language, and breathe a very different spirit. But with that dy-

* The burden of a well known popular song.

ing appeal of your pastor in your hands, you, my brethren of this ancient and respectable society, will feel yourselves inexcusable in the sight of heaven, if you allow discord to arise among you, or division to scatter you. How much he was grieved by the angry disputes of the day, and the rending of churches and societies, of which they are the cause, appears in the following extract from the letter before cited. "Yesterday was the anniversary of my peace sermon before the Convention. I fear its gentle notes have not been echoed this year. There is no one thing, that gives me so much pain in returning to my loved country, as to think of its religious dissensions. May the God of peace hush them; and forever preserve my voice from the notes of discord." Happy spirit, thy voice never uttered the notes of discord, and they can never again reach thy ear. Thou art now joined to the sons of peace, the children of God,

"Who have no discord in their song,
Nor winter in their year."

Farewell, faithful servant of God; thy warfare is accomplished, thy work is finished, and thy reward is sure. O God, with whom do rest the spirits of just men made perfect, grant that we, who survive, may *gird up the loins of our minds,—be sober and watch unto prayer,—*that by diligence and perseverance in well doing, we may be followers of them, who through faith and patience, are now inheriting the promises.' pp. 22—24.

To illustrate still more fully the character of this lamented divine, we will add an extract from a sermon preached at Beverly by the Rev John Bartlett, on the Sunday after the intelligence of Dr Abbot's decease was received.

'On a visit to him, made at his request, a few days before his departure to a warmer climate, for the benefit of his health; at a time when his physician and friends and he himself were apprehensive, that the disease, which then oppressed him, would speedily terminate his life; at this time, when the heart has no disguise, and the soul is anxious to utter all that it deems true and kind, important and useful, he thus addressed me (evidently with a wish that it should be remembered and at a fit time communicated)—"I believe the hour of my departure is at hand; how near I cannot say, but not far distant is the time when I shall be in the immediate presence of my Maker. This impression leads me to look back upon my life and inwardly upon my present state. In the review I find many things to be humbled and penitent for, and many things to fill me with gratitude and praise. I have, I trust, the testimony of my heart, that my life, my best powers, my time, and my efforts, have in the main been

sincerely given to God and to mankind. Of all the years of my life, the present, in the review, gives me most pleasure. You know my recent plans and labors and the design of them, [alluding to discourses, delivered before the convention of ministers, and at the ordination of Rev. A. Abbot, and to certain contributions to a religious publication, the Christian Visitant, whose object coincided with his views, and to extend the circulation of which he was making great efforts.] In these, I have endeavored to check the spirit of contention among Christians, and as a disciple of the Prince of Peace, to diffuse the spirit of love and peace, to inspire Christians with a warmer zeal for the great objects of religion. The efforts were great. My health and perhaps my life are the sacrifice. If the Lord will, be it so. If ever I faithfully served Him, it was in these services. If ever I felt prepared for death, it was when they were finished. If ever I knew and felt the delightful import of that passage,—*I am now ready to be offered and the time of my departure is at hand; I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith, &c.*, it was then, and it is now. In my own bosom there is peace. Whether life or death be before me, all is well. I can say, *the will of the Lord be done*. With the greatest serenity he alluded to the expected issue of his disorder, and seemed filled with *a good hope through grace* of eternal life. He was indeed *ready to be offered* and is now removed, we believe, to a higher sphere, and to nobler employments and joys.' pp. 26, 27.

Doctor Abbot passed the cold season of 1827–8 in South Carolina and the Island of Cuba for the benefit of his health, and he wrote these letters during his residence in Cuba, with the intention, it seems, of publishing them himself. On his return homeward he arrived at Charleston, S. C. about the first of June, with health greatly improved and the expectation of soon revisiting his family. He preached at Charleston on Sunday, and embarked the next day for New York. On the following day, Tuesday, he was seized with a pain in his head, and continued ill during the remainder of the passage until his decease. He was, however, so well on Saturday morning as to dress himself and go on deck, where he expired at about half past twelve o'clock, just before the ship came to anchor at the quarantine ground. His remains were buried at the cemetery on Staten Island, the funeral service being performed by the Rev. Mr. Miller.

Doctor Abbot arrived at Matanzas on the 14th of February

1828, from which place and its vicinity, nearly half of the letters here published are dated. He left Matanzas about the 23d of March, and proceeded by land to Havana. After spending a short time in this city, he went into the country, and passed the greater part of the remaining time of his stay on the island, at different estates lying at a distance of from thirty to fifty miles southwesterly from Havana, some of them near, and none of them far distant from the southern coast. The letters, being written from day to day at the plantations successively visited by the author, have somewhat the character of a journal, and they describe very vividly and graphically the scenery, characters, and objects, with the interposition of many sensible reflections, presenting altogether, to the reader who has never visited those regions, a very distinct picture of the people and the country, and reviving, to one who has passed over the same ground, a thousand pleasing recollections.

A New Englander, landing for the first time at Matanzas, perceives himself at once to be in another, and apparently very romantic world. The shores are bold and rocky; mountains appear in the distance; trees and plants of new species meet his eye; the sun beats hot in the narrow streets, bordered by low houses, some with tiles, and others with thatched roofs; the windows appear to be thronged with people who are idle, and the streets with those who are brisk and busy. Dr Abbot gives a very lively picture of the place and the people as they appear to a stranger on landing.

'The Spanish visage and costume, strike you with irresistible humor. It seems a scene of masquerade, and as if all are striving to amuse by the extravagance and oddity of their appearance. *Here*, is ambling by you a Don, with a spur on his shoe, his horse's head low, and his tail tied up in a club; *there*, comes a volante with huge wheels, highly adorned with silver plate, with a boot of broadcloth hitched to the top of the vehicle, as if there were nuns or donnas within, not to be seen by vulgar eyes. This heavy carriage is sometimes drawn by one horse, and sometimes by two, with a postillion in livery, and jack-boots reaching almost to his hips, with a monstrous spur at his heel, and a short whip in his hand, both very freely applied. Sometimes, if the sun be hid, the boot or curtain is dropped, discovering to you two or three gaily dressed and laughing girls, or one or two grave men, lounging in the ample chaise body, for this is the form of the carriage. You withdraw your eyes from the volante, to gaze on a vehicle of an humbler character, on

the clumsy cart, with large wheels and a rude body, formed of skins, and perhaps filled with corn, each ear covered with a thin coat of husks, the state in which they preserve this grain. It is drawn by oxen most strangely harnessed.

'A yoke is placed behind their horns at the root, and so fixed to them with fillets and ropes, that they draw or push by their horns without chafing. A rope or thong leads from that gear to the nostril, which is perforated to receive it. A rope thus fastened to the nose of each ox, is sometimes seen in the hand of a man leading the team, as we lead a horse by the bridle; and sometimes the teamster holds the rope in his hand, and walks by the side of the cattle, goading the animals with a ten-foot pole.

'There is an infinite variety of caparison to their riding horses, from saddle of leather and plaited stirrup, to a bed of straw tied on by a rope. Their bridles are as various, with and without bit, of leather, rope, and braided grass. But what strikes the stranger with surprise, almost rising into a nervous feeling, is the constant sight of men in armor. It seems as if it was a time of war, and every horseman a vidette. The broad sword dangles by the side of the gentleman, and holsters are inseparable from his saddle. The simplest countryman on his straw saddle, belts on his rude cutlass; and every man with a skin less dark than an African, appears ready for encounter.' pp. 3, 4.

These letters present a great variety of interesting subjects, with any one of which we might fill the space allotted to the present article. The author, in his earlier letters, particularly, makes frequent observations upon the condition of the slaves in Cuba, which seems to have presented itself to him in rather too favourable a light. The Spaniards have the reputation of treating their slaves better than any other people, except the French. But every slaveholder is, to the most essential purposes, an absolute monarch, uniting in himself, in most respects, the legislative, judicial, and executive powers, within the limits of his estate, which constitutes his dominion. And among a whole slaveholding population, very many, even with the best provisions the laws can make to direct and restrain them, will, in fact, make very capricious, tyrannical sovereigns. Instances do happen of slaves being whipped to death in Cuba, though they are very rare. One occurred about three years ago on an estate adjoining to one visited by Doctor Abbot, for an offence very little deserving of such a punishment, and originating

in the want of capacity and discretion in the master to govern the community, which constituted, at the same time, his property and his subjects. We ought to add, however, in justice to the laws, that the master thereby subjected himself to legal prosecution and punishment; that is, according to the letter of the law; but it is to be added, also, to the reproach of the administration of those laws, that he evaded a prosecution, at the expense of eight hundred dollars in bribes. Doctor Abbot was received with so great respect, and regarded with so great kindness, that the more revolting incidents of slavery in general disappeared from his presence. The amenity of his manners, and kindness of his disposition, diffused themselves in some degree into every society of which he became for the time a member. Any one acquainted with the actual condition of a slave population, can regard it, at the best, only as one to be endured and tolerated from the necessity of the case for the time being. No one, who has seen the lashes wantonly inflicted by an unfeeling driver upon an aged, venerable black, and witnessed the deep, sullen, helpless, and despairing sense of injury depicted upon his countenance, can ever afterwards think of slavery without compassion and regret. But we will pass this and the numerous other topics suggested by these letters, to lay before our readers the author's account of the religion and priesthood of the island, a subject which very naturally attracted his particular attention, and frequently recurs in his book; one upon which he was more particularly qualified to judge, and the more interesting in this country, from the circumstance that the Roman Catholic religion is making some progress with us. For though all the vices and faults of any religious sect, are not necessarily attributable to its doctrines and institutions, yet these undoubtedly have a great influence, and many of the vices and indecorums of a Roman Catholic clergy, could not be tolerated by Protestant forms of Christianity, even among a Spanish population. We meet with this subject in one of the earliest letters.

'The ecclesiastical state of this important and opulent island, developes itself to the stranger gradually, by facts, some of which are freely reported on Spanish authority, as well as on European and American. A very singular fact in a Catholic country, holding the celibacy of the clergy as indispensable, is, that most of the padres have families; and few of them are bashful on the subject, or think it necessary to speak of their

housekeeper as a sister or cousin, or of the children that play about the house, as nephews and nieces. They even go further, and will sometimes reason on the subject, and defend habits contrary to the ecclesiastical authority, upon principles of nature and common sense. Certainly an unnatural and unscriptural imposition, which is so unblushingly evaded, should not be attempted to be enforced; but should be revoked. The fearless violation of one law of a community weakens the authority of the whole statute book.

‘Of some of the padres, the morals, in other respects, are quite as glaringly corrupt, as in the particular just mentioned. They are bold, eager, and contemptible gamblers. They go from the table to mass, and from mass to the table; and I do not speak on light authority, nor without unquestionable examples, when I say, that some have been known to *delay mass*, to see the end of a cock fight, and to pit their own cock against the cock of any slave in the circle who has an ounce or a rial to lay on his head.

‘Such degradation of the sacred ermine is attended with contempt, and with something like a sentiment of indignation in the community, and this without distinction of European, American, or Creole. It has the worst influence on the cause of religion, whether Catholic or Protestant. The influence of the clergy is on the wane, and from the habit of mankind, however unreasonable, of confounding the religion itself with the character of its professors, and especially of its ministers, it brings Christianity, heaven-born and spotless as it is, into suspicion, and exposes it to desertion by the young and unreflecting. It is confidently believed by those who are better informed than strangers can be, that infidelity is becoming common in the island, more especially among the rising generation; that there is observable a growing neglect of forms; that in processions with the host, the sons often remain covered, where their fathers spread a white handkerchief on any spot, dry or wet, in the street, and dropped on their knees; that even when they conform to the customs of their fathers and of the church, in faith or ceremony, they often speak of both as superstitious. It is much to be feared that in bounding from the indefensible things in the Catholic form of Christianity, they may depart also, from the faith once delivered to the saints, in its divine form, expressed in words which the Holy Ghost has taught. May God avert such evils, and the scenes witnessed in France be prevented in Spain and her colonies.’ pp. 15, 16.

The following is a description of the church and services at Matanzas.

'The external appearance of the building is not imposing by its grandeur or beauty. The ornaments within are somewhat gorgeous; but not in very good taste. In the recess of the left as you face the principal altar, in a niche of the wall, stands the figure of the patron saint of the city, St Carlo; and in a corresponding niche on the right, is another saint, probably an apostle.

'The altar is adorned with a small figure of Christ crucified; and beside the sacred ark, are cherubim or angels. The paintings about the church have an antique appearance; the coloring is fine, and so are some of the faces. The most considerable which in a hasty glance I noticed, seemed to be of the holy Virgin, ascending, and with a crown on her head, while a group of devotee women were looking upward with an air of grief or of supplication, I was at a loss to decide which.

'The area of the church is open, and without furniture, except a few settees scattered here and there, intended, perhaps, for the infirm and aged, but commonly occupied by the less devout, as I afterwards observed.

'At twelve o'clock, by invitation, I went to church with Mr and Mrs S., under the protection of a Spanish lady. There were about two hundred worshippers and spectators present. The ladies have a church dress, from which it is either unfashionable or sinful to vary. At this time, it being Lent, it is a black gown, black shoes, and a black veil. They entered with servants bearing rugs, which being spread, they kneeled, and commonly the servants kneeled behind them. The ladies were in a kneeling posture through the service, except that many of them, weary of that attitude, sought relief by sitting, like persons of another religion, upon their carpets. From this attitude, however, at the sound of a small bell, they resumed the kneeling posture. At the same signal the gentlemen, usually standing, or sitting on the settees, spread a handkerchief on the pavement and kneeled.

'The service was short,—perhaps fifteen or twenty minutes, consisting of prayers read rapidly, not heard, except in a low murmuring voice, a word not being distinguishable by a single worshipper. In general, the officiating priest was with his face towards the altar and of course his back towards the assembly, so that they must have heard with difficulty, even if he had spoken with distinctness. But to be heard was not intended; for if heard it would have been useless, as the prayers were in an unknown tongue. It was simply pantomimic devotion—form, exhibited to the eye—and nothing else. The priest alone received the wafer and the cup; and if I mistake not, it was at

the moment of his receiving the wafer and the cup severally, that the bell was rung, that all in the church might simultaneously kneel.

'Accustomed to Protestant worship, which, very naturally, appears to me more intellectual, instructive, and spiritual, this scene was not highly edifying. Yet, I deny not that there was a solemnity in the scene, which may have been impressive to some. The almost twilight darkness of the church; the tapers burning at noon-day; the profound stillness of the assembly, and the prostration of the greater part of it, master and slave, mistress and serving woman, kneeling together in an open space without distinction, as equally needing and supplicating mercy of their common Creator; was an impressive scene. It was an appeal, partly to the senses, and partly to the imagination, and for the passing moment with some effect. But the understanding not having been enlightened, nor the affections interested by a distinct exhibition of truth, and duty, or a detailed confession of sin, I should judge the impression to be vague and generalizing, and not tending to the correction of the errors of the heart and life; not likely to be followed by the necessary fruits of repentance, and a really devout and holy life.

'It would be disingenuous to condemn in the whole the offices of religion, because performed in a manner widely from one's own experience; and I doubt not, that in some Catholic hearts the religious principle is so strong that it is fed and comforted by means and ceremonies so jejune. But what is the influence of this system of religion on the mass of population in this city and this country? In Matanzas, there is a population of ten or twelve thousand, and but a single church. Mass is said at different hours from early morning to meridian; to three successive assemblies, of perhaps one hundred and fifty, or two hundred souls chiefly females; and not an audible word of instruction is given. Whatever benefit is to be derived from visiting the church, is shared by a very small portion of the people,—nine thousand, out of ten thousand, probably nineteen individuals out of twenty, have neither part nor lot in the benefit, whatever it may be. The influence of fifteen minutes in the church, if salutary, seems soon dissipated by the business and amusement without its walls. The shops are open, the cockpit fuller than on busier days of the week, and the streets thronged with volantes; the theatre and ball-room crowded; and the city devoted to pleasure. How many of those, who kneel in the church, retire to kneel or read, or reflect in secret, and how many hasten to mingle in the scenes just described, is known to God.' pp. 61—63.

We pass by the account of his attending matins, to extract

that of the confessions. After describing the church, which is in the form of a cross, and noticing the gaudily dressed waxen images of saints, as large as life, placed in niches and protected by large glass cases, about the walls on the inside, the writer proceeds ;

‘ It was still dark when I entered the church, and I passed a devotee near the door, the only one arrived. He was contemplating a painting of the Saviour, I think as baptized of John ; and stood crossing himself, with much appearance of mental prayer. Soon after, he advanced to a picture of the Virgin, and his devotions were renewed, and near that spot, he sunk on his knees. An attendant came in, and from a lamp burning in the centre of the church, lighted two wax tapers, and set them on the front altar. Worshippers began to come in, and I recognised the faces of most whom I had seen there before, which led me to think that they were nearly the same individuals, who always attend. The old men were the same, and some of the women. Three negro boys, well dressed, came in and kneeled on their handkerchiefs ; after a while, they rose, and went near a side altar, and kneeled again, and in the most solemn part of the service, they advanced beyond all others, and kneeled on the step leading towards the front altar, where the priest was officiating. A black woman decently dressed, advanced far, and kneeled ; rose and kneeled again close to a side altar, and after service, if I was not mistaken in the individual, she was full ten minutes kneeling and confessing to a priest. Several ladies came in and kneeled on rugs, spread by a servant, who kneeled behind them. Some of them had prayer books in which they read ; and then, closing them, clasped their hands, looking to the altar and cross, as if in mental prayer. The countenances of several, which I had seen in church before, were those of sincere and intense devotion. I saw none that came in without crossing themselves, and most of them, after touching the holy water ; the first that I mentioned, who was alone in the church when I entered, made sundry applications to the font, and then to his crown, and face and breast. The service was the same as mentioned in a former letter ; short and inaudible ; full of genuflections, bending of the body, osculation of the altar, elevation of the host, and parting of the hands, as the priest turned and looked at the people.

‘ After the service was closed, the officiating priest retired into the vestry and returned in a black gown and sat in one of the confessionaries. The negro, just mentioned, was the first to confess, and was long and earnest, resting her hand against the side of the confessionary, holding a shawl up, as if to prevent being seen and heard. She applied her mouth to a tin plate full of

small holes or perforations, as of a grater, on one side, and the priest his ear on the other. When she retired, several were in waiting, kneeling near by, and one or two of them reading in their prayer book. But the priest beckoned an infirm old man, and he approached and kneeled on his footstool in front. The priest rested his hand on the penitent's shoulder, and their heads being near together, a short confession was made, and I presume, absolution given, as he was one of two only, who kneeled a little while after, at the side altar, and received the wafer. As soon as he retired, an elderly woman kneeled at the side of the confessional, and was soon dismissed. A young lady then kneeled, with her face turned to the wall; but the priest for the present, neglecting his office, beckoned to an officer in partial uniform, several times. He, however, not understanding his intention, or perhaps, wishing to decline confession, kept his place in the floor. The priest then descended from the confessional and reached out his hand to him, for a *pinch of snuff*, which was readily granted, and he returned to listen to the youthful and beautiful sinner, still patiently kneeling.' pp. 70—72.

We quote still another account of a service at the church in Matanzas, which will strike the American Protestant reader, as still more remarkable.

'On the morning of the sabbath, I attended the earliest service of the church. The tapers were soon lighted at the left hand of the altar, and the attendant drew up the curtain, and revealed the crucifixion in wooden or wax figures, as large as life. The sufferer had bowed his head, and given up the ghost. The countenance of death—the nails through his hands, knees, and feet—the blood gushing over his limbs, and down his side, presented an affecting, an awful object, which seemed to excite a strong emotion on those around me, as like the real spectators of the crucifixion, *they smote on their breasts*. Three women, the virgin mother distinguished from the rest, stood and kneeled around the cross.

'Before this scene, an aged priest, his hair as white as snow, performed mass. Whether it was that the crucifixion is here more affectingly displayed, than at the other altars, or that the aged form of the priest, and his tremulous, yet louder voice, his longer pauses and prostrations, giving time for the feelings to rise and strengthen, and the greater appearance of his being himself moved, produced the effect, I know not, but the assembly was more generally affected than I had witnessed at any other performance of mass, and it was also, a larger assembly that attended. How lasting, how holy, how sanctifying were

the impressions made, and the emotions kindled by this strong appeal to the senses, the great Searcher of hearts can tell. But I believe it is ever found, that passionate feelings subside quickly, whether produced by strong pictures addressed to the eye, vehement tones to the ear, or strong images to the imagination; and that, to affect a man lastingly, his understanding must be distinctly convinced and enlightened, and his conscience subjected to truth and principle.

'My friend, the padre, who had invited me to the church, had not yet appeared. I waited, therefore, through the interval of service, as did forty or fifty others, it may have been twenty minutes. The bell was again tolled, and at the same time, the distant note of the bugle was heard, alternating with the drum and fife, and a company of soldiers in uniform, with a quick step, and animated air, marched into the centre of the church, and stood ranged in a solid square. At the same time, my friend appeared at the front altar, in canonicals, attended by a cadet with his broadsword suspended from his shoulder behind him; and as the priest kneeled, the drum and fife rang a shrill salute. The service was as usual, and at every signal of the little bell, the drum and fife cheered, and the church resounded with martial notes, in the most solemn crises of the service; the soldiers kneeling, crossing themselves, and striking upon the breast. The band seemed to go through the duty with the same precision, and with the same feelings, as through the drill on parade.

'My untrained feelings were somewhat shocked with the pomp and circumstance of war, thus mingled with the most awful rites of our religion—the clangor of arms with the holy communion, in which the soul wishes to muse in grateful and awful silence, and to dissolve in tears of love and contrition.—pp. 76, 77.

With this extract we close our very brief and imperfect notice of these letters, which we recommend to our readers as highly entertaining, supplying a great deal of useful information respecting a country very interesting, on many accounts, to to the people of the United States; and which very advantageously display the sound sense, goodness of heart, and intellectual activity and accomplishments of the author.

THE CHRISTIAN EXAMINER.

NO. XXXIII.

NEW SERIES—NO. III.

JULY, 1829.

ART. I.—1. *Eighteen Sermons and a Charge.* Printed, 1829. 12mo. pp. 276.

2. *Sermons by the late Rev. John Emery Abbot, of Salem, Mass. With a Memoir of his Life* by HENRY WARE, Jun. Boston. Wait, Greene, & Co. 1829. 12mo. pp. 329.

WE welcome these volumes as we should welcome the appearance of honored and cherished friends. They come to us as our kind companions and guides, speaking to us with the tenderness and solicitude which religion inspires, on the most interesting of all subjects, and securing our confidence by the wisdom and gentleness of their instructions. Books of this class are particularly valuable; and notwithstanding the mass of publications, with which the press groans and is burdened, it is surprising how much we are still in need of works upon practical piety and morals. More especially at this period, amidst the din of controversy, and the mournful contentions of struggling or of zealous sects, it is refreshing to turn to the plain and simple, but unchanging and everlasting truths, which these volumes present to us in all their beauty and freshness and sanctifying power. We never realize more the value of such instructions, than after mingling in the passion and tempest of controversy. They restore our souls; they lead us, as by the side of still waters; they gladden us as with the stream that flows fast by the oracle of God.

We have also a sensible satisfaction in connecting these volumes together ; and most of our readers will readily understand us, when we say, that it is the pleasure of bringing together and comparing the rich and mellow fruits of a green old age, still flourishing and bearing yet more fruit, with early blossoms, which so pleased God, that he hastened to gather them for himself.

We repeat, that by most of our readers the allusion will probably be understood. There may, however, be others, who will only wonder at what we mean by our 'youth and age.' Nor could we refrain from wondering in our turn, if they were not utterly at a loss to comprehend us. For of all the titlepages for which our memory serves us, we cannot think of one half so sparing of intelligence as is that of the first of the volumes before us. We ask of it in vain as to the author, the place of its birth, and other circumstances of its existence, generally told plainly enough in a titlepage. But this, with a sullen obstinacy, strangely in contrast with the fulness, richness, and sweetness of the pages that follow, will tell us nothing of either. Now we cannot commend, we rather wonder at all this ; and we deem it, moreover, somewhat unjust, that when a book is so able and willing to do honor to a name, the name should not be given to grace the book. To withhold it, is as if a good father should refuse his recommendation to a good child. So much are we impressed by these grave considerations, that we take it for our bounden duty, before we enter upon any notice of the work, to introduce it fully, as it needs, to our readers. And though it may be hazarding the displeasure of a friend, whom we would not willingly displease, we shall make bold to say plainly, that the first of these works, whose titlepage of a single line stands at the head of this article, is the work of the senior minister of King's Chapel, Boston, the author also of 'Occasional Sermons,' with the last neat and beautiful edition of which, the present volume exactly corresponds ; and the scantiness of the titlepage may the more easily be excused, when it is also stated, that the book was not designed for publication, but was merely printed by the venerable author, for the use of a beloved and affectionate flock, to whom, amidst continued infirmities, detaining him from more public service, he was desirous of offering, what to them we are certain will prove a most welcome and cherished token of his pastoral and paternal regards.

Having thus, with the stern impartiality of critics, exposed without favor, the prominent defect of this book, 'the head and front of whose offending hath this extent,' we shall lay before our readers some view of these discourses, by which they may be enabled to judge of them for themselves; and we may perhaps be the more copious in our selections, as the volume, being chiefly intended as an offering of friendship within the limits of a congregation, may be less extensively read than it merits.

We observe, that to each of the sermons is annexed a note of the festival or the occasion, on which it was delivered. In many of these, particularly the discourses on the great festivals, as Christmas, Easter, &c., there is a close correspondence of the subject with the day; and a sermon on the 'Life of Faith,' or the 'Evidences of Christianity,' could not be inappropriate to a Sunday in Advent, when attention is to be awakened to the appearance of Jesus Christ. But the 'Character of an Amiable Woman,' or the 'Care of God for the Poor,' might, as far as we can perceive, with as great propriety be the subject of any Sunday in the year, as of the fourth Sunday in Advent, or of the fourth Sunday in Epiphany. We do not, indeed, understand the writer as meaning that any special connexion between them exists, but as intending either to select his topics from the lesson of the day, agreeably to former usage, or to manifest that respect for the ritual of his church, which a wise and considerate pastor is always ready to pay to what venerable custom, or any salutary associations of piety, may have made interesting.

'The Character of a Wise and Amiable Woman,' is drawn in the third discourse with great truth and beauty. It is a lovely portrait of feminine goodness, which will attract every eye, and win every heart. With discrimination, and a glowing eloquence, too, the preacher has delineated the virtues and graces, which are the true ornaments of woman; and though, in his discourse on the anniversary of the Female Asylum, he had done much to exhaust the theme, yet from the abundance of his heart, he has presented here other distinct and interesting traits, equally worthy of attention. To those who think much of a text, and are pleased with a wise and chastened accommodation of the literal to a spiritual meaning of scripture, and we confess ourselves of the number, the selection

of that which introduces this discourse, will appear exceedingly felicitous. It is in these words of Isaiah—'The light of the sun shall be as the light of the moon;' and the preacher thus accommodates it to his purpose.

'The contemplation of the various natural objects, which God has created, impresses this idea on the mind, that many of them are formed for beauty, as well as utility. Without regarding the advantages which flow from them, they afford pleasure by their color, circular or undulating lines, or harmony of proportions. Of these natural objects, there are few which are more delightful, and there are none which excite more attention, than the gentle luminary which extends its sway over the night; it charms both the eye and the fancy. Hence, in all ages, the poet and the orator, who have written to the imaginations of men, have enriched their compositions with metaphors and comparisons derived from its reflected beams. The most elegant simile in the Iliad is one of this kind; and I need not point out instances in modern writers of beautiful imagery, which, like the rays of the globe from which they are borrowed, shed a mild lustre over their language and sentiments.

'The text presents us with an agreeable image, a light, which is soft and gentle, like the moon; but which, at the same time, without being dazzling to the eye, is constant like the sun. It has suggested to me the design of describing a character, to which it bears a resemblance.' pp. 26, 27.

The whole sermon is an illustration of the 'beauty of holiness' in women, and of the blessed influences of the gospel in exalting them to their due rank, while it supplies the noblest motives to virtue. We can only add the following passage, with which it closes,

'During the course of my life, I have seen many instances of the triumphs of this divine religion in the female heart; and I doubt not, my brethren, that I express sentiments, which you feel, when I say you rejoice in having passed your days among christian women. You remember with pleasure and gratitude the affection, which watched over your infancy; the tender solicitude which guided your youth; and the conversation which has charmed, the friendship which has blessed, and the many virtues, which have edified, your riper years. These pleasing recollections are however imbittered with the thought, that many excellent women, whom you have known, and esteemed, and loved, now sleep in the grave. If there was not a future

state of happiness, you could with difficulty support your loss : but whilst, as Christians, you believe, that the precious remains, which have been committed to the dust, will again be animated with life, and restored to bliss, you can with reason indulge the hope, that you shall see them again, not shining, as on earth, with feeble and reflected light ; but when, in a more emphatical meaning of the text, the light of the moon shall be as the light of the sun, and the light of the sun shall be seven-fold, as the light of seven days ; when the ransomed of the Lord shall come to the holy mountain with songs and everlasting joy on their heads ; when they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away.' pp. 33, 34.

Scarcely less pleasing is the picture of virtuous old age, which is drawn in the next discourse. By a variety of illustration it is shown, that long life is a blessing ; that it is not so gloomy a season, as it has sometimes been represented, but that it abounds with many comforts and even pleasures. From this consideration, suggested, as we think, to every devout and thankful mind, by a just survey of the divine providence and of man's condition, the preacher infers the duties of the aged. These are enforced with mingled fidelity and tenderness, by arguments, drawn from the vices and dangers incident to that period of life. The sermon is valuable for its encouraging views of God and of his world ; and particularly as it exhibits, while it recommends, that considerate regard to the feelings, habits, and wishes of the young, which is one of the most attractive graces of advancing years, which makes the old man the favorite and the chosen counsellor of the youth, and in which, perhaps, more than in any one thing else, we see exemplified what was once said, we believe, by Cotton Mather, of a venerable Christian, 'that as fruit grows mellow in ripening for the taste, so his old age grew kinder as it ripened for heaven.'

The sound philosophy and good sense of the following remarks will approve themselves to every one who has considered, or experienced, the trials which come with the inactivity and enfeebled spirits of declining years.

' Whilst the old man with resolution and fortitude defends his mind against the inroads of covetousness, he should continue in the practice of industry ; and it is generally proper that he should pursue some employment even to the close of life.

He should be industrious for the sake of others ; because whilst health and reason remain, it must always be in his power to benefit society ; and he should be industrious for his own sake ; because if he is not, he will fall a prey to discontent. There have been so many proofs of it, that there can now be no doubt of this truth, that the man who retires completely from business, who is resolved to do nothing but enjoy himself, never attains the end, at which he aims. If it is not mixed with other ingredients, no cup is so insipid and at the same time so unhealthful, as the cup of pleasure. When the whole employment of the day is to eat, and drink, and sleep, and talk, and visit, life becomes a burden too heavy to be supported by a feeble old man ; and he soon sinks into the arms of spleen, or falls into the jaws of death. Not satisfied with barely showing that he is alive, the old man should endeavour to make himself as useful as possible. If he moves in a large sphere, he should engage in schemes for the good of society and posterity, by promoting commerce, agriculture, manufactures, the comforts of the poor, the accommodations of his fellow citizens, the support of good government, and the interests of learning and religion. If he is confined within narrow limits, he should still do a little towards the maintenance of himself and family, and by his words and good example instruct his children and grandchildren, in the principles of virtue and piety.' pp. 50, 51.

We cannot refrain from setting before our readers the concluding passages of this sermon. They seem to us not less admirable for their chaste eloquence, than for the cheerful piety which they breathe and inculcate.

'Of what avail to the aged are human considerations, without love to God ? The world may neglect them ; but their heavenly Father will not forsake them. I would therefore above all things recommend to them the consolations of piety. Life has no dark spot, which the light of Heaven cannot illuminate ; there is no sad condition, which the blessed God cannot render joyful ; there is no exquisite pain, which the kind Physician cannot alleviate. A merciful Providence has watched over the aged through every stage of their existence. It supported them during the helpless period of infancy ; it guided them through the slippery paths of youth ; it preserved them from evil in manhood, strengthened their hands, and inspired their hearts with courage : and can they fear, that its tenderness and care will now be withdrawn ? No : as they approach nearer the

throne of God, their confidence in his protection, their submission to his will, their love, their gratitude should increase: their hearts should become more alive to religion; their affections should glow with a more intense flame of devotion.

'Piety is the first duty of the old; but it cannot be accounted genuine, unless it is accompanied with philanthropy. The good man, as he advances in age, grows more tender and benevolent, more mild, more indulgent, more compassionate to the wretched. His bodily powers may fail, but love still warms his heart; his senses, his imagination, his memory may be impaired, but he still retains his charity. Such an old man becomes dearer to his friends, the longer he remains with them. Without leaving the earth, he seems already to have learned the manners of heaven. The serenity, the gentleness, the kindness which he displays, belong to an inhabitant of a better world; and the light of God, which is reflected from his face, proves that he has commenced his celestial career, and that he will soon be crowned with glory, and honor, and immortality.

'Such a good man is not afraid to think of death. As he approaches the end of life, he cannot forbear to cast his eyes frequently on the tomb; but the prospect does not alarm him, and render him sorrowful. He is travelling to a world of unbounded bliss; but he perceives, and he is willing to acknowledge, that the country, through which he is passing, is pleasant; that God has scattered flowers in its paths; that it affords comforts and even pleasures; that many of his fellow travellers are worthy of his love; in a word, that the present world was framed by divine wisdom, and is continually blessed by divine goodness. He views death, therefore, as a change of scene; not as a relief from evil, for he is happy here; but as a translation from a state of transitory good, to a state of exquisite and never-ending felicity.' pp. 56-58.

In a sermon on the 'Advantages which Christians possess above the Gentiles of Ancient Times,' the author avails himself of his copious stores of classical learning, to illustrate this important subject; and while he avoids the exaggerations too common in descriptions of the ignorance and vices of the heathen world, he shows with a convincing evidence how much the gospel has done to enlighten the minds of men, to redeem them from their sins, to enkindle within their souls the flame of a holy love, to sanctify and exalt their nature, and to 'make them kings and priests unto God.'

We read also, with particular pleasure, the sermon on the

'Marriage in Cana,' in which, with the same freedom and elegance of classical illustration, the writer compares the unaffected and indulgent conduct of Jesus, with the rigid austerity of some of the heathen philosophers, and in this way beautifully improves the history of the miracle.

'Thus in the midst of a joyful company, when mirth and wine were flowing round, was the soul of the great Messiah occupied with serious objects. He did not loose sight a moment, of the important business, which his Father had committed to him; but all his actions directly tended to advance the glory of God, to confirm his divine religion, and to promote the salvation of men.

'The presence of Jesus at the marriage in Cana, conveys important lessons to several different classes of persons. It teaches the instructors of religion to avoid an affected gravity and hypocritical austerity of manners. It convinces them, that, like their great Master, they may lawfully join in social parties and innocent festivals. But it solemnly warns them not to give way to ungodly mirth, not to violate the sanctity of the christian character, and to lose no proper opportunity which presents itself, of communicating moral and religious instruction to their associates.'—

'Finally, to men in general this history affords useful information. It teaches you all, my brethren, to yield your faith, obedience, and homage to the Christian religion, the author of which was so unaffected and wise a character, so indulgent to the innocent pleasures of society, and so exempt from austerity of manners. It proves to you, that the religion, which was introduced with such a splendid miracle, must be from God. It instructs you to love your Saviour with the same ardent love, with which he loved his friends; and to let gratitude flow from your swelling hearts, in a stream as rich, as generous, as delicious, as the wine which flowed at the marriage of Cana.'

pp. 102-104.

The extracts we have given, have been selected without special care, and were we not unwilling to extend this article beyond its due proportion, many others might, we doubt not, with equal, and some probably with greater propriety, be presented. The sermon on the 'Joys and Sorrows of Mary,' is a beautiful exhibition of the filial piety of Christ, and of the sacredness, tenderness, and constancy of maternal affection. On topics of this class, the writer gives full indulgence to the

feelings of his heart, and they never fail to inspire his eloquence. In another, on the 'Kindness of God for the Poor,' we find many judicious and useful reflections. The writer indulges in no idle declamation against wealth, for he fairly admits it to be a blessing; nor does he attempt to show, as do some zealous philanthropists, that God cares more for the poor than for the rich, for it is the express assertion of his text, that he regardeth them both alike. But he teaches, with a wise observation of the conditions of life, that poverty, though in itself an evil, is the result of institutions which are beneficial to society; that some of its toils and anxieties are not more grievous than are the cares of riches; that the gospel, with its consolations and promises, is designed for the poor no less than for the rich; that heaven itself is opened to their hopes; and that in the duties of their station, contentment, submission, temperance, industry, and trust, they can never fail of present and eternal blessings.

The sermons of Mr Abbot are, we trust, already known to our readers. They are a valuable accession to the general stock of moral and religious instruction, and the lovers of practical piety will feel a lively interest in a book, which will serve as a lasting memorial of one, whose praise, notwithstanding his early departure, lives in our churches, and whose family name, and yet more, whose personal worth, is associated with their choicest recollections. The volume, of which two editions are published, is rich in the variety as well as the excellence of its matter. We have, first, the beautiful memoir of his life, written, as has been remarked, by a kindred spirit, succeeded by extracts from a journal kept by Mr Abbot during a short residence in Cuba, in 1818, which, though it tells of his feeble health, is enlivened by many pleasing incidents and descriptions. Then follow the sermons, almost wholly of a practical or devotional character, with extracts from other manuscripts, which, equally with the sermons, express the gentleness and seriousness, the fervent piety and charity, which were the distinguishing graces of the writer.

The compilation of this work is one of the many services which its editor has rendered, and, we trust, is still destined to render, to the cause of truth. But as the Memoir may be familiar to most of our readers, though now republished from the *Christian Disciple* with additions, and as we are happy to

learn that the work is widely circulated, we shall only refer them to the pages themselves, certain that they will find their spirits refreshed, their minds nourished, their holiest affections enkindled, by the rational, serious, and evangelic spirit, which breathes through these relics, as it did through the whole life of the author.

We cannot forbear, however, to express the particular satisfaction we found in the concluding part of this work, the plan of which is somewhat novel, and may be highly useful. We refer to the 'Extracts,' of which there are more than thirty, and which are, for the most part, on topics of great moment, suited to awaken attention; such as the temptations of a life of business, and the necessity of spiritual affections; private prayer, and the manner in which it should be offered; government of the temper, and the dangers of an habitual indulgence of one sin; the sanctions of religion, and insensibility to a future state; all of which, from their brevity as well as importance, may be read with advantage in the shortest intervals of leisure, when there is neither disposition nor ability for a whole discourse. And though, for ourselves, we are more and more impressed by the difficulties attending posthumous publications, undesigned by their authors, yet, when once undertaken, it may be found that valuable passages may be selected from discourses, which, as a whole, either from the nature of the leading topic or the manner of the execution, may be unjust to the fame of the writer, and less worthy of the public eye.

On such a character as was Abbot's, we should delight to dwell. But it has been so truly delineated in the Memoir, by Mr Ware, that we fear in any just view we might take of it, we should seem to be but repeating the language of his friend. We might say, however, that its peculiar features were precisely those which disposed and fitted him to the profession which he ardently loved. The ministry was the early and highest object of his ambition; and his sermons, and all that he performed in the short term which God allotted for his labors in it, marked his deep sense of its responsibility. The gentleness, seriousness, and benevolence of his soul were expressed in his countenance and by his whole deportment. Without the slightest parade or affectation, a stranger would at once have inferred his professional calling; and the impressions he made upon a first acquaintance were confirmed by mature friendship. Few men were better formed for usefulness as a

minister. There was no vehemence, no extravagance, no self-assurance. These were totally foreign to his nature ; and probably it was in some excess of the opposite qualities, that he found his most frequent calls to self-denial and his severest conflicts. But all the virtues which inspire love and confidence ; those which in a young minister are attractive, and in an aged one venerable, were united in him. He knew how to win souls to Christ. For he was gentle to all men, patient ; and his meekness instructed, if it could not subdue, them that opposed themselves. Even the spirit of religious hate, rancorous as it is, and in the darkest day of its power, could hardly have assailed him. For it was seen, that 'he would not strive,' and so much did the beauty of holiness shine out in his life, that, like Daniel in his uprightness, malice itself could find nothing against him, except concerning the law of his God. This, undeniably, was the character of the man, full of simplicity, truth, and loveliness ; and though it was not our privilege to enjoy any peculiar intimacy of friendship with him, yet we can never think of him without recalling the words which have been applied to yet another, whose spirit God had touched to the finest issues, and whose early death was also the disappointment of precious hopes ; 'that being made perfect in a short time, he fulfilled a long time ; for his soul pleased the Lord ; therefore hastened he to take him away.'

To the literary merits of the volumes before us, we have scarcely adverted. Those of Mr Abbot are, like himself, characterized by simplicity, purity, and freedom from pretence. His language is the natural expression of a mind intent on a great object ; such as recommends itself to every reader of taste, while it is perfectly intelligible to the humblest. For these, and kindred excellences, the volume will readily find its place with our most esteemed and useful practical writings.

Of the 'Eighteen Sermons and Charge' by Dr Freeman, whatever diversity of opinion may be felt, and such there will unquestionably be, as to the speculations of the preacher, his want or fulness of doctrinal sentiment, the excessive moderation or fervor of his spirit, we take upon ourselves to say, that no one, without some hazard to his own fame, will deny that they are indeed models of correct and beautiful writing. The lovers of true English, as well as the lovers of good sense, will take great delight in these pages. They exhibit a skill,

which nothing but familiarity with the best masters, and painful study, can supply, and are marked by an uncommon accuracy in the use of words, by a perspicuity of expression never to be mistaken, by chaste, and, occasionally, exquisite imagery. The typography, too, of the little work deserves some notice ; for it is remarkably neat, and forms on the whole a graceful dress for the thoughts it conveys.

But we have something beyond this to say. We are ready to ascribe to these volumes a higher praise than mere excellence of style ; a praise, which, we believe, in the estimation of their authors, could they both speak, would be more welcome than even the lustre of Greek or Roman fame. We regard these sermons as eminently fitted for usefulness ; to enlighten, sanctify, and make wise to salvation. We think that they are of a character, wholly accordant with the gospel itself, and the great end for which Christ Jesus came, to bring glad tidings of great joy to all people ; to heal the broken-hearted, to strengthen the feeble-minded ; to show the transgressor his way, and to turn him from sin unto God ; to infuse holy affections and inspire an ardent love of goodness ; to redeem men from the world, and to establish the dominion of virtue.

We think that practical discourses like these, are of the character which the wants of our churches and of our people, no less than the whole spirit of our religion, demand. We need preaching, not to gratify men's vanity or intellectual fancies ; not to distract by fruitless disputations, or to inflame with an unholy and malignant zeal ; but simply to inform and make men better. In this we would be understood to include no indefinite or visionary notions of perfection, springing out of mystic theories or poetic imaginations ; a visionary perfection, in this world neither to be desired nor secured ; but actual reformation, progress, growth, virtue, such as all minds can comprehend, and every rational being can attain. When we say 'better,' we mean the word in its plain literal sense ; better men, better citizens, better husbands and wives, parents and children, apprentices and pupils, masters and servants ; the young more docile and pure, the aged more spiritual and kind ; the man of business more honorable and less worldly ; the man of pleasure living to God ; the minister more faithful and meek ; the hearer less captious and more willing to become the doer.

It is by discourses like these, and we now particularly refer to those of Mr Abbot, presenting in their simplicity, tenderness,

and solemnity, the grand objects of the gospel, and therefore, in the highest sense of the term, to be called evangelical, that the true end of preaching is to be accomplished, and its lasting benefits realized. If it be inquired, what was it that gave to the preachers of former days, generally denominated evangelical, to Owen, and to Baxter, to Howe, Doddridge, and Watts, the power that has been ascribed to them, we answer, their belief and inculcation of the self-same truths and duties, which the discourses before us exhibit. Let these justly celebrated works of the English fathers be stripped of their technical garb; let them be examined as to their actual influence, and we believe it will be found, that all they have of a practical nature, will be in proportion to their fidelity to the plain, indisputable doctrines of the gospel. True it is, and we lament it, because in our view it diminishes their value, that with these they sometimes mingle doubtful disputations, and darken simple verities by their scholastic phraseology, or the metaphysical divinity of their day. But what is the chaff to the wheat? Blessed be God, amidst it all, the truth, all that is vital, all that is essential, remains. God himself, his moral attributes, his paternal character, his watchful providence, and his heart-searching eye; Jesus Christ, the Saviour and the Judge, in his instructions, example, promises, threatenings, and hopes; the necessity of holiness; the conditions of pardon; the realities of futurity; the solemn alternatives of an impartial judgment; these, we say, remain, and it is these, and not the vain dogmas with which they may be mingled, that make men wise and holy.

For ourselves, we would do honor to those illustrious and pious men of the generations that are past. They were the pillars and the glory of the church. They were, we doubt not, the friends of God and virtue, and sincere lovers of souls. It is our belief, and no man may take it from us, that were they now among us, their enlightened spirits would have been with the first to discern the doubtful from the true, to separate the precious from the vile, and to show unto men the way of salvation, not as they once marked it out in their catechisms and amidst their assemblies, but as it is revealed in characters of light, by the sincere and unadulterated word of God.

We may to some seem very presumptuous, and possibly it may be asked, 'What fellowship hath light with darkness?' &c. But in nothing deterred, we still repeat our appeal. Let any

serious and candid Christian look over the most approved treatises of the times to which we refer ; the times of Baxter, Tillotson, and Bates, perhaps as distinguished as any for faithful and experimental preaching ; and, that we may not be misunderstood, let him select, for example, Baxter's celebrated work—'The Saints Everlasting Rest;' or Bates's eloquent treatise, 'The Four Last Things, Death, Judgment, Heaven, and Hell;' or, if time has somewhat impaired the memory of these, we will come nearer our own day, and let him take, among others, the well known 'Call to a Holy Life.' Let the serious reader examine these or like books for himself, and upon a fair analysis of their contents, and of his own heart, let him say what it is that constitutes to him their value and efficacy as practical books, books of piety and virtue ; what in them disposes him most to deep thoughts and feelings in religion, or awakens within him a more anxious concern for the salvation of his soul ; and we are confident that his reply will be, just that which we have already given,—that he finds it in their plain teaching of simple truths, truths, which all minds comprehend, and all hearts can feel ; in what they show of the character, presence, and mercy of a perfect God, of the mission, message, and example of Jesus Christ, of the sublime doctrine of immortality, and of an eternal salvation, offered as the gift of God, dependent on character ; in fine, in the very truths which are the subjects of the most serious and approved of Unitarian writers, the chosen themes of their preaching ; and which, in the discourses of Cappe, Buckminster, Thacher, Abbot, and of many others yet living, are continually presented as the grand objects, the distinguishing glory of the gospel ; enforced, too, in all their purity and effect, because unmixed with doubtful disputations, and not corrupted by the vain philosophy of man.

We are indebted to the authors of the volumes before us for the acceptable aid they have rendered to the advancement of our common Christianity, to the great cause of piety and virtue. The one indeed is far removed above our praises ; for he has gone to be glorified, and, we believe, has already entered upon his reward. The other, in a tranquil and yet useful old age, waits the salvation of God. We have united in this notice the labors of the young, which the respected survivor still loves to cherish, with the matured graces of age, which he lives to exemplify. And surely it is among the

brightest anticipations of that world of light, which it is the glory of the gospel to reveal, that into its happy assembly shall be gathered both the aged and the young, who, either by private virtues or public services, in the freshness of their strength or in the venerableness of years, have advanced its blessed interests, and who, whether now with the living or the dead, shall be honored with the wise who have turned many to righteousness.

ART. II.—*Examples of Questions, calculated to excite and exercise the Minds of the Young.* By MRS ELIZABETH HAMILTON, Author of *Letters on the Elementary Principles of Education*, &c. &c. 12mo. pp. 67. Salem. 1829.

THESE Questions were first published as an appendix to a work of Mrs Hamilton but little known in this country, though in our judgment one of her best; 'Hints addressed to the Patrons and Directors of Schools, principally intended to show, that the Benefits derived from the New Modes of Teaching may be increased by a Partial Adoption of the Plan of Pestalozzi.' Since these Hints were given to the world, in 1815, much light has been thrown on the subject of primary education, and suggestions which were then advanced as novel and ingenious, have passed into established doctrines, common as household words. The barbarous practice of committing to memory page after page, and volume after volume, from the Primer upwards, by which everything was gotten by rote, and nothing properly digested and understood, has gradually yielded before the ascendancy of better principles, and a better system. Men have learned at length, that the ends of instruction are answered, not by crushing the mind under a useless lumber of words, but by exciting and developing the faculties, and teaching the child how to think and act rationally and consistently. The advocates of these improvements have prejudiced the cause with some, in our opinion unnecessarily, by making a little too much parade of their innovations, and of their contempt for the old methods; and also by sometimes maintaining the extravagant doctrine that a child is never to be permitted, in any case whatever, to read or commit to me-

mory a single line which he cannot fully comprehend. Undoubtedly in practice, education, on some subjects and in its first stages, must be to a certain extent mechanical, and but little better than getting by rote. Still, every sensible teacher will allow that this is an evil, and that much can be done, and has been done, especially of late, to lessen it.

Of all the means adopted for this purpose, none have succeeded better than the interrogative manner of instruction, of which we have so happy a specimen and model in the Questions before us. Pestalozzi, though he has given his name to this method, cannot claim the merit of literally inventing it; for it is one into which every parent and teacher from the beginning has unconsciously fallen at times, in attempting to enlighten the infant mind. Still, much is due to the great Swiss philanthropist for his clear and strong conception of its advantages; for the judgment he has evinced in reducing it to a system, and in most of the details of the system; for the generous and liberal manner in which he has tested it by experiment in a large school under his own eye; and for the influence which his genius and labors have had on public opinion in favor of at least a partial adoption of his plan.

We look forward with confidence to important changes gradually to be wrought in the intellectual and moral condition of mankind, by this and similar improvements in primary education. The dominion of error depends mainly, as we conceive, on the dimness and vagueness with which first principles are apprehended even among the thinking and well educated classes; and this, again, is owing, for the most part, to the manner in which these principles were first taught; for if we begin by using language vaguely and mechanically, it is a habit which is seldom, if ever, wholly corrected, particularly in regard to common and familiar truths. Let a child be taught ideas, as well as words, let him have clear and vivid conceptions of the rudiments, the first principles of any science, and if error is afterwards proposed, its incongruity will be likely to be immediately felt, and the error itself be rejected almost instinctively. Clear and vivid conceptions will also be obtained of our various relations as moral and religious beings; and these, as every one knows, are the life-spring of virtue, and of the highest exercises of piety.

We copy the following paragraphs from the short and well written preface of the American editor.

'The "Questions" now republished are founded on the principles which PESTALOZZI adopted, with well known success, in every part of education. To him belongs the high praise of having followed the indications of nature in the instruction of the young, instead of subjecting their minds to preconceived theories. He observed that the intellectual powers can only be developed gradually, and by a regular series of efforts; and that when a clear idea on any subject is acquired, the idea next in succession is easily imbibed. This idea, moreover, he believed, should not be directly imparted to the children, but should be obtained by their own mental efforts. Instead therefore of obliging his pupils to repeat by rote, words, that suggested ideas to his own mind, he first endeavoured to ascertain the ideas that actually existed in theirs. He then by *questions* adapted to their capacity, induced them, by a further exertion of their powers, to add to the number of ideas already acquired. The mind, according to his method, cannot be passive in receiving instruction. It is compelled to work its way to knowledge; and, having its activity properly directed, is led step by step, in easy and delightful progression, to the perception of truth. In the ordinary method of teaching, the memory of the pupil is loaded with arbitrary, and to him often unintelligible signs of thought; but in this, he is led to acquire definite ideas, and what is of more importance than even this, to the self-discipline of his intellectual powers.

To aid parents and instructors in carrying these principles into effect, is the object of the "Questions" now offered to the public. They are intended, not, as is ordinarily the case, to recall or refresh the recollection of what has been already learned; but, as the title imports, to "excite and exercise" the minds of the young; to induce and enable them to try their own powers; to think for themselves; and to follow out their own conclusions. If the book has any peculiar merit, it lies principally in this; and to those who believe, with the Editor, in the justness and importance of the general principles above stated, it is confidently recommended.' pp. 3, 4.

The following extract from the work itself will enable the reader to form some opinion of the manner in which it is executed.

'Q. Do you believe that it is through the mercy of your heavenly Father that you have hitherto been provided with food and raiment, and all the necessities of life?

'Q. Do you believe that it is God who has raised up for you

the friends by whom you have been tenderly cherished and protected?

'Q. Do you believe that it is God who has put it in the hearts of your instructors to take an interest in your improvement?

'Q. And do you believe that God, who has been so good and gracious to you, is ever present with you?

'Q. If God were to send a messenger from heaven to tell you what you must do to please him, would you not earnestly listen to his voice?

'Q. If this heavenly messenger were to inform you of things concerning which no human being could give you information, would you not attend to him with thankfulness?

'Q. If he were to instruct you in the weakness of your own nature, would you not be glad to learn of him how you might obtain strength?

'Q. Suppose further, that this divine instructor were to show you the path that leads to everlasting life, and to bring you the certain assurance, that by keeping in it you would be made happy forever and ever, would it not make your heart bound with joy and gratitude?

'Q. Now think a little while, and then tell me, whether God has not done this for you and for us all?' pp. 65, 66.

The questions in this volume are not only excellent in themselves, but may be considered as a specimen of the sort of questions which are best calculated to excite and exercise the minds of the young, and will therefore assist the parent or teacher to frame others at pleasure, suited to the peculiar circumstances and capacities of different children. We know that many mothers, and many teachers in our primary and Sunday schools, are convinced of the advantages of the interrogative mode of instruction and conversation, but are at a loss how to begin, or how to express and methodize their questions; and such persons, we are confident, will lose no time in availing themselves of the aid afforded by this useful manual.

- ART. III.—1. *Narrative of the Survey of the Intertropical and Western Coasts of Australia, performed between the Years 1818 and 1822.* By Captain PHILLIP T. KING, R. N. F. R. S. &c. &c., with an Appendix, containing various Subjects relating to Hydrography and Natural History. In two volumes. Illustrated by plates, charts, and wood cuts. London. John Murray. 1827.
2. *Two Years in New South Wales; comprising Sketches of the Actual State of Society in that Colony; of its peculiar Advantages to Emigrants; of its Topography, Natural History, &c. &c.* By T. CUNNINGHAM, R. N. In two volumes. Third edition, London. Henry Colburn. 1828.

THESE works relate to a part of the world which has hitherto excited but very little interest among us. In fact, the very name of the continent of New Holland, or Australia, as it seems to be now settled it shall be called, is seldom seen except on the map, or heard except in school; and that of Botany Bay is only known as some obscure place, at the further extremity of the globe, to which the English government, for the last forty years, have been transporting those convicts, who were too good to hang, and yet too bad to suffer to go at large upon society. Many of our readers will be surprised to learn, as indeed we were ourselves, that this same convict colony of Botany Bay, under the new and less offensive title of New South Wales, covers an extent of country greater than that of Massachusetts, and possesses a population as great at least, as that which Massachusetts could boast at the expiration of a century from its settlement. It may also be safely asserted, that the continent itself, for it surely seems worthy of being dignified by this appellation, affords subjects of singular interest for the consideration of the geographer, the natural historian, and the philosopher.

It seems, indeed, to be almost unique in its structure, its physical features, and in many of its productions. Its shores are surrounded by a series of reefs, which render approach to them dangerous, and sometimes impracticable. Notwithstanding the numerous expeditions which have been fitted out to explore the coast, no large river, inlet, or gulf, has been yet discovered, which will permit any approach to the interior. All the knowledge we yet possess, is confined to a few miles

of the very exterior, the rind of this great mass of land, with the exception of that part of it where the English colony is settled. How the interior is constituted, how it can differ from the rest of the world to such a degree as to give birth to no large rivers, what are its productions, its inhabitants, &c., remains as yet an entire mystery. Conjecture may busy itself on the subject, but of actual observation, with the exception above alluded to, we have nothing.

When the continent of America was discovered, its large and extensive streams, intersecting it in every quarter, and extending almost from sea to sea, afforded easy channels of communication to every part, and it was in consequence readily explored. But the want of such facilities in Australia, has prevented, and probably must for a long time prevent, all satisfactory examination of its interior. The only portion which has been explored for any distance beyond that to which a party from a vessel upon the coast would dare to penetrate, is in the neighbourhood of the English settlement at New South Wales. On this part of the continent, at a distance of from fifty to a hundred miles from the ocean, is a chain of mountains, resembling the Alleghany, which was for a long time the barrier to the colony in that direction; and population, as it increased, diffused itself along the strip of land between the mountains and the sea. Some attempts were made at several times to cross this range, but they were all unsuccessful until the year 1814, when the difficulties of the undertaking were surmounted, and the country beyond explored. It was found to possess great advantages as an agricultural district, and has been extensively colonized.

It is remarkable, however, that the examination of the country for several hundred miles from the sea, which has been the consequence of this discovery, has not only not served to clear up the doubts that existed with regard to the interior of the continent, but has even made the subject more mysterious than ever. Upon the interior slope of the barrier range of mountains, called in New South Wales, the Blue Mountains, springs, streams, and rivulets have been found, as was to be expected, gradually collecting into larger streams, and finally into rivers, two of which, the Lachlan and Macquarie, are of considerable depth and size. The former has been traced to a distance of five hundred miles from the town of Sydney, at Port Jackson. The latter, the Macquarie, has been explored

for about two hundred and fifty miles from its source. For more than a hundred miles before arriving at the point where it is lost, its depth is never less than ten, and often as great as thirty feet. It is navigable for even a greater distance than this.

In the common course of things, as we observe them in other countries, discoverers would have nothing more to do than quietly to follow down these streams as they grow larger and larger, secure of finding them terminate at last in the ocean. But not so with the rivers of New Holland. Instead of continuing to increase, they suddenly become more shallow, expand over a larger surface, and in fact are lost in a wide marshy plain, which is either constantly inundated, or so overgrown with reeds, as effectually to obstruct all attempts to penetrate further. They terminate, therefore, so far as it is yet known, either in marshes or in extensive shallow lakes. What is their ultimate destination, is of course left wholly to conjecture. They may be expanded over a very large surface, and by the heat of the sun be evaporated, or they may slowly find their way over a surface very gradually inclining towards the ocean, and being spread in many directions, contribute to the formation of a number of smaller streams.

It is suggested by Mr Cunningham, the author of one of the books before us, that such an outlet may possibly be found upon the northwest coast of the continent, in the Alligator Rivers, which were discovered and explored by Capt. King, the author of the other work under review.

‘That they have an outlet somewhere,’ says he, ‘is evident from the very sudden fall of the Macquarie’s inundation, observed by Mr Oxley, when that river merged in the extensive interior marshes, and from the rapidity of the current, even after he lost the channel among the reeds there. That also there can be no very extensive interior sea, may be argued from the fact that no rain clouds are ever seen coming from that quarter. It is more than probable that these marshes communicate with the Alligator Rivers, discovered by Capt. King, which fall into Van Dieman’s Gulf, opposite to Melville and Bathurst Islands, on the northwest coast, to which direction the current of the marshes tends. The distance from the junction of the Macquarie with the marshes to this point, is about eighteen hundred miles, while Mr Oxley calculated the height of the river at that junction to be two hundred feet above the sea,—giving thus four inches per league



of descent to the sea, which is equal to that of the Nile from Cairo to Rosetta. This calculation of two hundred feet, however, is mere guess-work, as no barometrical measurement was made.' Vol. I. pp. 25, 26.

Capt. King gives us an account of his examination of rivers emptying into Van Dieman's Gulf so near to each other as to render it probable enough that they might be the several mouths of one great river. The bottom and banks of all these consisted of alluvial mud, and the country in every direction round, was very low and destitute of highlands. So far as the continent has yet been explored, it would seem that no other part of its coast was so likely to give exit to its internal waters as this; since in every other part, mountains are found to approach too near the sea to admit of the supposition that any river could force a passage through them.

This solution is possibly true. But the streams discovered by Capt. King are too small, and discharge too small a quantity of water, to allow us readily to believe that they are the outlets of all the internal waters of a large continent, upon the supposition that it is constructed in the same way as the rest of the world. Larger streams may have still defied the scrutiny of navigators, since it is not always easy, where a coast is irregular in itself and its neighbouring waters covered with islands, to distinguish the mouth of a river from other indentations and irregularities. Still, that any large river should have thus remained undiscovered, is certainly improbable. Here, then, is an immense territory, containing probably as many square miles as the whole of Europe, of whose geography, inhabitants, productions, animal and vegetable, we know absolutely nothing. Conjecture has been busy in pointing out the various ways in which this space may be filled up. It has been supposed to be occupied by a vast inland sea, into which the rivers from the barrier mountains fall, and by evaporation from which they are again replenished; or to be composed partly of marshes like that portion which has been actually explored, and partly of extensive and sandy deserts which absorb the rains. The fact, that the winds which blow from the land are severally dry and hot, affords some ground for this hypothesis. Another supposition makes the whole known land of the continent to be only the borders of a vast lagoon, a construction in which it would resemble some of the smaller islands of Palynesia.

Not, however, to weary our readers by saying too much of what is not known, we may find sufficient to interest and instruct them in selecting from the works before us, an account of what is known concerning this continent. It opens to the naturalist a most extensive field for investigation, and in some particulars would seem to be no less singular and unique in its natural productions than in its geographical constitution. To say nothing of its cherry, which has its stone growing upon the outside, and its pear, which, with a smooth and tempting exterior, is of consistence so hard and woody as to defy mastication, its swans which are black, and its crows, which, for aught we know, may be white, all the animals of the class of quadrupeds supposed to be native, possess a character, which, as a whole, is not possessed by those of any other country. With the exception of the dog possessed by the natives, which is supposed to be imported, all the quadrupeds of Australia are of the tribe called *Marsupial*.* It would not have been re-

* It may be necessary, perhaps, to remind some of our readers who are not familiar with natural history, that the marsupial animals are so called from the possession of a pouch or bag at the lower part of the abdomen formed by a doubling of the skin at that part, and supported by two bones especially provided for this purpose. Into this pouch, their young, which are always prematurely born, when compared with other animals, are conveyed, where they are attached to the nipples of their mother, and complete their period of growth. The following account of the kangaroo, taken from Mr Cunningham's book, will illustrate the structure and habits of these animals. It is necessary to premise, that the kangaroo, when full grown, is six feet in length, and weighs two hundred pounds. 'The kangaroo has only one young at a time, which you may see attached by the mouth to the nipple inside the mother's pouch from the period it is the size of your thumb-top, and as bare and unshapely as a new born mouse, until it attains the size of a poodle dog, with a fine glossy coat of hair ready to leap out and hop along after the mother.—The mouth is contracted around the nipple, which swells out like a cherry inside it, nourishing the fœtus by means of absorption through this indirect channel, the mouth and nipple adhering so strongly that it requires considerable force to separate them. When the fœtus arrives at a sufficient age to suck, it drops off the nipple, and may then be said to be *born*, yet still continuing inside of the pouch, and sucking milk now through the ducts of that same nipple, from the external surface of which it formerly derived a very different species of nourishment. The manner in which the young reach this pouch—and attach themselves—is still a mystery;—but the natives assert they are born in the usual way, and that the mother places them there. It is amusing to see the young kangaroo pop its head out of the pouch when the mother is grazing, and nibble too at the tender herbage which she is passing over. When hard hunted, the mother will stop suddenly, thrust her fore paws into her pouch, drag out the young one and throw it away, that she may hop lighter along. They are always *very* hard pressed, however, before they thus sacrifice the life of their offspring to save their own; and it is pitiful to see the tender sympathetic looks they will sometimes cast back at the poor little helpless

markable that some species should have been found of this tribe, although it had previously been met with only on the American continent. But it is curious and interesting to observe that a characteristic of structure, which, in all other parts of the world, had been regarded as constituting an anomaly in natural history, an exception to the general laws of animal formation, should here be the prevailing, if not the universal type.

The dog is the only one of the quadrupeds found in New Holland, which was before known. And it is highly probable, that this animal, so inseparably the companion of man, accompanied the first human inhabitants of that country. His shape, character, and habits, as well as those of his master, are peculiar, and differ from those of any other variety of the species; a circumstance which may be attributed to the want of that education and cultivation which his race has received in every other known country. The effect of domestication in modifying the external form, as well as the character of animals, is well known, and it is not unlikely that the dog of Australia approaches more nearly to the original state of the species than any of the varieties with which we are acquainted. Although, as we believe, thus originally imported by man, he has become wild, and is the principal carnivorous quadruped of the continent. We give the following account of him from Mr Cunningham.

‘He closely resembles the Chinese dog in form and appearance, being either of a reddish or dark color, with shaggy hair, long bushy tail, prick ears, large head, and slightly tapering nose; in size and look he reminds one of a Scotch collie, running with considerable speed, and snapping in attack or defence. He does not bark, but howls in melancholy sort, when prowling in quest of prey, and has a strong and peculiar odor which makes European dogs shy at first of attacking him,—doubtless intimidated, too, by his snapping mode of fighting; for it is observed of poodles, and all which snap, that few other dogs are fond of engaging them. He is most destructive on breaking in

creatures they have been forced to desert.’ pp. 291-293. Beside the pouched or marsupial animals, Australia produces the ornithorhynchus or duck bill, a species departing still more from the ordinary laws of animal structure. It seems to hold a middle place between quadrupeds, birds, and reptiles. Its general form is that of a quadruped, but it has a bill and webbed feet like a duck, and a spur on its hind leg. It has no appearance of mammae, and may perhaps approximate to those reptiles whose eggs are hatched within the body of the parent. It inhabits ponds and streams of fresh water.

among a flock of sheep, as he bites a piece out of every one he seizes; not holding fast and worrying dead like the fox, but snapping at all he can overtake, till twenty or thirty may be killed by one dog, there being something so peculiarly venomous in their bite that few recover from it.' Vol. I. pp. 287, 288.

The kangaroo is the largest and the most important of the native animals. It seems to be universally diffused over the continent, for we do not recollect any part visited by voyagers in which some trace of it has not been found. Some of its peculiarities have been already spoken of in a note. It is also remarkable for its form, and for its mode of progression. Its hind limbs are so disproportionately large, long, and strong, that it has no power of running upon all fours, but uses its short fore legs only in grazing. Its tail compensates in some measure for this disproportion. It is thick, muscular, and very strong, so as to be capable of contributing to the support of the body as a sort of fifth limb. There are several varieties of this animal, all of which furnish an excellent food, closely resembling venison, whilst their skins have some value for their fur, and are often used by the natives as a covering. They endure change of climate and domestication in other countries better than animals in general, and have been for some time naturalized in England. The description of them by Mr Cunningham is curious and amusing.

'The kangaroos make no use of their short fore legs, except in grazing, when they rise upon them and their tail, bring their hind legs forward, and go nibbling upon all fours, pulling up occasionally some favorite plant with their fore paw and sitting up bold and erect upon their hind houghs and tail, while they slowly bite and nibble it, shifting it from paw to paw like a boy protracting his repast on a juicy apple. When chased, they hop upon their hind legs, bounding onward at a most amazing rate, the tail wagging up and down as they leap, and serving them for a balance. They will bound over gullies, and down declivities, the distance of thirty yards, and fly right over the tops of low brush wood, so that in such places dogs stand very little chance with them, but in a clear open country, soon tire them out. The dogs seize them generally by the hip and throw them over; then fasten upon their throats and finish them. But few dogs will attack a large kangaroo singly, some of the two hundred weight size often hopping off with three or four assailants hanging about them; and I was informed of one that actually carried a man to some distance. When a dog gets up close to

a large kangaroo, it will often sit up on its tail and haunches, and fight the dog, turning adroitly round and round, (so as always to face him) and pushing him off with the fore paws; or it will seize and hug him like a bear, ripping him up with the long sharp claw on his powerful hind leg. They are constantly indeed cutting and often killing dogs with this terrible weapon, which will tear out the bowels at a single kick; and a large kangaroo is on this account very dangerous even for a man to approach when set at bay.' Vol. I. 290, 291.

When hunted, 'if there is a river or pond near, the kangaroos are sure to retreat thither when hard pressed, and in this way readily baffle the native dogs, by shoving under water, and drowning such as may venture in beside them. From the great length of their hind legs and tail, they are enabled to stand on the firm bottom, while the dogs are obliged to swim, and in this way, a fight between a large kangaroo and a pack of dogs affords a most amusing spectacle. The kangaroo stands gravely upright with his forepaws spread out before him, wheeling round and round, to ward off his assailants, and whenever one arrives within reach, he pounces his paws upon him, and sousing him suddenly under, holds him fast in this position, gazing all the while around with the most solemn simpleton sort of aspect, heedless of the kicking and sprawling of his victim, whom he quickly puts an end to, if some courageous colleague does not in good time advance to aid, and force the kangaroo to let his half-drowned antagonist bob above water again, who paddles forthwith towards shore, shaking his ears, and looking most piteously, with no inclination to venture in a second time, notwithstanding all the halloos and cheerings with which you urge him.' * Vol. I. pp. 293, 294.

The number of quadrupeds in the district of New South Wales, is very considerable, but we have not room for further notice of them. The country is rich in birds, remarkable for beauty of plumage, for song, and for food. Among the most remarkable is the black swan, a species equal, in size, and elegance of form and motion, to its celebrated namesake of the older world. Its beak is of a rich scarlet, with a yellow point, whilst

* There seems some reason to believe, that the name which this animal now bears, was bestowed upon it by Captain Cook, in consequence of some accidental misapprehension on his part, of the language of the natives. It was ascertained by Captain King, that at Endeavour River, the place where Captain Cook first became acquainted with the animal, the natives of this day have a different name for it, and call it menuah. The name kangaroo has now, however, become established. King's Narrative. Vol. I. p. 368.

the plumage of nearly its whole body is of a beautiful black. The largest bird is the emu, a species of cassowary, said to be sometimes seven feet high. In its characteristics it approaches the ostrich. It is hunted for the sake of its hind quarters, the meat of which resembles beef, both in appearance and taste. Its eggs, which are numerous, and as large as those of the ostrich, are also a valuable article of food, particularly to the natives. It has neither feathers nor wings, but is covered with something between hair and feathers, with short flaps at its sides like miniature wings. It can of course only run, which however it does with the greatest rapidity.

Of fish, reptiles, and insects, there is also a sufficient variety. With fish, indeed, of excellent quality, this part of the world is well known to be abundantly supplied. The frogs seem to be of a most unceremonious disposition.

‘They climb trees, and often crawl into our rooms, creeping up the curtains of the bed, or up the window-sill, or corner of the room, until they are perched against the very ceiling, which they readily accomplish by their web-feet adhering like suckers to the substances they apply them to, in the same way as the feet of the fly. It is no unusual thing to hear one of these croaking visitors hail you in the morning, as soon as you awake, with his hoarse note.’ Cunningham, Vol. I. p. 313.

Of the snakes, a large proportion seem to be venomous. Mr Cunningham, indeed, supposes them all to be so, with the exception of the diamond snake, which is sometimes fourteen feet long, and, like other large snakes, is not poisonous. The most deadly species are what are called the brown and black, though Mr Cunningham considers them as being actually of the same species. He gives the following striking account of the effects of their bite.

‘The second time I saw these kind of snakes again together, I had two dogs with me that had acquired the dangerous habit of snake killing—one being a fine pointer newly from England, and the other a colonial-bred kangaroo dog. The pointer seized the black snake first, and was shaking it briskly about, when the brown snake, which had retreated some six feet distant, suddenly raised its head, darted its long tongue two or three times out, its eyes meanwhile sparkling vividly, then made a sudden rush at the dog, coiling round his legs, and biting at him with the greatest fury imaginable. I ran forward to assist with a spade,

but before I got up, the dog dropped the black snake, and seized the brown, snapping it up into mouthfuls. To make sure, I chopped the head off the black snake, leaving a bare inch of the neck attached, and then performed the same operation on the brown. On turning, I observed the kangaroo dog behind me make a sudden spring, and look anxiously round to where his hind feet had stood, where lay the head of the black snake, which I thought had merely startled him, by his treading upon it, little deeming that it could injure him in that mangled state. The pointer, I had set down as dead, but, after a few minutes space, I conceived hopes of his safety, from his running briskly off on the scent of an emu. My attention, however, was soon attracted to the kangaroo dog, by his suddenly losing the power of his hindquarters, which incapacity quickly extending to his forequarters also, made him tumble down as if in a fit. Conceiving it to be something of this kind, I cut his ears with a knife, which brought him a little round, but he could not rise, and lay panting with his tongue lolling out, and his eyes dim, watery, and glassy. In little more than half an hour from the time I saw him start from the snake's head, he was dead, and his body swelling fast. I now bethought myself of that circumstance, and immediately gave up all hopes of the pointer, who was now out of sight, and whom I found dead, swollen, and putrid, a few days after, within a short distance of the field towards which I was at the time walking.'

Vol. I. pp. 314-316.

The native remedy for the bites of these snakes, is the one commonly known among all nations; viz. tying a ligature tightly around above the bitten part, if on a limb, scarifying and sucking the wound. Among the whites, the bitten part is immediately cut out, and chewed herbs applied to the wound. Death from these bites is rare.

The following is an example of a singular propensity in an individual for the company of these reptiles, and a no less remarkable power of managing them without suffering from their bites. Instances of the same general kind, with regard to other animals, particularly bees, have been recorded.

'There is a man in this colony named Wilkinson, well known by the appellation of the "snake man," who has become so familiar with, and fond of these reptiles, that he seldom travels without having some of the most venomous coiled in his bare bosom, or stuffed into the crown of his hat. While in the service of a Paramatta clergyman, he came home one day with the tail of a

good sized snake hanging out from under his hat, curling over his brow like a love-lock, and when told of it by the lady of the house, he very coolly gave the tail a sharp pinch between his finger and thumb, to make the animal draw its stray member in. He had some constantly crawling about his bed-room, too, and often occupying a portion even of his bed, without his expressing the least apprehension. He says he was taught by the French surgeon of De Freycinet's ship, to tame these reptiles, which he accomplishes by simply confining several in a bag together, through which procedure the snakes soon loose all inclination for biting, permitting themselves afterward to be freely handled, as he has often demonstrated, by thrusting his bare hand among a bag full of them, and fearlessly holding them up like a bunch of eels. Whatever be his mode of taming, however, it is certainly most effectual. He at first approaches them cautiously from behind, as they lie basking, seizes them close by the head, presses the thumb under the jaw, forthwith consigns them to his wallet, and trudges eagerly on in search of more; and though he has caught some thousands, he has never been once bitten.' Cunningham, Vol. I. pp. 318, 319.

The human animals of Australia are not less worthy of our attention, than those which have been already noticed. All who have had intercourse with them, agree in representing them as standing lower in the scale of humanity than any other tribes with which they have been acquainted. So far as is yet known, they inhabit only the external parts of the continent, no indications having been observed, of habits or practices among them, which did not imply a residence upon the coast, and a mode of getting their food which necessarily supposed a residence near the sea. What unknown tribes or nations may remain hidden in the vast recesses of this inscrutable portion of the globe, is yet to be determined. So far as is known, its only inhabitants are a few tribes of wandering savages, hanging about its bays, islands, and rivers, finding a miserable shelter among its woods and hills, and gleaning a precarious subsistence from such of its vegetable and animal productions, as may be obtained with little labor or forethought.

The physical characteristics of these savages vary in different parts of the continent; but they do not regularly correspond either to the climate, situation, or any other of the external circumstances in which they are placed. Different tribes are distinguished by their stature, their form, their complexion, the color and structure of their hair, &c. Some are

tall and well shaped, others short and ill looking. Their complexion varies from a copper color, to the African black of the negro; and their hair, from long and frizzled, and almost straight black locks, to the woolly head of the negro. Neither is there any uniformity in the shape of the head, or the degree of projection of the face, those critical and important points of form to the naturalist. In general, the forehead is retreating, and the anterior part of the cranium small, with a projecting face and mouth, and deficient chin; but there are many, and considerable exceptions, and we are informed of tribes that approach, in a measure, to the more intellectual formation of some of the South Sea Islanders.

In examining the natives of a new country, and estimating the progress which they have made towards a state of civilisation, we are to consider how far their desires lead them to go beyond a provision for the merest animal wants. Men become civilized in consequence of the creation of artificial wants. The luxury of one generation becomes a convenience to the next, and a necessary of life to the third. As the luxuries of one age become the necessities of another, new luxuries are devised, and in order to the provision of these various luxuries and necessities, motives are afforded for the cultivation of the earth, for the education of artisans, for the creation of commerce in some form or other; and thus men are subdivided and appropriated to different occupations and professions; a process, which, while it establishes distinctions between individuals, draws more closely the general bonds of human society. We may measure, then, the progress which a tribe has made from what has been called a state of nature, by the number of its wants, and by the conditions of society which grow out of those wants. That is to say, we may measure this progress, by examining the degree of importance which is attached to the quantity, quality, and mode of preparation of food; to the warmth, convenience, and beauty of clothing; to the kind of habitations provided for protection from the weather; and to those forms of society and provisions of government, which are found necessary for the better enjoyment and security of property.

Measured according to these principles, the rank of the Australian savages will be extremely low. Although many parts of the country they inhabit, are eminently fitted for agricultural cultivation, we do not learn that they have ever made,

so far as has been observed, the rudest attempt to increase the produce of the earth by labor. They do not appear even to have made any very extensive use of the vegetable productions which are actually offered to them on the surface. A few esculent roots have been found on some parts of the coast, resembling the yam and potato, but it is doubtful whether these have been very extensively used as food. A few wild fruits, also, make a part of their support, but after all, their principal dependence is on the productions of the animal kingdom. Some of them even dislike and refuse other food when offered them. We are told by Capt. King, that in several instances biscuit which was given to the natives with whom he had intercourse, was rejected as disagreeable, whilst his repugnance to partaking of a piece of raw and putrid turtle's entrail, was ridiculed.

Their principal resource is fish, and in their modes of obtaining this kind of food, they display more of the usual sagacity and ingenuity of mankind, than in any other particular. They take their fish by spearing them, by hooks and lines, and by nets; but in most parts of the coast, more abundantly by weirs.

'In Oyster Harbour, on the southern side of the continent,' says Capt. King, 'the mouths of all the creeks and inlets were planted with weirs, which the natives had constructed for the purpose of catching fish. Mr Roe, on his excursion round the harbour, counted eleven of these weirs on the flats and shoals between the two rivers, one of which was a hundred yards long, and projected forty yards, in a crescent shape, towards the sea; they were formed by stones, placed so close to each other as to prevent the escape, as the tide ebbed, of such fish as had passed over at high water.' Vol. I. p. 16.

The same practice was observed in the interior, on Lachlan River, in New South Wales, and seems to be universal along the coast.

Of the animals of the land, the kangaroo is the most valuable article of food; but most of the quadrupeds, with the exception of the dog, being chiefly herbivorous, are well fitted for the same purpose. These animals probably constitute proportionally a more abundant supply, from the fact that man and the dog are the only species which depend in any considerable degree on them for their food, the country being destitute of any of those rapacious quadrupeds which infest the other continents. Whether the dog is ever eaten, as in the South Sea Islands,

we are not informed. Probably in times of scarcity it is, for under the pressure of want, the natives have recourse to reptiles, worms, to the larvæ of insects, to vermin, and other disgusting means of satisfying their hunger.

They have been accused of cannibalism, and there seems to be no doubt that it is occasionally practised. Some indications of this custom were observed by Capt. King, and Mr Cunningham has the following remarks upon it.

‘Cannibalism, there is great reason to believe, has been a very general custom, among all nations, in the early stages of civilisation, and doubtless brought about by the instinct of self-preservation, operating through war or famine. In Otaheite, a period of scarcity is still denominated “a man-eating season;” and even among our runaway convicts, cannibalism is by no means rare.’—‘The Argyle natives have been known to be cannibals since our first communication with them, nor do they attempt to deny the practice. A very intelligent individual in that country, informed me, that he once looked into one of their *gins*’ (wives’) bags, and found the fleshy part of a man’s thigh wrapped up therein. When I was residing at a friend’s farm, about forty miles from Sydney, a party of the Argyle tribes called there on their way downwards, after fighting with the Bathurst tribes, who had invaded their territory. One of the warriors, in answer to a question from me, held up his five fingers, to designate the number of the enemy they had killed; but it was not till some hours afterwards, that I learned a female had made one of the number, her breast having been detected in one of the bags carried by the *gins*, which they unhesitatingly declared it to be their determination to eat, saying, that the remainder of the woman had already been devoured.’ Vol. II. pp. 3, 4.

Of clothing the mildness of their climate prevents them from feeling the necessity, and no ideas of decency seem to suggest to them its propriety. Entire nudity, therefore, generally prevails among the men. The women, as in all known countries, have some natural feeling of delicacy, and are generally clothed in kangaroo or opossum skins. For the comfort of their habitations they have but little more regard. Many tribes seem actually to prefer the open air to the shelter of a hut. A few bushes placed to the windward, constitute the only protection from the weather of those in the neighbourhood of Port Jackson. On the southern coast, in the neighbourhood of the Alligator Rivers, Capt. King discovered several huts of a peculiar structure.

‘Upon further search, we found their encampment; it consisted of three or four dwellings, of a very different description from any that we had before, or have since seen; they were of a conical shape, not more than three feet high, and not larger than would conveniently contain one person; they were built of sticks, stuck in the ground, and being united at the top, supported a roof of bark, which was again covered with sand, so that the hut looked more like a sand-hillock, than the abode of a human creature: the opening was at one side, and about eighteen inches in diameter; but even this could be reduced when they were inside, by heaping the sand up before it. In one of the huts were found several strips of bamboo, and some fishing nets, rudely made of the fibres of the bark of trees.’

Vol. I. p. 72.

On the eastern coast, in the neighbourhood of the Palm Islands, some huts were found, which were small, but of an ingenious construction. They were circular and composed of twigs stuck in the ground and arched over, with the ends artfully entwined, so as to give support to each other. The whole was covered with a thatch of dried grass and reeds. They will contain only two or three persons. At Port Macquarie the huts are more carefully built, are more useful as dwellings, and will contain eight or ten persons. They are arched over so as to form a dome, and have the opening upon the land side, in order to screen them from the cold sea breezes. It is said by Mr Cunningham, that, on some parts of the coast, the natives build cabins still more substantial, and collect themselves into villages. In general, however, this does not appear to be the case. They are to a certain extent gregarious, but not social, in their propensities; at least not disposed to form an organized community.

In a few cases slight indications have been perceived of some regard for the authority of a chief, something at least like the acknowledgment of personal superiority; but in general no people seem so completely to entertain and literally to enforce the principle that all men are born free and equal. No doubt, in every horde of these miserable wretches, there is some individual whose opinions and conduct and advice exercise that sort of control which a superior mind always exercises over those inferior. No two men are ever engaged together in a common pursuit, in which one does not in some degree

feel the superiority, and defer to the authority, of the other, although this may be done insensibly to himself. But there is nothing that has been discovered of an allowed and acknowledged chieftainship, more especially nothing like an hereditary dignity of this kind, which we suppose constitutes the first step towards actual government.

Their canoes are little better than their dwellings. Many of them have only ingenuity enough to seat themselves on a log of wood, and paddle themselves through the water with their hands. In the absence of larger timber, several pieces are sometimes joined together, so as to form a body sufficiently buoyant for the support of a person. Some make use of merely a sheet of bark, with the ends slightly gathered up to form a shallow concavity, in which they stand and propel themselves by means of poles. These vehicles are only sufficient to convey a single person each. Others have been found made from hollowed trunks of trees, or from several strips of bark sewed together, which resemble more nearly the canoes of other savages, and are capable of containing several individuals.

Like other savages, or rather indeed like all mankind, they have a strong propensity for war, and their first impulse upon seeing a stranger, is to consider him as an enemy. Systematic warfare, however, seems hardly to be within the limits of their means, and they may rather be said to live always in a state of hostility, than to be frequently engaged in war. Their ingenuity is more highly exerted in the manufacture of weapons of death than for any other purpose. They make use of the waddie, which is a kind of club; the boomerang, which is made of wood, and thrown with great precision and effect, like the tomahawk and the spear. This last is in their hands a formidable weapon. It is generally pointed with hard wood, but sometimes with jagged stone, and being propelled by what is called the throwing stick, or by the natives the meara, possesses the properties of both the javelin and the arrow. The stone heads of these spears are sometimes of formidable properties. A bundle containing a number of them were found by Captain King tied up with more than usual care. Upon opening it, they were found to be most ingeniously and curiously made of stone.

‘They were about six inches in length, and were terminated by a very sharp point; both edges were serrated in a most surprising way; the serratures were evidently made by a sharp

stroke with some instrument, but it was effected without leaving the least mark of the blow; the stone was covered with red pigment, and appeared to be a flinty slate. These spear heads were ready for fixing, and the careful manner in which they were preserved, plainly showed their value, for each was separated by strips of bark, and the sharp edges protected by a covering of fur.—‘Their hatchets were also made of the same stone, the edges of which are ground so sharp, that a few blows serve to chop off the branch of a tree.’ King, Vol. II. pp. 68, 69

Human life is but little regarded by them.

‘You must never,’ says Mr Cunningham, ‘strike one of the wild natives, unfamiliarized to Europeans, even if you detect them in theft, or they will revenge themselves by taking your life some time or other if you do not thoroughly pacify them; for in their barbarous state, a man’s life, is as little thought of as that of a butterfly.’ Vol. II. p. 32.

‘In common with almost all savages, revenge with them is never satiated till quenched in the blood of an adversary. Like the Chinese they are not particular about the person; but if a white injures them, they generally satisfy their rage upon the first of that color they can conveniently meet with. They know not, in their wild state, what it is either to forget or forgive; and when once they murder a white, always expect to be retaliated upon for it, whatever appearances of friendship the other whites may put on, still believing they are yet to suffer, and that only fear or want of opportunity prevents a reprisal. Hence, until some of the tribe are killed by the whites, they never conceive themselves safe, and usually continue their murderings until, in retaliation, blood is expiated by blood.’

Vol. II. pp. 27, 28.

During the survey of the coast by Captain King, there seemed, among the natives, to be almost invariably a disposition to attack him, and this, too, after sometimes exhibiting tokens of amity and a desire for friendly intercourse. Thus it would happen that, after they had come down to the shore to meet him, apparently unarmed and defenceless, he would discover they had been carrying their spears with them between their toes, ready for a treacherous attack, a method they adopt when they wish to conceal their arms. In fact they seemed to be essentially treacherous. The following is an account of one of their most innocent assaults upon the surveying party.

‘Suddenly, however, but fortunately before we had dispersed, we were surprised by natives, who, coming forward armed with

spears, obliged us very speedily to retreat to the boat; and in the *saute qui peut* sort of way in which we ran down the hill, at which we have frequently since laughed very heartily, our theodolite stand and Mr Cunningham's insect-net were left behind, which they instantly seized upon. I had fired my fowling piece at an iguana just before the appearance of the natives, so that we were without any means of defence; but having reached the boat without accident, where we had our musquets ready, a parley was commenced for the purpose of recovering our losses.'—'On pulling near the beach the whole party came down and waded into the water towards us; and in exchange for a few chisels and files, gave us two baskets, one containing fresh water, and the other full of the fruit of the sago palm, which grows here in great abundance. The basket containing the water was conveyed to us by letting it float on the sea, for their timidity would not let them approach us near enough to place it in our hands, but that containing the fruit, not being buoyant enough to swim, did not permit of this method, so that, after much difficulty an old man was persuaded to deliver it. This was done in the most cautious manner, and as soon as he was sufficiently near the boat he dropped, or rather threw the basket into my hand, and immediately retreated to his companions, who applauded his feat by a loud shout of approbation. In exchange for this I offered him a tomahawk, but his fears would not allow him to come near the boat to receive it. Finding nothing could induce the old man to approach us a second time, I threw it towards him, and upon his catching it, the whole tribe began to shout and laugh in the most extravagant way. As soon as they were quiet we made signs for the theodolite stand, which for a long time they would not understand; at one time they pretended to think, by our pointing towards it, that we meant some spears that were lying near a tree, which they immediately removed; the stand was then taken up by one of their women, and upon our pointing to her, they feigned to think that she was the object of our wishes, and immediately left a female standing up to her middle in the water, and retired to some distance to await our proceedings.' King, Vol. I. pp. 110, 112.

Upon the approach of the boat towards the woman, she retreated, and two of the natives sprung into the water towards it, with the evident intention of seizing it. Being prevented from this without force, they pretended to retire, but still with treacherous intentions.

'A party of armed natives was observed to conceal themselves under some mangrove bushes near the beach, whilst two canoes

were plying about near at hand to entice our approach; the stratagem did not succeed.—‘Soon afterwards the natives, finding we had no intention of following them, left their canoes, and performed a dance in the water, which very conspicuously displayed their great muscular power. The dance consisted chiefly of the performers leaping two or three times successively out of the sea, and then violently moving their legs so as to agitate the water into a foam for some distance around them, all the time shouting loudly and laughing immoderately. Then they would run through the water for eight or ten yards and perform again; and this was repeated over and over as long as the dance lasted. We were all thoroughly disgusted with them, and felt a degree of distrust that could not be conquered. The men were more muscular and better formed than any we had before seen; they were daubed over with a yellow pigment, which was the color of the neighbouring cliff; their hair was long and curly and appeared to be clotted with a whitish paint. During the time of our parley the natives had their spears close at hand; for those who were in the water, had them floating near them, and those who were on the beach had them either buried in the sand, or carried them between their toes, in order to deceive us and appear unarmed; and in this they succeeded, until one of them was detected, when we were pulling towards the woman, by his stooping down and picking up his spear.’ Vol. I. pp. 114, 115.

Near Cape Flinders, on the northern part of New South Wales, a party, one of whom was Captain King himself, were surprised upon the beach, and came near being lost, by an attack from the natives.

‘Suddenly they were surprised by hearing a loud shout, and seeing several spears strike the rocks about them. Upon looking round Mr Harrison found that a party of natives were advancing upon him with their spears poised, upon which he presented his gun to the foremost, but from his having waded about in the water, the powder had got damp and would not go off. Immediately that I heard the shout of the natives, and saw Mr Harrison retreating from the Indians, who were in close pursuit, I hastened to his assistance, and came up in time to prevent them from doing any mischief; and by occasionally levelling my gun kept them at bay whilst we retreated towards the wreck, from which we were about half a mile distant. By this time Mr Roe, who had also heard the noise, joined; but as he had not a gun, the only assistance he brought was an addition to our number. Among the four foremost of the natives was a

mischievous boy, who, being emboldened by our not firing, and showing an anxiety to get away from them, fixed his spear and aimed it at me; upon which I fired my gun, but, as it was only loaded with small shot, it had no effect at the distance he was from me; the noise however arrested their pursuit for a moment; and by the time they recovered their surprise, I had reloaded with ball, but to my great mortification, upon presenting the gun to deter the boy from throwing his spear again, it missed fire; the weapon which at first was aimed at me, was then thrown at one of the Dick's men, and, piercing his hat, which he was carrying at his breast, fortunately, full of shells, only slightly wounded one of his fingers. The man, who to all appearance was dangerously wounded, for the spear stuck in the hat and hung suspended in the air, drew it out, and, throwing it on the ground with the greatest composure, continued to retreat. The natives then finding we were not intimidated or hurt by the spears, began to make friendly gestures, which we, of course, returned, but still continued to walk away with our faces turned toward them.—'In this manner and with great fatigue we continued our retreat across the reef, and reached the wreck without any signs of our people coming to our assistance. When the natives found we intended to walk round the point, they divided and gave their spears to a party that went over the hills, as it were, to cut us off; but in this intention, if they entertained it, they were disappointed, for our boat was there, and the crew all embarked, ready to shove off, little expecting ever to see us again. The idea of being thus easily deserted by our people was for a moment mortifying; but I ordered some of the crew on shore, and by our numbers kept the natives amused on the beach, while Mr Harrison shoved off in his gig to give the alarm, and to order some muskets to be sent for our protection. By the time however that Mr Bedwell arrived, we had succeeded in making friends with the natives; who, upon perceiving that we had now in our turn the superiority, began to draw away, and appeared to be as anxious to get rid of us as we had been, half an hour before, to escape from them; but we accompanied them half way across the reef, watching an opportunity to seize the boy who had wounded the Dick's man, whom I intended to keep a prisoner while we were here, and then to dismiss him with presents, to show that we were not inimical to them, although angry at being so treacherously attacked.' Vol. II. pp. 19-23.

Captain King was accompanied at this period of his expedition by two merchant vessels, the Dick and San Antonio, and having

gone on board himself, his judicious and humane purposes were defeated by some of the crew of those vessels, who wantonly renewed the quarrel with the natives, and fired several muskets at them, though fortunately without killing any one. It is not improbable that the thoughtless and inhuman conduct of the crews of merchant vessels on such a coast as New Holland, who feel no responsibility, and are amenable to no tribunal for their conduct, may have given rise to that unfriendly disposition towards strangers, on the part of the natives, of which we have spoken.

At Port Bowen an interview, somewhat characteristic, took place.

‘In order to divert them and obtain as much information as we could, whilst the boat’s crew were filling the water casks, we seated ourselves on the grass and commenced a conversation that was perfectly unintelligible to each other, accompanied with the most ridiculous gestures, a species of buffoonery that is always acceptable to the natives of this part of the world, and on more than one occasion has been particularly useful to us. An attempt was made to procure a vocabulary of their language, but without success, for we were soon obliged, from their impatience, to give it up. Not so easily, however, were they diverted from their object; for every article of our dress and everything we carried, they asked for with the greatest importunity. Our refusal disappointed them so much, that they could not avoid showing the hostile feelings they had evidently begun to entertain towards us. Seeing this I took an opportunity of convincing them of our power, and after some difficulty persuaded the native that carried the spear to throw it at a paper mark placed against a bush at the distance of twelve yards. He launched it twice, but, much to his mortification, without striking the object. Mr Hunter then fired, and perforated the paper with shot, which increased the shame that the native and his companions evidently felt upon the occasion. Mr Hunter then killed a small bird that was skipping about the branches of an overhanging tree. Upon the bird being given to them, they impatiently and angrily examined it all over, and particularly scrutinized the wound that caused its death.

‘We now found that the proved superiority of our weapons, instead of quieting them, only served to inflame their anger the more; and we were evidently on the point of an open rupture. One of them seized the theodolite stand, which I carried in my hand, and I was obliged to use force to retain it. They

then made signs to Mr Hunter to send his gun to the boat. This was of course refused, upon which one of them seized it, and it was only by wrenching it from his grasp that Mr Hunter repossessed himself of it.

'Many little toys were now given to them, on receiving which, their countenances relaxed into a smile; and peace would perhaps have been restored, had we not unfortunately presented them with a looking-glass, in which they were for the first time witnesses of their hideous countenances, which were rendered still more savage from the ill humor they were in. They now became openly angry, and, in very unequivocal terms, ordered us away. Fortunately, the Indian that carried the spear was the least ill-tempered of the party, or we should not perhaps have retreated without being under the necessity of firing in self-defence.' Vol. I. pp. 356-358.

The sight of their faces in a looking-glass, we are told, by Mr Cunningham, always affects them disagreeably.

At a few places on the coast, Captain King was received in a friendly manner, and at King George the Third's Sound, on the South West Coast, a very pleasant and satisfactory intercourse was established, and a considerable barter trade carried on. The articles of exchange were on the one hand, weapons of war, knives, hammers &c., and on the other, principally biscuit, the inhabitants here not having that dislike to the English bread which was elsewhere manifested. One of the natives became very familiar with and attached to the English, to whom he made himself very useful by his intelligence, good humor, and knowledge of the country. He had even determined to take his departure with them, and went on board for that purpose; but a few hours' seasickness cooled his resolution and he was glad to be put again on shore.

The colonists in New South Wales, have at several times suffered severely from the murderous and revengeful inroads of their savage neighbours, although generally living with them in great harmony. The enmity of the natives has usually been excited by the misconduct and bad treatment of some of the convicts, and, with that want of discrimination in their enmity, which has been already alluded to, and which includes all the whites together as one common object of injury, the offences of those individuals have been visited upon all the white settlers alike. Mr Cunningham gives us some accounts of the atrocities

committed on these occasions, which equal in horror those which are recorded in our own history.

'With this view they [the natives] approached in their usual friendly manner, and, while Mr G. was sitting upon a log stool, close to the hut door, reading Burns' poems, a tall, lame, villanous looking ruffian, named Nullan-nullan (or the *Beater*) glided behind him with a tremendous club, and by a blow upon the back of the head plastered the floor and wall of the hut with his brains.'—'When discovered two days after, Mr G.'s skull was as clear of brains as if they had been licked out by a dog,—supposed to have been the work of these cannibals. The servant was found about sixty yards off, covered by a few branches,—the house being plundered of everything useful to them and the spoil divided equally among the tribes present.'—'Dreading pursuit they set off immediately to pay a visit to the Richmond blacks, and on return to their old haunts, chased several mounted settlers on the Bulgar road, and paid a visit to a stock hut inhabited by three freemen at Putty, to whom several of them were known. Here they repeated their former atrocities, first cunningly borrowing the fowling pieces on pretence of shooting a kangaroo, and setting one of their *gins* (wives) to amuse and deceive their entertainers by singing "Johnny stays lang at the fair," the crafty wretch actually substituting the name of the intended victim for the *my*, in "to tie up *my* bonnie brown hair." While the unfortunate man's attention was occupied by her wiles —, one of the gang slipped behind and felled him dead with his "waddie;" the second white being assailed, beat senseless, and left for dead by the wretches outside of the hut; while the third, who witnessed the fate of his comrade escaped to Richmond, and gave the alarm.' Vol. II. pp. 29–31.

They have not much real courage. They dread to attack the whites though ever so few in number, if armed with muskets, so great is their dread of that weapon. A single individual with a fowling piece may keep almost any number of them at bay, by pointing it constantly towards them, and being careful never to discharge it. They are also much awed by the display of steady intrepidity, and are under the same sort of influence from cool, determined resolution on the part of an individual in their power, that rapacious animals are sometimes found to be.

'A fine instance of intrepidity and of the influence of female power over the minds even of rude savages, occurred in 1826,

at Hunter's river, during the period that several atrocities were committed by the blacks upon the whites there. The natives around Merton, the residence of Lieutenant Ogilvie, R. N., had remained all along on the most friendly terms with his establishment, but during his absence were provoked into hostility by a party of soldiers and constables who had wantonly maltreated them. Mrs Ogilvie was at home, surrounded by her young family and a few domestics, when the loud and threatening yells of a body of savages, who had surrounded her dwelling, suddenly aroused her attention, and made her summon all her energies to meet the impending catastrophe. They had seized on two constables within a few yards of the door, whom they were shaking by the collars, and reproaching in the most bitter terms their slight knowledge of English would admit of, preparatory to beating their brains out with their waddies, when Mrs Ogilvie, rushing fearlessly in among the brandished clubs and poised spears, by the firmness and persuasiveness of her manner, awed and soothed them into sentiments of mercy, and in half an hour they parted with all the members of the establishment upon the most cordial terms." *Id.* pp. 33, 34.

There is nothing romantic or attractive in any part of the character of these savages, and it would puzzle even the enthusiastic genius of a Chateaubriand to mould them into a poetical form. Their mode of courtship is peculiarly brutal and indicative of the light in which the female sex is regarded. When a bride is to be selected from a stranger tribe, the lover and a party of his friends, fall upon the relations of his mistress, beat them and her into a state of submission with their waddies, and then bear her off in triumph; or the man lies in wait for the woman in some place of retreat, knocks her down with a bludgeon or wooden sword, and, while she is yet besmeared with blood, takes her to his own home. The laws of marriage among them are not definitely known, nor are they probably very definite. At any rate female virtue is a thing of which they have hardly any conception.

Child murder of the illegitimate offspring of the white and black is common. It is also a common practice on the birth of twins, to destroy one. This is usually done by the mother from the want of sufficient sustenance, and the difficulty, in their savage state, of managing two infants. Still the instinct of parental affection is strong, of which the following incident, related by Mr Cunningham, is a striking example. It occurred

during one of the periods of hostility between the colonists and the natives, when a party of the latter, who were supposed to be guilty of a recent murder, were chased by constables and soldiers.

‘Wishing to secure one of the group to obtain information, a female with a child on her shoulders was pursued, as the most likely to be caught; and here, a striking instance of parental affection was displayed. Though she must have expected to be shot every instant, and even in case of being taken, to die, in conformity with their own customs, yet she nobly determined to risk her own life, to save that of her infant, and ran on with it, screaming to the father for help. At length, exhausted by her efforts, she sunk with her load in a soft marsh, and all hope appeared to be vanished, when the infant’s father suddenly made his appearance on the brow of an adjacent height, in fearless defiance of his enemies, and announced his presence by a loud shout. On seeing succour near, she quickly pushed the child along towards its father, who encouraged it, by cheering shouts and clapping of the hands, to approach him, while the little creature, as if aware of its danger, clambered up the face of the hill with amazing rapidity, mounted its father’s shoulders, and both quickly vanished in the woods.’ Vol. II. pp. 31, 32.

Their religious notions, as might be expected, are of the most limited kind; still they are not without them. They have a general belief in the existence of a spiritual world and of a future state.

‘They believe in a good spirit, which they call *Koyan*, and in an evil spirit named *Potoyan*. The former is held to watch over and protect them from the machinations of the latter, and to assist in restoring the children which the other decoys to devour. They first propitiate *Koyan* by an offering of spears, then set out in quest of the lost child; which, if they discover, *Koyan* of course obtains the credit, but if it is not to be found, they infer that something has been done to incur his displeasure. *Potoyan* strolls about after dark seeking for his prey, but is afraid to approach a fire, which serves as a protection against him; therefore they are neither fond of travelling after dark, nor of sleeping without a fire beside them.’ Vol. II. p. 34.

The inhabitants of Australia seem to have impressed all those who have ever visited them in precisely the same manner; namely, as the most wretched people whom they have ever known. Dampier, who saw them in the years 1688 and

1699, gives the following account of the natives of part of the North West Coast, as quoted by Captain King.

“The inhabitants of this country are the miserablest people in the world.”—“Setting aside their human shape, they differ but little from brutes. They are tall, strait bodied, and thin, with small, long limbs. They have great heads, round foreheads, and great brows. Their eyelids are always half closed, to keep the flies out of their eyes; they being so troublesome here, that no fanning will keep them from coming to one's face; and without the assistance of both hands to keep them off, they will creep into one's nostrils, and mouth too, if the lips are not shut very close; so that from their infancy, being thus annoyed with these insects, they do never open their eyes as other people; and therefore they cannot see far, unless they hold up their heads, as if they were looking at something over them.

“They have great bottle noses, pretty full lips and wide mouths. The two fore teeth of their upper jaw are wanting in all of them, men and women, old and young; whether they draw them out I know not; neither have they any beards. They are long visaged and of a very unpleasant aspect, having no one graceful feature in their faces. Their hair is black, short, and curled like that of the negroes; and not long and lank like the common Indians. The color of their skins, both of their faces and the rest of their body, is coal-black, like that of the negroes of Guinea.” King, Vol. II. pp. 94-96

He describes them as without any clothes except a girdle of the bark of a tree, and without houses; lying on the ground in the open air and merely setting up a few boughs to protect them from the wind; as living entirely upon such fish and marine animals as they can catch, and deriving no food whatever from the earth or from hunting. He gives the following curious account of his attempt to get them to work for him.

“After we had been here a little while, the men began to be familiar, and we clothed some of them, designing to have some service of them for it; for we found some wells of water here, and intended to carry two or three barrels of it aboard. But it being somewhat troublesome to carry to the canoes, we thought to have made these men to have carried it for us, and therefore we gave them some old clothes; to one an old pair of breeches, to another a ragged shirt, to the third a jacket that was scarce worth owning, which yet would have been very acceptable at some places, where we had been, and so we thought they might

have been with these people. We put them on them, thinking that this finery would have brought them to work heartily for us; and our water being filled in small long barrels, about six gallons in each, which were made purposely to carry water in, we brought these our new servants to the wells, and put a barrel on each of their shoulders for them to carry to the canoe. But all the signs we could make were to no purpose, for they stood like statues, without motion, but grinned like so many monkeys, staring one upon another; for these poor creatures seem not accustomed to carry burthens; and I believe that one of our ship-boys of ten years old would carry as much as one of them. So we were forced to carry our water ourselves, and they very fairly put the clothes off again, and laid them down, as if clothes were only to work in. I did not perceive that they had any great liking to them at first, neither did they seem to admire anything that we had." King, Vol. II. pp. 100, 101.

In this last point, nearly all the inhabitants of Australia seem to agree; namely, in a stupid insensibility to the superior value of the arts, arms &c., of the Europeans. In general they seem to admire nothing, and to wish for nothing that they see. Hence their having a less propensity to theft than most other savages, arises more perhaps from stupidity and indifference than honesty. To this remark, however, there are many exceptions, and European goods are eagerly sought for; probably more so now than a hundred and thirty years ago. In many other respects the description of Dampier is applicable to the inhabitants only of a small part of the coast; particularly as to the size, shape, and external appearance, beards, hair, complexion, and absence of the two teeth, which, though common, is by no means universal. In fact there are differences in these respects constantly occurring at different parts of the coast.

The deplorable state of this race of men, seems to be more owing to the influence of external circumstances, than to any inferior or originally degraded condition of their faculties. In the neighbourhood of New South Wales, although the influence of a civilized community has done little towards the elevation of their moral characters, their intercourse with the whites does not seem to have displayed any very remarkable inferiority of intellect. According to Mr Cunningham they are lively, good humored, inquisitive, and intelligent, and are found to acquire the knowledge of reading, writing, &c., almost as expertly as

Europeans. We hear no particular complaints in these works of any stupidity, except that arising from ignorance and from a total absence of all those motives and inducements to action, which usually excite men to improvement.

It is not perhaps true that the association of the natives of New South Wales with the inhabitants of the colony, has actually rendered their moral condition more degraded, for this could not well be; but they have certainly acquired some new modes of vice, and with the knowledge of good, have also acquired some additional knowledge of evil. As was to have been expected, their principal intercourse has been with the convict servants, or, at best, convict settlers, whose influence would of course be exerted to engraft the vices of civilized life on their already debased nature. Some of the consequences of this intercourse are related by Mr Cunningham, of which the following passage affords an example, which although by itself considered, of not much importance, serves to indicate the degree in which the species of education they are living under, may influence their character, habits, and condition.

‘All the natives round Sydney understand English well, and speak it too, so as to be understood by residents. The Billingsgate slang they certainly have acquired in perfection, and no white need think of competing with them in abuse,—a constant torrent of which flows from their mouths as long as their antagonist remains before them; it is of no use for him to reply, his words being quickly drowned in the roar of cursings and contemptuous appellations.’—‘The wisest course, perhaps, is to turn a corner and get out of sight as quickly as possible, for even escaping into a house and shutting the door is no protection, as some of the most steely tongued will sometimes halloo in at the window, or even through the key-hole, as long as they think you are in hearing. Their common practice of fighting amongst themselves is still with the waddie, each alternately stooping the head to receive the other’s blows, until one tumbles down, it being considered cowardly to evade a stroke.’ Vol. II. pp. 8–10.

The character of the natives of Australia, as well as their physical characteristics, has a nearer approach to that of the inhabitants of some parts of Africa than of America. They have like the African and unlike the American, a strong disposition for conversation, mirth, laughter, and music. They have none of that stern, unbending, stoical insensibility, which is

peculiar to the aboriginal of our own continent. They have not, when left to themselves, any tendency or disposition to improve their condition, but go right on seeking simply a bare provision for the necessities of life. They are notwithstanding docile and pliable and seem capable of instruction. When proper motives are presented to them, they are induced to become industrious, and to work regularly on farms; one of the principal causes of their dislike to labor being the knavery of the small convict settlers towards them, in cheating them of the fair reward for it. It seems possible that with judicious treatment their condition might be gradually improved and made to approach somewhat towards that of a civilized community, and that thus their race might continue to exist in a distinct form, instead of gradually falling away before the progress of the whites, and becoming extinguished like the tribes of the American continent. It is more probable, however, that, as the settlements of the Europeans encroach upon their possessions, instead of retreating before it, they will mingle in and form a component part of the new community, in the same way that the descendants of the African do among us. This result would naturally grow out of the easy, pliable, and gregarious disposition of the African and the Australian, whilst it ill accords with the reserved and solitary habits of the North American. The latter has invariably fallen back into the wilderness, as his white brethren pressed upon him, and if he existed at all, existed by himself. He has never properly become a member of civilized society in any condition. Whether it is best that this should happen, and a race of men be thus cut off from the earth and their place supplied by another, as happens with regard to the American, or whether it should become combined with another race of more fortunate endowments, and form a degraded caste in its society, as is the case with the African and will probably be with the Australian, is a question more difficult to determine than a first view of the subject itself would lead us to imagine.

The only instances of an approach on the part of the Australians to anything like the ornamental in art, have been found in some attempts at drawing and painting of the rudest character. Of these the most remarkable were observed upon an island on the North Eastern Coast, near Cape Melville, called Clarks Island, by Mr Cunningham, the naturalist of

Captain King's expedition. The following is his account of his discovery.

'The base [of the island] is a coarse, granular, silicious sandstone, in which large pebbles of quartz and jasper are imbedded: this stratum continues for sixteen to twenty feet above the water: for the next ten feet there is a horizontal stratum of black schistose rock, which was of so soft a consistence, that the weather had excavated several tiers of galleries, upon the roof and sides of which some curious drawings were observed, which deserve to be particularly described; they were executed upon a ground of red ochre, (rubbed on the black schistose,) and were delineated by dots of a white argillaceous earth, which had been worked up into a paste. They represented tolerable figures of sharks, porpoises, turtles, lizards, (of which I saw several small ones among the rocks) trepang, star-fish, clubs, canoes, water-gourds, and some quadrupeds, which were probably intended to represent kangaroos and dogs. The figures, besides being outlined by the dots, were decorated all over with the same pigment in dotted transverse belts. Tracing a gallery round to windward, it brought me to a commodious cave, or recess, overhung by a portion of the schistus, sufficiently large to shelter twenty natives, whose recent fire-places appeared on the projecting area of the cave.

'Many turtles heads were placed on the shelves, or niches of the excavation, amply demonstrative of the luxurious and profuse mode of life these outcasts of society had, at a period rather recent, followed. The roof and sides of this snug retreat were also entirely covered with the uncouth figures I have already described.

'As this is the first specimen of Australian taste in the fine arts that we have detected in these voyages, it became me to make a particular observation thereon; Captain Flinders had discovered figures on Chasm Island, in the gulf of Carpentaria, formed with a burnt stick; but this performance, exceeding a hundred and fifty figures, which must have occupied much time, appears at least to be one step nearer refinement than those simply executed with a piece of charred wood.' King, Vol. II. pp. 26, 27.

Similar representations have been found carved on stone in the neighbourhood of Port Jackson.

We have already alluded, in the early part of this article, to the rapid progress of the English colony in New South Wales. The work of Mr Cunningham, as its title imports, relates

chiefly to the present state and prospects of this colony, and the view which he gives us is highly interesting and amusing, and at the same time affords materials for serious reflection upon the probable moral and political condition of a community, which has originated in a manner so unpromising, but which bids fair to become, at no very distant period, a flourishing and numerous people.

The first convicts arrived in Australia in 1788. Nearly fortyone years have therefore now elapsed since the settlement in New South Wales, and thirtyeight had elapsed at the time the work before us was written, and the colony at this time, says Mr Cunningham, far exceeds in rapidity of progress towards riches and power any founded on the American continent.

The town of Sydney, the principal town of the colony, about equals in size and population our ancient neighbour of Salem. This is a place, we are told, of great bustle and enterprise, and is the chief seat of commerce and of business. In the year 1826, it had twentytwo shipping agents, eleven auctioneers, a chamber of commerce, and two banks, dividing forty *per cent.* Ten vessels were employed in whaling and in sealing, and a larger number in the coasting trade to different parts of the colony. In thirteen months twentyfour ships arrived from, and seventeen were despatched to, England; whilst twenty-six carried on a trade with India, China, the Brazils, Isle of France, and the Cape of Good Hope. Three newspapers were published, two semiweekly, and one weekly, with a circulation, on an average, of 3250 impressions weekly, and containing from 70 to 80 advertisements. Another weekly paper was also in contemplation.

The colony contained, at the same time, nearly 50,000 inhabitants, spread over an extent of country two hundred miles square. Justice was administered by distinct civil and criminal courts; by six separate courts of quarter sessions, and eleven separate benches of magistrates. Everything else indicated a high state of prosperity. The live stock amounted to 200,000 sheep, 100,000 head of cattle, and many thousand horses and other animals. Two distilleries furnished several hundreds of thousands of gallons annually, of spirits, and thirteen breweries eight thousand hogsheads of ale and beer.

These circumstances show, not only that the population of New South Wales is large and increasing, but that it is a thriving, an industrious, and in the main, a successful popu-

lation. Now as it is chiefly composed of the convicts and their descendants, for the number of other settlers, although considerable, is not sufficient to give its character to society, it would be interesting in a moral and political point of view, to inquire into the changes which have been thus wrought in these individuals, and into the process by which they have been converted, from worthless depredators upon society, into industrious members of it. But this our limits will not admit. That a great change is actually produced in the external character of the convicts, and that many of them become decent and useful citizens, cannot be doubted. This change seems to be brought about by the circumstance, that they become members of a community, where the temptations to their former course of life do not exist, where the same occupation, from the very nature of society, cannot afford them a support, where their former character, if they reform, will be no impediment to their maintaining a respectable station, and bringing up a family in credit. The motive drawn from the latter consideration, probably has more influence than any other. Parents, with few exceptions, whatever may be their own vices, wish that their children may avoid them, and would be happy in believing that they will lead respectable and honest lives. This, with regard to the convicts, is impossible if they remain in England, but is an object easily attained in Australia. And as a consequence, we are assured by Mr Cunningham, that the descendants of the convicts maintain excellent characters, and are most promising members of society.

The colony was intended as a place of punishment for criminals; as it has been generally managed, it has proved only a place of banishment. After the term for which they have been transported has elapsed, convicts may become proprietors of the soil, and enter society upon most advantageous terms. Even before this period, by becoming the servants of farmers and planters, they may, if they choose, lead a life, which certainly is nothing like a state of punishment. Indeed, the life and prospects of a convict at New South Wales, are so comfortable and desirable, that they often send over to England for their relatives to join them, and as a passage at the expense of government suits generally with their means, they procure themselves to be transported. Mr Cunningham tells us of a young man of twentytwo, who went out with him to join a father and an elder brother by special invitation; the

elder brother having before joined his father, to assist him in the cultivation of his farm. The young man was therefore the second son who had procured himself to be transported, and as he was an infant when his father left home, an introduction of the hopeful son to the exemplary parent, became necessary from the elder brother. 'When may we expect Jem?' was the question put shortly after the preliminary congratulations; Jem being a cousin who had long promised the colony a visit.

There can be no doubt that the administration of the colony has been such, as to diminish the salutary effect of transportation as a means of punishing and preventing crime. Even Mr Cunningham's account, which he intends shall be a very favorable one, gives a lamentable picture of the state of morals and of the perversion of justice, during some periods, at least, of its history.

'It was no very extraordinary spectacle,' says Mr Cunningham, 'to see an arraigned murderer carousing among his friends, in a pot-house adjoining the court, in the very presence of the constables, on the day of his trial; to see thieves of rank walking up to trial, arm in arm with their equally dignified associates, receiving the blessing of all the sympathizing community, as they tripped along, accompanied by the fervent prayer that they might get safely out of this trouble, the respectful constable walking like a common lackey behind; to see also receivers of stolen goods, driving up to court to receive sentence in their carriages with livery servants.' Vol. II. p. 319.

There seems to be no doubt, however, that the state of the colony is improving, and that by the introduction of a salutary discipline, the restraints upon crime will be sufficient for the peace, good order, and security of society. So far as can be judged from the work before us, there is a reasonable prospect that the state of morals and intelligence in the people of New South Wales, will gradually improve; and we believe, that, with the exception of the colonies from which our own country has taken its origin, few have ever commenced their existence under happier auspices. Compare the state of things at the present moment, in any of the countries of Spanish America, or the West India Islands, with that in New South Wales, and we believe the latter would appear better prepared for successful self-government, better prepared to become at once a settled and well ordered community, than any of the

former. Such is the influence upon men's minds, of living and having lived under wise and liberal institutions of religion and government. Even these convicts, outlaws and outcasts at home, have learned so well, from their acquaintance with the society in which they have lived, what is the duty, and what the true interest of a regular member of society, that when they become so themselves, they fall almost insensibly into that line of conduct, which is best calculated to promote their interests and happiness in that relation.

To those who have opportunity of access to Mr Cunningham's work, we recommend it as one of the most amusing which can fall into their hands. He touches upon a great variety of subjects relating to the colony, which we have not noticed, and writes in a very lively and agreeable manner. His manner of life does not seem to have enabled him to judge at all times what is exactly decorous to utter in good society, or in a book intended for general circulation; neither does he appear to have modelled his notions of moral and religious principle, by a very high standard; but, upon the whole, few books in circulation contain more that is new, or would be more entertaining and instructive to the general reader.

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- ART. IV.—1. Συνοπτικὴ τῆς Ἀποελληνικῆς Διαλέκτου Γραμματικὴ ὑπὸ Ἀλεξάνδρου Νέγρη. *A Grammar of the Modern Greek Language; with an Appendix, containing Original Specimens of Prose and Verse.* By ALEXANDER NEGRIS. Boston. Hilliard, Gray, Little, and Wilkins. 1828. 12mo.
2. *Article 'Greece,' in the London Encyclopedia, and 'Neugriechische Sprache,' in the German Conversations-Lexicon.*

DURING the long period in which Greece remained submissive to the Turkish yoke, the recollection of her existence was preserved only by her ancient renown. Her fate served to point a declamation on the rise and ruin of nations, and was forgotten with the sentence which commemorated it. But when a struggle for liberty began in its ancient home, all eyes were turned thither with interest. Now that the contest is decided, and Greece has resumed the character of an independent nation, we are all eagerly waiting to learn what will be

the fruits of her renewed freedom. Under these circumstances, a few remarks on her language and literature will not be unseasonable, although brief and imperfect, as they must necessarily be, from our limited knowledge of the subject.

Lord Byron remarked, many years ago, that but little was known of the literature of modern Greece, and that little has not since been very much increased. The attention of the world has been fixed, almost exclusively, on her political condition, and the many foreigners who have aided her in her late struggle, have been too much occupied with the calls of military duty, to study attentively the literature of the country, and the connexion between the ancient and the modern language.

We shall now offer a few general remarks on these subjects, taken principally from the article 'Greece,' in the London Encyclopedia, and from the article on the language and literature of modern Greece, in the German Conversations-Lexicon, and shall then point out more in detail, some of the principal differences between the ancient and modern languages.

'The language of the ancient Greeks has undergone many alterations in the period which has elapsed since the decline of the eastern empire. The influx of the barbarians hastened its corruption, and ages passed in which the nation had no literature but that of its ancestors. About the twelfth century, some taste for learning arose; the crusades brought the East into connexion with the West, and though there was a striking difference between the supple and artful character of the Greeks and the barbarous rudeness of the Latins, new ideas were infused into the nation, and new expressions introduced into its language. The Italian dialect particularly, had great influence on the Romaic or modern Greek, which was then forming. Poets and prose writers soon availed themselves of this new language, and it became the national idiom. Its first appearance as a written language, is in the chronicles of Simon Sethos (1070—80.) Had not their liturgy, from the earliest times of Christianity, maintained the use of the ancient language, the Greeks would probably have departed much farther from its purity; and to this same preventive cause may be attributed the uniformity which prevails in the modern language in all the different districts. In some of the islands which have very little trade, more of the words and turns of expression of the ancient Greek are preserved, than in the rest of the

country. The general ignorance of the people kept the language in a very corrupt state till the middle of the last century.' Rhizos considers the revival of the nation to have commenced with the influence and respectability which the Fanariotes* acquired from their connexion with the seraglio between 1700 and 1750.

From 1750 to 1800, the Greeks resorted for instruction to the universities of the West, and began to pay more attention to their own tongue. At the commencement of the present century, the effects of the cultivation which they had acquired, began to be felt. The nation became sensible of its degradation, and anxious to shake off the Turkish yoke. Schools were established at Odessa, Venice, Vienna, Jassy, Bucharest, and on the Ionian Islands, most of which have now ceased. Even in Constantinople, under the reign of Selim III., some Fanariotes, especially Prince Demetrius Merusi, the founder of a national academy at Kuru Tschesme, in 1805, deserve honorable mention, for their exertions in behalf of the modern Greek language and literature. The works printed at Jassy, Bucharest, (where Spiridion Valetas translated, under the name of Aristomenes, the famous treatise of Rousseau 'Sur l'inégalité des conditions,') at Venice and Leipzig, were at first merely ecclesiastical, but, with the increasing wealth of the nation, the books introduced and studied became more numerous and various. The language was cultivated by men of talents and education, who were, however, divided in opinion as to the best mode of improving it, one party wishing to make the ancient Greek the standard, the other selecting the Byzantine Greek and the language of the patriarchs, as their model. Of the former party, the most distinguished is Coray; among the latter, are Codrica and Jacobacis Rhizos. The periodical *Ἑρμῆς Λόγιος* established at Vienna by the advice of Coray, and many other works which he has called into existence, have contributed to promote his views, which have now become general.

The number of works that have appeared in modern Greek during the last fifty years, is much greater than the circumstances of the nation would lead one to suppose. The article in the German lexicon mentioned above, states it at three

* These are the noble Greek families residing in the quarter of Constantinople called the Fanar.

thousand. A very large proportion of them are theological; many also are translations. An observation of Lord Byron, in the notes to the second canto of *Childe Harold*, serves to confirm this statement. He says, 'the whole number of Greeks scattered up and down the Turkish empire may amount to three millions, and for so scanty a number, it is impossible to discover any nation with so large a proportion of books and their authors, as the Greeks of the present century.' He had previously said, in note third to the same canto, 'Amongst their original works, the geography of Meletius, archbishop of Athens, and a multitude of theological quartos and political pamphlets, are to be met with. Their grammars and dictionaries, of two, three, and four languages, are numerous and excellent. Their poetry is in rhyme. Their songs are sometimes pretty and pathetic, but their tunes generally displeasing to the ear of a Frank. The best is the famous "*Δίετι παίδες τῶν Ἑλλήνων*," by the unfortunate Riga. But from a catalogue of sixty authors now before me, only fifteen can be found who have touched on any theme except theology.' A large portion of the literature of the modern Greeks, consists of translations, particularly from the French. Political works especially, are translated, and read with avidity. In Odessa a Greek theatre has existed for several years, in which ancient Greek tragedies, translated into modern Greek, have been performed. To these succeeded the original tragedies of Jacobus Rhizos, namely, *Aspasia* and *Polyxena*, and translations of modern dramatic works, by *Oekonomos*, *Kokkinakis*, and others. Romaic songs are numerous, a collection of which was made by a French gentleman of the name of *Fauriel*, and published in Paris in 1824-5.

We shall now proceed to point out some of the principal points of difference between the ancient and modern language. 'Independently of words and expressions,' we quote from the *London Encyclopedia*, 'the ancient Greek grammar has undergone various alterations; the accents, which the nice ear of an Athenian distinguished with so much care, have been confounded; the aspirations, though still marked, are no longer pronounced; several vowels and diphthongs that the ancients distinguished, have now the same sound given them.' In regard to this last remark, we would observe, that it is by no means certain, that the ancient Greeks did not also give the same sound to the vowels and diphthongs referred to. These

are *υ, ι, υ, αι, ει, υι*, which are all sounded like our *ē* long. The argument that the uniform mode of pronouncing these six different signs, must arise from corruption, is answered by Mr Pickering in his 'Essay on the Pronunciation of the Greek Language,' by the remark, that the English language has seven different ways of expressing this very sound of *e* long. These are *æ, e, ee, ea, ei* as in *seize*, *ie* as in *chief*, *i* as in *marine*. 'With the words of the ancient language, the moderns have taken great liberties, lengthening some, shortening others, interpolating or retrenching vowels or consonants in the middle of words, changing one letter for another, in fine, confounding their significations and using the ancient words in new senses. The dual number is lost. The auxiliaries to *have* and to *will*, employed in the modern language to indicate the past and the future, as well as the use of the personal pronouns with the verbs, are all derived from modern European sources. The orthography varies much, and indeed has no fixed rule.'

The verb has undergone very considerable changes. The infinitive is not used except when it supplies the place of a substantive, as *τὸ γράφειν* 'writing.' In all other cases the Greeks use instead of it the subjunctive with *ῶ* an abbreviation of the ancient *ῖα* as *ἔλω ῶ ἔχω*, 'I will have.' The dual number, as we said before, has disappeared both from verbs and nouns. The middle voice is abolished, as is also the optative mode. The subjunctive is sometimes used in an optative sense.

The future is formed by the auxiliary *έλω*, and the third person singular of the ancient future. Sometimes in speaking *ῶ* is used instead of *έλω*, or rather instead of *έλω ῶ*, and then the future retains the ancient form of declension, with the addition of this prefix to each person. The conditional is formed by *ἔλεα* or *ἔλεον*, the imperfect tense of the auxiliary and the third person singular of the aorist of the subjunctive. The pluperfect of the indicative is formed of the auxiliary *ἔχα* (the imperfect of *ἔχω*.) and the third person of the aorist of the subjunctive. The corresponding tenses in the passive voice are formed in the same way. The present and aorist of the subjunctive have always the prefix *ῶ*. The second aorist is not in use.

In the active voice there is but one participle, which might more properly be called an adverb, as it is indeclinable, expressing merely the existence of a certain state of things at the time, as *γράφοντας*, 'while I or he, &c. was writing,' corres-

ponding to the French *en écrivant*. The verbs in *μι* are entirely out of use, except *ἵστημι*, *τίθημι*, and *δίδωμι*, and even for these there are substitutes. *Θίλω*, the auxiliary, is also used as an independent verb in its ancient sense.

In all verbs taken from the ancient Greek, the first aorist is the only simple past tense in use.

Compound verbs generally take the augment at the beginning. The modern Greeks make much use of such verbs, and frequently compose them for the occasion, with much effect.

The noun substantive has undergone several changes. The dative case is not often used, except in the superscription of letters. Its place is usually supplied by the accusative, which has the preposition *eis* before it, if any ambiguity would exist without it. The genitive plural is seldom used in common life. Its place is supplied by the accusative and a preposition. The genitive of the personal pronouns is often used like the dative.

The Modern Greek, like the Spanish and Italian, derives much beauty from its diminutives. These are formed by changing the terminations of nouns substantive into *άκις* for the masculine, *ιτζα* and *υυλα* for the feminine, and *άκι* and *ιδί* for the neuter. *Πυυλος* is also used. Augmentatives are less common. The termination *αρος* has this force.

The adjectives are almost always regularly declined *ας*, *η*, *οι*. The terminations *ας*, *ις*, *ες*, are only used in writings of a dignified character, and seldom even then.

The definite article is used as of old, with a little difference in the way of declining it. An indefinite article is also in use, taken from the first numeral *ινας* one.

Διός or *ιδιός* is a possessive pronoun, declined like other adjectives, and only used with the oblique cases of the personal pronouns, to which it imparts an adjective character.

The prepositions are all taken from the ancient Greek, but they are often used very differently, and may be considered, in the vulgar language, as all governing the accusative case, though the higher classes often use the cases required in ancient Greek.

The orthography of the language, as we before observed, is unsettled. Colonel Leeke, in his 'Researches in Greece,' remarks that, 'in the practice of the uneducated, and in vulgar poetry, almost any spelling is allowed which expresses the sound.'

In reading verse, the modern Greeks are governed entirely by the accent.

To the above list of particulars in which the modern language has deviated from the ancient, we might add that it has borrowed many terms from the other European languages and from the Turkish. Still, however, it remains much more like the ancient Greek, than either of the languages of Latin origin is like its original, and the resemblance is daily becoming greater, by the efforts which cultivated men are making to accommodate the modern language to the standard of the ancient. In fact the language in which the grammar of Mr Negrin is written, differs so little from the ancient Greek, that no man acquainted with the latter will find any difficulty in reading it. This grammar is very short and simple, and is interesting principally as showing how considerable is the resemblance between the ancient and modern dialects.

ART. V.—I. *A Commentary on the Epistle to the Hebrews.*

By MOSES STUART, Associate Professor of Sacred Literature in the Theological Seminary at Andover. 2 vols. 8vo. Andover. 1827, 1828.

Continued from p. 225.

IN concluding the article in our last number on the authorship of the Epistle to the Hebrews, we observed, that 'if St Paul had actually sent an epistle to the Jewish believers at Jerusalem, just after the termination of the long series of sufferings and ill treatment, which commenced in so remarkable a manner in that city, there seemed to us no doubt, that it would have been an exceedingly different composition from the Epistle to the Hebrews.' If St Paul was the author of this work, it is to be recollected that it must have been written by him after the close of his first confinement at Rome, while he still remained in Italy; and that it was in all probability, sent to the church at Jerusalem.

The Epistle to the Hebrews is addressed to Jewish believers alone. It appears throughout, that the writer had no thought of any Gentile converts among those to whom

it was sent. Now of the churches to which the apostle may be supposed to have written, we may safely affirm, that there was not one except that at Jerusalem, composed exclusively, or almost exclusively, of Jewish believers. That St Paul would have sent an epistle to a church consisting both of Jewish and Gentile Christians, and have addressed the former alone, and studiously overlooked the latter, is a supposition altogether improbable.

The remark then, just repeated from our former article, suggests the considerations to which we shall next advert. It is improbable that St Paul would have particularly addressed such a treatise or epistle to the Jewish Christians at Jerusalem, during any period of his ministry; and it is especially improbable that he would have done so at the time when the *Epistle to the Hebrews* must have been written.

In the first place, then, it is improbable, that St Paul would at any time have sent to the Hebrew Christians at Jerusalem, such a work as this *Epistle*. They were the converts of the other apostles, and their particular charge. He would have regarded it as an improper interference on his part, to undertake the instruction of a church of Jewish Christians under these circumstances. His feelings and opinions respecting such an interference, are expressed in his epistles. The following passage is from his second letter to the Corinthians, ch. x. 12-16. It refers, as may be perceived, to those new teachers who had intruded among his converts, and were endeavouring to weaken his authority.

‘For we submit not to take rank, or compare ourselves with some of those who are putting themselves forward; and who truly are not wise in measuring themselves by themselves, and comparing themselves with themselves. We will not boast of what is beyond our bounds; but within those limits which God has marked out for us; extending even to you. For we do not overpass our bounds, as if they included not you; for in preaching the gospel of Christ, they extended even to you. We boast not of what lies without our province in other men’s labors. But we have hope, that with the increase of your faith, our limits will be abundantly extended through your means; so that we may preach the gospel to those who lie beyond you; not boasting within another’s province of what has been prepared for us.’

In his *Epistle to the Romans*, he discovers the same reluc-

tance to interfere with the labors of others; ch. xv. 20. 'I was earnest,' he says, 'to preach the gospel where Christ had not been named; so that I might not build on another's foundation.'

Now, in undertaking to instruct the Hebrew Christians at Jerusalem, St Paul would have been building upon a foundation laid by others. After this community had been for more than thirty years listening to the instructions of other apostles, we cannot believe that St Paul would have thought it useful or proper, to address particularly to them an elaborate treatise on the great characteristics of Christianity considered in its relation to Jewish Christians. We cannot believe that he would have told them that they wanted instruction in the very elements of Christianity, that they were ignorant of what, in one sense at least, were its higher doctrines;* and would, on this account, have assumed the office of their teacher. The supposition becomes more incredible, if we consider to what individuals the epistle was addressed, in order to its being communicated to the other members of the community. It appears that it must have been sent, not to those who presided over the church, but to private Christians; for at the close of it, they to whom it is addressed are directed to 'salute their leaders.' Now the sending of such an epistle, in such a manner, would have constituted an indecorous interference with the office and authority of other apostles, of which, there is no question, St Paul would not have been guilty.

The improbability that this epistle was addressed by St Paul to the church at Jerusalem, is still further heightened, when we consider the particular circumstances under which it must have been sent, and compare them with the character of the work. During those visits of the apostle to Jerusalem, which preceded his last, the prejudices of the great body of Hebrew Christians, do not appear to have been so much excited against him as they afterwards were. But during his last visit, it is evident from what is related in the Acts of the Apostles, that those prejudices had become stronger, and that he was regarded generally by the Jewish Christians as an object of suspicion and dislike. The many thousands of believers 'all zealous for the Law,' had been taught that he held the Law in no esteem. Jerusalem was the strong-hold of all

* See Hebrews, v. 12. *seqq.*

Jewish prejudices. How ill disposed toward him were the generality of Jewish Christians, may appear from the feelings which they transmitted to their successors. After the destruction of their nation, the Jewish Christians, generally, continued to observe the Law, and passed under the name of Ebionites, or Ebionæans.* Of them, Irenæus tells us, that they did not receive the epistles of St Paul, but regarded him as an apostate from the Law.† Origen and Eusebius likewise inform us, that they rejected his epistles; and the former says, that they did not regard the apostle as one favored by God, or a wise man; but reviled him. Eusebius states with Irenæus, that they viewed him as an apostate from the Law.‡

Now it is possible that St Paul, at the close of his confinement at Rome, might have sent an epistle to the Hebrew Christians at Jerusalem, prejudiced as they were against him. But, considering his character, it is not, we apprehend, morally possible that he should have sent them such a work as the Epistle to the Hebrews; a work, in which there is no allusion to their prejudices, no expression of his own feelings concerning them, and no attempt to remove them. He must have felt the necessity of doing away their ill opinion, of changing their feelings, and of justifying and recommending his own principles and conduct, before he could hope that they would listen with any profit to a didactic and hortatory discourse of his composition. To avoid all topics of difference, to blend himself with them as if he sympathized in their national prejudices, to keep out of view his own ministry to the Gentiles, and the interest of the Gentiles in Christianity, and to address his readers as if secure of their deference and good-will, were artifices to which he never would have resorted; artifices obviously as idle and unavailing, as they would have been disingenuous.

The notices of himself, direct or indirect, which the writer affords, are, generally, inconsistent with the supposition that this individual was St Paul. The author exhorts his readers to

* Origen. cont. Cels. Lib. I. Opp. I. 385, 386. edit. Delaru. Comment. in Matth. Tom. xvi. Opp. III. 732, 733. comp. Just. Martyr. Dial. cum Tryph. pp. 230, 232—edit. Thirlb.

† Advers. Hæres. Lib. I. cap. 26, p. 105. edit. Massuet.

‡ Orig. cont. Cels. Lib. V. Opp. I. p. 628. Homil. in Jeremiam. xviii. Opp. III. 254. Euseb. Hist. Eccles. Lib. III. c. 27.

honor and follow their spiritual guides.* St Paul would hardly have taken upon him to strengthen the authority of the apostles who presided over the church at Jerusalem by his recommendation. 'Pray for us,' says the writer, 'for we trust we have a good conscience, being desirous in all things to conduct ourselves well. And I make this request the more earnestly, that I may be the sooner restored to you.' 'Know that our brother Timothy is set at liberty, with whom, if he come shortly, I will visit you.' It was not to Jerusalem that St Paul would have hastened upon his release from Rome, to the neglect of the churches which had been his peculiar care; nor would he thus have announced an intended return to that city, which a few years before he had visited for the last time, amid the tears and expostulations of his friends, at the imminent hazard of his life.

Let us consider some other passages. 'Bring to mind,' says the writer, 'the former days, when, after having been enlightened, you underwent a great struggle with sufferings; some of you being publicly exposed to reproaches and persecutions, and others sympathizing with those who were thus treated. For you shared in the sufferings of such as were in bonds, and you welcomed with joy the plundering of your property, knowing that you have better and enduring possessions in heaven.'† 'Ye have not resisted to blood in your struggle against sin.'‡ 'Remember those who have been your leaders, who taught you the doctrine of God, and beholding how their course terminated, imitate their faith.'§ It is not to be believed that all this was written by St Paul to the Jewish Christians of Jerusalem. Could he, or could those whom he addressed, forget his own persecution of the church at Jerusalem, and his own agency in the death of Stephen? Could he have expressed himself thus, considering how Stephen's course on earth had been terminated? Would he thus have referred to their early sufferings? His own share in inflicting them, was too present to his thoughts, and weighed far too heavily upon his mind. In the bitterness of his feelings, he elsewhere says, 'I am the least of the apostles, and am not worthy to be called an apostle, because I persecuted the church of God.'|| This is language very different from that which the

* Ch. xiii. 7. 17.

† Ch. x. 32-34.

‡ Ch. xii. 6.

§ Ch. xiii. 7.

|| 1 Cor. xv. 9.

necessity of vindicating his authority as an apostle led him on other occasions to use. Again he says; 'I thank him who gives me strength, Christ Jesus our Lord, because, esteeming me faithful, he appointed me to dispense the gospel, me, who was before a reviler and persecutor, full of violence; but I obtained mercy because I acted thus in ignorance through unbelief.'* He who so felt and wrote, neither could nor would have spoken of the persecutions of the Hebrew Christians in the language which has been quoted. No one would thus have referred to them, who, like St Paul, had once been a principal agent in their infliction.

We shall state but one argument more to show that St Paul was not the author of the Epistle. There is a single passage which alone may appear sufficient to decide the question. In ch. ii. 3. the writer says; 'How shall we escape if we neglect so great a blessing, which having first been declared by the Lord, has been made certain to *us* by those who heard him; God bearing testimony with *them* by signs, and wonders, and different kinds of miracles, and distributions of the holy spirit, according to his will.'

The word *us* in this passage we believe to be equivalent to *you and me*. We regard it as denoting individuals who had become converts through the ministry of the apostles and other immediate followers of our Lord, from whom they are contradistinguished; the apostles and followers of our Lord being denoted by the pronoun *them* used immediately after. If by 'us' be meant 'you and me,' the writer ranks himself with the first class, and could not have been St Paul.

This is its obvious meaning. But in order to show, that this may not be its sense, various examples of different uses of the pronoun *we* have been adduced, a large portion of which have no bearing upon the question. It has been attempted to prove, that under this term, the writer did not, properly speaking, include himself. It follows, therefore, that the only uses of the pronoun, which may even appear to establish the probability or possibility of this supposition, are those in which, by a rhetorical figure, an individual employs the term 'we,' in speaking of, or addressing others, without intending to be literally understood, as being in his personal character one of those denoted by the term. This is done in two cases. First, when

* 1 Tim. i. 12.

one speaks as a member of a community, of something relating to that community considered as a collective body; as for instance of an act regarded as a collective act, though it be one in which he individually had no share, or may even have opposed. Or, secondly, when in making or implying a declaration concerning others which may be unpleasant to them, he who does so, though he may not regard it as concerning himself, yet keeps this distinction out of view, and as a matter of courtesy, good judgment, or policy, blends himself with them, speaking in the first person plural.

But the passage in question can be referred to neither of the cases mentioned. It was not the *collective* character of Christians, that they had been taught by the apostles and other immediate followers of our Lord. The early Christians were composed of those teachers and their converts, and what was peculiar to the latter, was not to be ascribed to the whole body. The incongruity of language that would have resulted from doing so, may be illustrated by an example. The members of a university consist of its instructors and their pupils. Suppose, then, that one of the professors of a university were thus to exhort those who were listening to him; 'Let us profit by the instruction which is every day communicated to us by those who are so well qualified to teach.' The obvious impropriety of this language is the same as that supposed, when it is maintained, that St Paul ranked himself with the converts of the first disciples, because it was the collective character of Christians to be such.

But he does this, it may be said, by way of courtesy and condescension; the passage is to be referred to the other case stated. But it is to be remarked that there are distinctions too broad to be overleaped by this figure of speech, and which, therefore, do not admit of its use. Such was the distinction between the apostles and their converts, considered as the teachers and the taught. This, again, may be illustrated by an analogous case. If one of a number of missionaries in a heathen land were to remind their converts of the blessing of having received Christianity from those who, knowing its truths from childhood, had visited them for the purpose of communicating to them the light of the gospel; and instead of saying *your*, should speak of *our* being visited, and the light of the gospel being communicated to *us*, the anomaly would

be the same as that ascribed to the writer of the Epistle, if the writer were St Paul.

But even if this were not so, the case before us is such, that there is no room to suppose the exercise of courtesy and condescension, for there was nothing invidious in the distinction between the apostles and their converts. It was not one to be kept out of sight. St Paul elsewhere speaks freely of his apostolic office and authority; and it would be idle to suppose that an apostle, in enforcing the truths of our religion, ever felt called upon to appear to forget the manner in which he learnt them, and his peculiar commission to teach them.

But if the case were different; if there were any circumstances in which St Paul might be supposed to have used this imagined condescension, the last occasion on which he would have done so, would have been in writing to the Jewish Christians at Jerusalem. Here, his apostolic authority was not fully recognised, and he would have asserted it, as he has done in other similar cases, in the most explicit manner. He would have written with the same feeling, with which he commenced his epistle to the Galatians. 'Paul, an apostle not sent by men, nor appointed by man, but by Jesus Christ, and God the Father, who raised him from the dead;' or as when he wrote his eloquent defence of himself to the Corinthians, in which he says, 'I think I am not at all inferior to the most eminent apostles.' Both these declarations were called forth by the opposition of men who denied or undervalued his authority, through the influence of those prejudices which existed among the Hebrew Christians of Jerusalem. In writing to the Galatians, the apostle tells them, chapter i. 11, 'I declare to you brethren, that the gospel preached by me is not conformed to the opinions of men; for I did not receive it from any man, nor was I taught it by any man, but it was revealed to me by Jesus Christ.' 'Those,' he says, 'who appeared to be something [among the apostles at Jerusalem] communicated nothing to me.' The evidence of the truth of Christianity, which had been vouchsafed to St Paul, was direct and peculiar. Just conceptions of its essential character and great design had been imparted to him by immediate revelation. In maintaining against the prejudices of his countrymen, that Christianity, in offering its blessings to men, knew nothing of the distinction of Jew and Gentile, he was compelled to vindicate his own authority, as one who had

been specially appointed by Christ as his apostle. Few things, therefore, can be more unlikely than that in addressing his countrymen he would have placed himself on a level with the converts of the other apostles.

In what has last been said, it will be perceived that we have been speaking of the *probability* of an interpretation, which, if our former remarks be correct, the words *cannot admit*. No writer, as we believe, would use the language in question, unless his faith rested upon the testimony of others. We conclude, therefore, that the passage under consideration alone affords sufficient proof that the Epistle to the Hebrews was not written by an apostle.

We will not recapitulate the arguments which have been adduced to show that St Paul was not the author of this work. Another question now arises, of some curiosity and interest; namely, whether its author can be conjectured with any probability. The Epistle presents various marked intellectual characteristics of its writer. It makes known to us certain views and feelings of his, which did not generally prevail among Jewish believers, and it informs us of some other circumstances respecting him. Now the particulars which we thus learn from it, correspond with what we know of Apollos, and not with what is known of any other individual of the apostolic age. To him, perhaps, it may with more probability be ascribed than to any other. Our information, however, concerning the more distinguished among the first Christians, is so imperfect, that the question respecting the authorship of the work, does not admit of being settled with great confidence.

The first notice of Apollos is in the eighteenth chapter of the Acts of the Apostles, vv. 24-28; 'And there came to Ephesus a certain Jew, Apollos by name, a native of Alexandria, a man of letters,* well skilled in the scriptures. He had been instructed in the doctrine concerning the Lord, and being of a zealous spirit, discoursed and taught correctly concerning the Lord, considering that he was acquainted only with the baptism of John. And he spoke boldly in the synagogue. But Aquila and Priscilla, upon hearing him, took him and explained to him more fully the doctrine of God. And upon his

* 'A man of letters;' this we think is the meaning of *λογιστής*, not, as it has been otherwise understood, 'an eloquent man.'

wishing to pass into Achaia, the brethren, encouraging him to do so, wrote to the disciples to welcome him; and he, when with them, was, through the favor of God, of much service to the believers; for he was very strenuous in confuting the Jews, publicly, showing from the scriptures that Jesus was the Messiah.'

Apollos is here spoken of as distinguished for his character as a man of letters, and for his skill in the scriptures, particularly in the application of passages of the Old Testament to our Lord. It is thus that the writer to the Hebrews would have been described by his cotemporaries. His ingenuity in allegorizing would have been regarded as worthy of admiration, and as entitling him to the praise of being well skilled in the scriptures. His reasonings, and his applications of the Old Testament, being after the fashion of the times, were not improbably of the same character as those which Apollos used in confuting and silencing the unbelieving Jews. In these particulars, he resembles Philo, who, not many years before, had been at the head of Jewish literature, without a competitor. It is further to be observed that the art of allegorical exposition and reasoning, in the form in which it appears in the Epistle to the Hebrews, was particularly cultivated at Alexandria, where Philo flourished. The writer of this Epistle, as has been already said, was acquainted with his works, or had studied in the same school of philosophy. Here, then, we discover other circumstances which may lead us to suppose that the writer was Apollos. Apollos was a native of Alexandria, and being a man of letters, and well skilled in the scriptures, was, in all probability, acquainted with the writings of his eminent fellow citizen, the greater part of which consists of allegorical commentaries on the Old Testament. There is no other individual but Apollos, among the early Christians, whose mind, as far as we know, can be supposed to have been imbued, in a manner similar to that of the writer to the Hebrews, with the phraseology, opinions, and spirit of the Alexandrian school. 'The more I read Philo,' says Beausobre, 'the more I suspect that Apollos may have been the writer of this epistle. For we certainly find in it many thoughts and ideas taken from Philo, of whom Apollos, being a Jew of Alexandria, may with probability be supposed to have been the disciple.'*

* Remarques sur le N. T. Hebr. i. 14.

No single work has thrown so much light on the Epistle, as that of Carpzov, who has collected passages from Philo, for the purpose of illustrating it. Apollos, then, a native of Alexandria, a man of letters, acquainted, of course, with the literature of his own city and nation, and skilled in the interpretation of the Old Testament according to the notions of his age, seems to be the individual, on whom, above all others, we should fix as the writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews.

But there is another characteristic which strongly marks the author of this epistle. Though he everywhere discovers the feelings of a Jew, yet he is a Jew of a particular class. His conceptions of the Jewish religion are not such as prevailed in Palestine. He is not one of those who were zealous for a literal observance of the ceremonial Law. He regards the Law as disappearing in the brighter light of which it had been the harbinger; or rather, as losing, if one may so speak, its earthly mould, and, while still preserving its essential features, becoming changed into Christianity, and thus assuming a more celestial nature.

The majority of the Jews, especially the Jews of Palestine, were little disposed to speculation and philosophy. To them the Law presented a body of rites and ceremonies, the literal observance of which constituted in their view the principal part of religion. They sought for no spiritual or symbolical character in their institutions. Their attention was directed only to what was visible and obvious. In becoming Christians their previous conceptions concerning the value of external observances, retained, for the most part, a strong hold upon their minds. But Alexandria, like Athens, was one of the principal seats of ancient philosophy; one of those points from which influences have flowed that have affected widely and for a long time, the intellectual character of man. Here, mingled with Gentile philosophers, were learned Jews, more enlightened than most of their countrymen. Among them Philo, during his age, was preeminent. They borrowed from the philosophy of Heathen sages in forming and illustrating their views of religion, and were rather disposed to release themselves from the letter of the Law, than to ascribe any merit to its scrupulous observance. Under their processes of interpretation, the rites of the Law, and the narratives, likewise, of their historical books, lost much of their literal character, and became refined into symbolical presentations of various religious and

moral truths. Philo speaks with the highest approbation of the Essenes. He represents them as the true worshippers of God, 'not sacrificing animals ; but endeavouring to form their own minds to holiness.'* The principal seat of those Essenes of whom he is speaking, is said by him to have been in Palestine, where he states their number to have been about four thousand. But the manner in which he mentions their not offering sacrifices, shows the character of the Jewish philosophy of Alexandria ; and Egypt was the principal seat of another class of Essenes, the Therapeutæ. There had arisen, then, in the time of Philo, a class of philosophical Jews, who looked beyond the literal observance of their national ceremonies, and undertook to develope, by their allegorical mode of interpretation, the spiritual and moral truths which they believed to be enfolded in the ritual law. On these they principally fixed their attention, as alone of essential importance. Such a class of men we find still existing among the Jewish believers in Origen's time. They are described by that Father as individuals who had given up the observances of their nation, justifying themselves in this by allegorical expositions.†

Now the writer to the Hebrews evidently belonged to the number of the philosophical and allegorizing Jews. He could not have regarded the ritual law as it was regarded by the greater part of his countrymen, and by the greater part of Jewish believers. He considers its observance as superseded by Christianity. Now it is to Alexandria we may look, with most probability, for a writer of this class, capable of expressing himself in Greek, with as much command of language, and in as good a style, as appear in the Epistle to the Hebrews. This being so, Apollos again presents himself as the individual, who with most probability may be regarded as its author.

Beside the mention of Apollos before quoted, we find him again spoken of by St Paul in his first Epistle to the Corinthians, as having been preferred to himself by a portion of the Corinthian converts, and as having given a name to a party among them. To Apollos, however, he does not directly impute any blame on account of this schism, but speaks of him with friendliness and respect. Now, as we have seen, there were such differences between St Paul and the writer to the

* Lib. Quod liber sit quisque virtuti studet. Opp. II. 457.

† Cont. Cels. Lib. II. Opp. I. 388.

Hebrews, in character, temper, intellectual cultivation, and in their manner of conceiving and representing the doctrines of Christianity, that, supposing the latter to have preached to the Corinthians, the same results, as far as we can judge, would have been produced as those which followed the preaching of Apollos. Some would have preferred the writer of the Hebrews, and some the apostle; yet they themselves, though neither might have been quite satisfied with the other, would still have felt mutual respect. If this be so, we perceive another coincidence between Apollos and the writer to the Hebrews.*

That Apollos was the author of the Epistle was the opinion of Luther.† It was likewise entertained by Le Clerc, ‡ who suggests that the Epistle may have been sent to Jewish Christians of Alexandria. If Apollos were its author, this supposition is probable; and it would appear that he sent it, not to any collective body, but to some private friends, with a view to its being generally communicated. In this manner we may explain the salutation which they are commissioned to give to their leaders.§

It may be remarked in confirmation of this hypothesis, that the manner in which the author speaks of the imperfection of the Levitical priesthood, sacrifices, and other rites, and describes the Law, regarded in its letter, as obsolete and old and about to disappear, would, as we have seen, have been far from unacceptable to the philosophical Jews of Alexandria, but would hardly have been tolerated by their less speculative brethren elsewhere. There is, indeed, no reason to suppose that these views might not be presented to the latter, by one earnest to enlarge their minds; but it would seem that it must

* The supposition that Apollos was the author of the Epistle, affords an easy explanation of a passage by which commentators have been perplexed. It is ch. vi. 2, where he speaks of 'baptisms,' in the plural, as initiatory to Christianity. Of Apollos we are told, Acts xviii. 25, that when he first came to Ephesus he was acquainted only with the baptism of John. In the next chapter we find mention of some other individuals in similar circumstances, whom Paul again baptized to Jesus. Apollos likewise, in all probability, received this second baptism, accompanied with instruction, and the imposition of hands. Hence he would be lead to speak, as does the writer to the Hebrews, of 'baptisms, instruction, and the imposition of hands.'

† In his commentary on the fortyeighth chapter of Genesis, Luther says; 'Auctor Epistolæ ad Hebræos, quisquis est, sive Paulus, sive ut ego arbitror, Apollos.' Opp. vi. 648. Witerbergæ, 1580.

‡ Hist. Eccles. p. 459.

§ Ch. xiii. 24.

have been done with a reference to their prejudices and objections, which does not appear in the Epistle. A body of Jewish believers to whom the Epistle, such as it is, might well be addressed, is hardly to be supposed out of Alexandria.

It is at Alexandria, about the close of the second century, that we find the Epistle generally known, and a strong disposition to ascribe it to St Paul. The notion that he was its author, seems, as we formerly remarked, to have been, at first, entertained and propagated by Alexandrine writers. This corresponds to the supposition that Alexandria was the place to which it was sent. It was, as may be supposed, early sent to *Jewish* believers of that city. From their hands it subsequently passed into those of the *Gentile* converts, from whom we derive our first notices of it. It was anonymous, and did not in any way clearly designate its author. Under these circumstances, in the unsettled state of Christians, and with the little communication which existed between Jewish and Gentile believers, the zeal of its injudicious admirers, building their opinions respecting its authorship upon conjectures and possibilities, may be supposed to have gradually led to the belief that it was the work of St Paul.

Whatever may be thought of the suppositions just stated concerning the true author and original destination of the Epistle, we trust it has been shown that St Paul was not its author ; and if it be not his composition, none will contend that it was written by an apostle. In what manner, then, should this conclusion affect our estimate of the work ? We answer that it is not to be considered as a *canonical* book, in whatever sense that word may be used. Our own sense of it, we will endeavour to explain.

There are certain books of the highest value, as constituting by far the most important documents from which we derive our knowledge of Christ and Christianity. These are, in the first place, the historical books of the New Testament ; and in the next place the Epistles of St Paul and the other apostles. In the case of those apostles who were the immediate followers of our Lord, we thus distinguish their epistles from other books ; because they give their testimony to the truth of his religion as eyewitnesses of his miracles, their minds had been formed by his instructions and the influence of his example, they had learnt the religion from him, and were commissioned by him

to teach it. As regards St Paul, we believe him to have been miraculously called by Christ to be a preacher of Christianity ; and concerning both him and the other apostles, we believe that their minds were enlarged and elevated by immediate communications from God, so that they were enabled to attain a correct comprehension of the character of the new dispensation. In these particulars, we find abundant reason for regarding their epistles, together with the historical books of the New Testament, to the exclusion of all other writings, as the primary sources of our knowledge of our religion ; or, in other words, as the canonical books of the New Testament.

These books, it is true, are not a revelation. They are nothing more than the best records which remain to us of the revelation which God made by Jesus Christ. This revelation—it is a truth which we wish were more widely and better understood—is not to be identified with the canonical books of the New Testament. It consists of a very few all important truths, the knowledge of which, if it had so pleased God, might have been preserved in books very different from those we now possess, or through any mode of tradition, by which those truths, and the evidence of the divine authority of him who taught them, could have been, in a satisfactory manner, communicated to after ages. We will explain ourselves by an example. Let us suppose a philosopher of a mind as enlarged as that of Cicero, and of as high and pure moral sentiments, to have become convinced, during the apostolic age, that Christ was a messenger from God, and to have carefully collected and committed to writing all the information which could then be procured concerning his character, miracles and doctrines, and to have subjoined his own explanations and remarks. Let us, at the same time, suppose him neither called to be an apostle, nor having his mind miraculously illuminated, but left by God to the exercise of those natural powers which he had originally bestowed upon him. The work of such a writer would, as far as we can judge, have been of at least equal value with any book which remains to us ; though it must have been altogether different from any book of the New Testament.

The canonical books of the New Testament are not the revelation which God made by Christ. The character which belongs to the latter is not to be transferred to the former. Neither the teaching of our Saviour nor the influences of God's spirit in enlightening the minds of the apostles, pre-

served them from all the errors of their age ; from the influence of all human prejudices and feelings, from all inconclusive reasoning, or from all ambiguity, impropriety, and insufficiency in the use of language. The books of the New Testament afford satisfactory information concerning those truths which it was the purpose of God to reveal to man. Those truths are continually stated, appealed to, or implied. Man is everywhere instructed to consider himself as an immortal being, intrusted with the care of his own happiness, and linked by living and sensible bonds with the moral universe, and God is constantly represented as his everlasting friend and father. Revelation speaks to us of God, of his infinite power and goodness, of our immortality, of our social nature, of our duties as capable of indefinite progress, of the unimaginable blessedness which we may attain, and of our solemn responsibility. But these are truths which may be presented in a thousand different forms. They require no scrupulous nicety of language in their statement. They are such as when once well understood, men sincerely devoted to the service of God and their fellow creatures, may be left to their natural powers to express.

These truths rest not, therefore, on any particular sentences, incidental remarks, figures, or turns of expression, in the books of the New Testament. Their promulgation is independent of any particular form of words. They are to be gathered, not from what is said here or there by one writer or another, but from a general survey of all the original records of our religion. Such a survey will leave us in no doubt of what was taught by Christ and his apostles as the revelation of God. In ascertaining the truths which are to be believed upon His authority, we are not to confound with them the opinions, conceptions, and reasonings of any particular writer upon the different subjects which he may have happened to touch, or to regard that language which he may have used with the freedom and looseness of extempore speech, as if it had been made secure, at once from error and from misapprehension, by an immediate interposition of the Almighty.

With these views it may be asked why, as regards the writer to the Hebrews, we distinguish so widely between the writings of the apostles, and the work of a cotemporary of the apostles; especially as we have stated a case, in which we should not feel ourselves called upon to make such a distinc-

tion. We answer that whatever we may imagine as what might have taken place, the fact really is, that there are no books, except the canonical books of the New Testament, in which our religion can be safely studied. The light from Heaven which shone into the minds of the apostles, giving them a view of the essential character of Christianity, preserved them from all essential errors respecting it; and, above all, from superadding any human doctrine as a part of that revelation which they were to teach. An intelligent study of their writings may satisfy us that there is not a doctrine with which technical theology has encumbered the magnificent simplicity of our religion, that was announced by them as a doctrine from God. This is one reason why we are most desirous that their epistles should be understood as they may be understood by every intelligent Christian; that correct notions should be entertained of their character and design; that they should not, though written in English words, speak an unknown tongue to the great majority of readers; that they should not remain veiled in almost impenetrable obscurity, so that only a glimpse of the true meaning of the writer here and there appears; and that they should not, in consequence, admit of almost any perversion, and afford a lurking place for almost any error. When the meaning of the books of the New Testament is understood, and a proper use is made of them, then will the true character of our religion be revealed to men anew. But to effect this purpose we must not have recourse to any other writings we now possess, as of equal worth. We learn from the New Testament itself, that Christianity was very imperfectly comprehended by many of its earlier converts. From the very first appeared that disposition which has since been continually at work, to superadd to the temple which God has raised for the worship of man; to adorn, to modify it, and to bury it under human erections. In the minds of those who were not guided by the miraculous influences of God's spirit, a mixture of human opinions and conceptions with the truths of our religion, almost immediately took place; and the former were often regarded as equally with the latter of divine authority. We believe, and we have endeavoured in part to show, that the writer to the Hebrews differed from the apostles in no essential doctrine. But if his work alone had been left to us, if we had had no opportunity of comparing it with their writings, how imperfect, and erroneous would probably have been our

views of Christianity. He attributes an importance to certain modes of conception peculiar to himself, which appears to be altogether unfounded, and on these modes of conception has been built a system respecting the character and moral government of God, which has for ages degraded the christian world. Such are the reasons why we would make a wide distinction between his work, or any other of however early an age, and the writings of the apostles.

ART. VI.—*Joa. Simonis Lexicon Manuale Hebraicum et Chaldaicum, post Joa. Godf. Eichhorn Curas, denuo castigavit, emendavit, multisque modis auxit Dr Georg. Benedict. Winer, in Academia Erlangensi Prof. P. O., Seminarii Exeget. Director. Lipsiæ. 1828.*

WE had the greater pleasure, when the work, whose title is prefixed, was announced, because we were afraid that the very excellence of the lexicon of Gesenius might discourage the exertions of future laborers in this department of literature. And we believe that much remains to be done with respect to establishing the meaning of the terms and phrases, and facilitating the acquisition of the Hebrew language.

Perhaps some may think it strange that we should at the present day expect improvement, or additional information, in the dictionary of a language so ancient as the Hebrew. What greater learning, or what greater advantages have these modern Germans than those old worthies, Stock, Buxtorf, Cocceius, and others? To such we might say, in the first place, that the lexicon of any language is a great work, requiring a vast amount of investigation and of meditation. It is such a work as might not be expected to be carried to perfection, except by the successive labors of the most industrious and intelligent inquirers, each availing himself of the acquisitions of his predecessors.

We might say, secondly, that researches in the East, have in some measure enlarged the sources of scripture interpretation; have thrown light upon the natural history, the institutions, the modes of thinking and acting, and the general state of society of the people by whom the language was spoken,

and to whom it relates. And how necessary such knowledge is, in order that we may determine with precision the meaning and shades of meaning of the words of a language, we need not stop to show.

But in truth we do not regard either of the abovementioned reasons as the principal occasion for new laborers in the department of Hebrew lexicography. We maintain that the old scholars, profoundly learned as they were, had formed no just views of the nature of language, and no correct estimate of the sources of interpretation, and were guided by no just principles and rules of interpretation in the use of these sources. The improvement of modern lexicons is to be attributed, not so much to the enlarged sources, as to the improved logic, of criticism. Some of the older lexicographers have not been surpassed in learning or penetration. Their imperfections and errors are to be attributed to limited and incorrect views of the sources of interpretation, to unfounded theories, to fanciful opinions of the character of the scriptures, and to an extravagant estimate and undue use of the departments of learning, in which they particularly excelled.

Some, for instance, in consequence, probably, of the controversy with the Roman Catholics respecting the sufficiency of the scriptures as the ground of faith, were led to maintain the dogma, that the scriptures were sufficient for their own interpretation; that in order to ascertain the meaning of every word, nothing was necessary but a good concordance. Thus they neglected the light which might have been received from the dialects and from Jewish tradition. Hence the imperfection of the lexicons of Stock and Gusset.

Others have gone wrong in consequence of an undue dependence upon the primitive or etymological signification of a word, and from the unfounded theory that all the words of the language must be referred to triliteral roots, in disregard of the principle, that usage modifies and determines the meaning of words and phrases. This fault belongs, we think, to all Hebrew lexicons previous to that of Gesenius.

Others, from a belief in the inspiration of the Septuagint, or from an extravagant estimate of the Jewish commentators, have placed undue reliance upon Jewish tradition as a source of interpretation. Hence the imperfection of Buxtorf's lexicon.

Others, elated with the success of the application of the kindred dialects of the Hebrew to its illustration, seem to

have forgotten, not only that the Hebrew is the most ancient, but even that it is a distinct dialect. This abuse of the dialects, begun by Schultens, who may be excused for an undue estimate of a language and literature, with which he was so thoroughly acquainted, and by which he really shed much light upon the scriptures, has been carried to a most ridiculous excess by some of his followers. Dr Good, in England, affords a striking example of this abuse. He has sometimes given to a Hebrew word, whose meaning is determined by its frequent occurrence in the scriptures, the signification of what he supposed to be the kindred Arabic word. But time and space would fail us to speak of all the causes of error and imperfection in the older lexicographers. They may be referred, in general, as we have remarked, not so much to the want of learning, as to an imperfect estimate of the relative importance of the sources of lexicography, and to the want of settled principles and correct rules of interpretation.

We have spoken of the *sources* of Hebrew lexicography. These may be briefly stated to be,—1. The usage of the writers of the Old Testament, which is to be gathered from the connexion of particular passages, and from a comparison of all the passages in which the word occurs. This course is sufficient for the explanation of words of frequent occurrence, but fails in regard to those which occur but once, or very seldom. 2. The traditional knowledge of the language, which has been preserved by the Jews, and handed down to us in old translations, as the Septuagint, &c., in the system of vowel points, and in Jewish commentaries and dictionaries. In the use of this source of interpretation great judgment is necessary, in order to distinguish individual conjecture from historical tradition. 3. The comparison of the kindred dialects, as the Arabic, Syriac, Chaldee, &c., which are either living languages, or found in lexicons of native philologists, or contained in more numerous writings than those in the Hebrew dialect. 4. The natural history, institutions, customs, and modes of thinking in the East, a knowledge of which is to be gained from ancient history, and from the writings of modern travellers.

It was from the exact and extensive knowledge of these sources of interpretation, from the just estimate which he formed of their relative value, and from the correct principles of interpretation, and the sound judgment by which he was guided in the use of these sources and of the labors of his

predecessors, that Gesenius was enabled to add so much to our knowledge of the language. By the light which he has thrown upon its grammatical forms, by the introduction of the alphabetical instead of the etymological arrangement of the words, and by a more natural and systematic classification of their significations, he has so much facilitated the acquisition of the language, that he may be said to have created a new era in Hebrew literature.

The lexicon of Simon is well known, having been in general use before the publication of that of Gesenius. It contains a mass of learning, which, however, from the want of systematic arrangement, is of but little use. It is a valuable lexicon with respect to the meaning of single words, but fails in the explanation of phrases and figurative expressions. It is also, in some measure, chargeable with adopting fanciful derivations, and, of course, fanciful interpretations. In common with all other Hebrew lexicons before that of Gesenius, it adopted the etymological arrangement of words, and thus could be consulted with ease by none but proficients in the language.

Of this lexicon Winer has published a new edition, with such alterations in matter and arrangement, that it must be considered as Winer's lexicon on the basis of Simon's. He has excluded much that was in the old lexicon, and introduced some of the results of the recent investigations in Hebrew literature. He has also attempted to arrange the meanings of words in a more systematic manner than Simon arranged them. He has improved the lexicon of Simon in some respects. But he is not, like Gesenius, entitled to the praise of original investigation. For most of his matter he is indebted to Gesenius Rosenmüller and a few others. He himself acknowledges that he could bring forward nothing new from the kindred dialects, and that he undertook the work, not with the hope of correcting any errors or supplying any deficiencies in Gesenius, but because the *bookseller* thought that another edition of Simon's lexicon *would sell well amongst the English and the Dutch*.

Winer retains the old etymological or radical arrangement of Hebrew words in preference to the alphabetical. We can perceive no better reason for such an arrangement in Hebrew than in Latin, Greek, or French. It supposes one to be a proficient in the language previous to the use of the lexicon. It has probably done more to discourage and disgust the Hebrew

student than any other cause whatever. Who would think of referring the young student of Greek to the lexicon of Stephens or of Scapula?

Winer has made some strictures upon the proneness of Gesenius and other critics to multiply the significations of words, which are worthy of attention. But, in our opinion, he sometimes errs himself in attempting to limit the number of significations. Thus he will not allow that לֵךְ ever has the signification of *because that, propterea quod*. But such passages as Ps. xlv. 3, Ps. xlii. 7, Gen. xxxviii. 26, cannot be well explained without admitting that meaning. In limiting the significations of the particle לֵךְ he is also very unsatisfactory, and puts force upon a number of passages.

Winer's article upon the name of God אֱלֹהִים and its plural אֱלֹהִים is very imperfect, but inferior, in our opinion, to that of Simon which he has excluded, and to that of Gesenius upon the same word. He leaves the student in doubt whether the term is ever applied to any persons but 1. *false gods*, and 2. *the true God*. He does not mention that the term is ever applied to *kings* or to *disembodied spirits*; and after giving the two meanings abovementioned, only makes the special remark, that 'they mistake, who suppose the term to be applied to *judges or magistrates*, in Ex. xxi. 6, Ps. lxxxii. 1. 6, or to *angels* in Ps. viii. 6, xcvi. 7.' Whether the term is *ever* applied to angels or magistrates, he leaves us in doubt. That it is applied to kings we suppose no critic has any doubt.* We are aware that Gesenius and some other modern critics, have decided that that term is applied to no magistrates but kings. But we are inclined to the judgment of the older critics. It appears to us that this word applies to other magistrates, who excel in dignity, or who are objects of reverence, and that our English translators were right in rendering the term, *judges*, in Ex. xxi. 6, and xxii. 8. 9. Gesenius and De Wette would render the term, *God, whom the judges represented*. But this is very harsh. The only argument for it is Deut. xix. 17, where it is said, 'Then the men between whom the controversy is, shall stand before Jehovah, before the priests and the *judges*.' From this it is inferred that to be brought *before judges* is called being brought *before God*, because the judges were assembled in a sacred place. To this it may be objected that in Ex. xxii. 8, it is not only said that the parties

* See Ps. xlv. 6. 7. 8; lxxxii. 1. 6; cxxxviii. 1.

are brought before *elohim*, but it is added 'and whom the *elohim* shall condemn.' Now there is no evidence that the sacred writer attributed such infallibility to the judges, that when *they* condemned, *God* condemned. The verb *shall condemn* is in the plural in the original, which affords some presumption that the Supreme Being is not denoted, the singular verb being *usually* employed in such a case. Besides, if the sacred writer had meant that the parties were to be brought before the Supreme Being, he would probably have used the term *Jehovah*, as in Deut. xix. 17. The words of our Saviour are also worthy of consideration; 'If he called them gods, to whom the word of God came.' We conclude, therefore, that the word *elohim* is applied to *judges* and other *magistrates* as well as to *kings*.

We are also inclined to follow the old interpreters in supposing that *angels*, considered as dwelling in heaven, are sometimes called *elohim*, the term being equivalent to *sons of God*, and applied to them on account of some circumstances of supposed resemblance. That the term *sons of God*, is applied to angels as well as to kings, is well known. For the same reason we suppose that they are sometimes called *gods*.

On the whole we regard Winer's new edition of Simon's lexicon as of very little value to such as can procure that of Gesenius. He has neither given us the work of Simon, nor yet a systematic, well arranged, complete work of his own. We think it evident that he is far inferior, both in learning and judgment, to Gesenius, and as the lexicon of the latter has the advantage of alphabetical arrangement and English meanings, we hope it will continue to be used by students to the exclusion of Winer's. The translation of Gesenius by Mr Gibbs, though it contains a few errors, is on the whole superior to the original. He has done well in altering the original, where the author acted the part of a commentator rather than of a lexicographer, a fault into which lexicographers are prone to fall. Thus, the word Immanuel, according to Gesenius, is the name of *a son of the prophet Isaiah*, who portended the deliverance of the Jewish nation; according to Mr Gibbs, the name of *a child*, who portended great happiness to the Hebrew commonwealth. The interpretation of Gesenius is disputed, and as it is not pretended to be involved in the meaning of the word, it ought not to be thrust into a lexicon.

ART. VII.—*The New Testament in the Common Version, conformed to Griesbach's Standard Greek Text.* Boston. 1828. 8vo.

It is a simple and well known fact, that the ancients multiplied copies of their books by the slow and laborious process of writing ; or, in other words, that all their books were manuscripts. And when we say all their books, we mean, of course, to include the books of the Old and the New Testament, both of which, especially the former, are collections of very ancient writings, and were, of course, multiplied by transcription, as all other writings were.

This fact we have called a well known one. And yet, well known as it is, it does not seem to be generally borne in mind. There is nothing more common, we believe, to the experience of those who have been called upon to defend in conversation some disputed religious doctrine, than to find that any argument founded on the principles of biblical criticism, is received with a great deal of uneasiness and suspicion, and that even an allusion to the original languages of the bible, is regarded as a blind, or a subterfuge, which may be conveniently resorted to in all cases of necessity. It is very extraordinary indeed, after all that has been said on this subject, that so many people persist in talking of the bible, as if the only one which was, or ever had been in existence, was that which was published in English by the authority of James I. At the bare sound of the word manuscript, they start and look incredulous ; just as if there were any books in the world *but* manuscripts, till about four hundred years ago, a mere date of yesterday ; and as if every portion of the Old Testament and New, every prophecy, gospel, and epistle, had been printed on the spot, the moment it was uttered or written, and had been in type ever since. These are conclusions, to be sure, which would not be acknowledged by these persons, but still they are conclusions which are justifiably drawn from their conduct. They are not so ignorant as to maintain that our common English New Testament was printed, just as it is, in the first age of Christianity ; but still they act as if it was, because they are averse to acknowledge that any use is to be made of the fact, that the original language of the christian scriptures was an entirely different one from our own, and the other fact, that they were

preserved and handed down by means of the pen alone, for the space of fourteen hundred years.

There is one subject connected with these facts, which, when it is presented barely, and without explanation, is apt to trouble even the liberal and the well informed. It is the subject of the various readings of the scriptures. By various readings, we mean all those words or passages, all those insertions or omissions, in which any authority for settling the text of the scriptures differs from the received text. Now, when a serious and sincere Christian is abruptly told, for the first time and without any commentary, that in the New Testament alone, these various readings amount to the enormous number of one hundred and thirty thousand; that there are, in the manuscripts and ancient versions of the christian scriptures, a hundred and thirty thousand variations from the book which he has always read and revered as the New Testament, it is not surprising if he should be disturbed at the intelligence, and feel as if the very foundations of his faith had received a rude shock.

We wish to show, to the satisfaction of every one, that these various readings have nothing to do with the foundations of our faith, and do not in the least affect them. We shall not say anything which will be new to the scholar; of that we are well aware. Our intention is not to display learning, but to state plain considerations in a plain way. We shall confine ourselves, for the sake of unity of subject, to the various readings of the New Testament, though the Hebrew scriptures have also their various readings.

We shall show, first, that in the natural course of things, copies of the writings of the New Testament could not have been preserved from errors. We shall show, secondly, that it is unreasonable to require that they should be exempted from this natural course. Thirdly, we shall exhibit the kind and degree of alteration which ought to be made in the received text, in consequence of the various readings of manuscripts. And fourthly, we shall state the advantages which we derive from the possession of numerous manuscripts, differing in their readings.

We are to show, in the first place, that the writings of the New Testament, in the long course of transcription which they underwent, could not have been preserved from variations and errors, in the natural course of things.

To settle this point, one or two considerations only are

necessary. By the natural course of things, we are to understand the course which is found to hold true in all similar cases. To ascertain what this course is, therefore, we are to ascertain what the fact is, in this particular, with regard to the other writings of antiquity. We shall find that they all have their errors and their various readings. Among the classics, Terence, according to good authority, is one of the least corrupted and mutilated which remain to us; and yet the best copy of it extant, which is preserved in the library of the Vatican at Rome, contains numerous errors, which can only be corrected by reference to those of inferior worth. 'I, myself,' says Dr Bentley, in his answer to Collins, the Deist, who had attacked the authority of the christian scriptures, on account of their various readings, 'I, myself, have collated several, and do affirm that I have seen 20,000 various lections in that little author, and am morally sure, that if half the number of manuscripts were collated for Terence, with that niceness and minuteness which has been used in twice as many for the New Testament, the number of the various readings would amount to above 50,000.'

Poetical works possess some advantages in transcription over those which are in prose, because the transcriber is guided by the quantity, harmony, and laws of verse; and yet the author quoted above, informs us, that the variations in the poet Manilius, are twice as many as the lines.

Errors multiplied in ancient writings with great rapidity, even soon after they were given to the world. Martial, in one of his epigrams, (B. vii. Ep. 10.) mentions the circumstance, that a copy of his poems was sent to him by one of his friends, in order that it might be corrected by his own pen and hand. There can be no stronger proof than this fact, incidentally mentioned, of the immediate danger of corruption, which all books at that time were in; for we see here, that notwithstanding this author's works were in poetry, notwithstanding, also, they consisted of short detached epigrams, containing on an average, about half a dozen lines apiece, yet they stood in pressing need of correction in their author's lifetime.

There is another consideration, which falls within the limits of every one's experience. There are few, probably, who have not observed how soon any piece of writing becomes filled with errors, by being copied by various hands. Let any one send abroad a letter or an essay of his own, in manuscript,

of which people may desire to keep copies, and let it be copied by friends and relations, by man, woman, and child ; and then, at the end of a year or two, let a few of these copies be brought to him ; let him carefully read these copies, and compare them with each other, and with the original ; and when he has done, he will well understand what various readings are. He will soon be wearied of making a list of them, even though his essay might not be half the length of one of the books of the New Testament. If he will then reflect that the New Testament is in prose ; that it is considerably voluminous ; that the original manuscripts, the autographs of the sacred penmen, have been long ago lost, and that therefore the manuscripts which we have, are copies of copies, taken one from another, through a period of fourteen centuries, and never corrected from a common authority, because that authority was not in existence ; if he will reflect, that during a portion of that period, the christian religion was rapidly spreading, and consequently, that copies of the christian scriptures, being in great demand, must have been written in haste, and often by those, who, from their ignorance, were incompetent to the task ; and that, moreover, every copyist must have copied at least some of the errors of the manuscript which he was transcribing, and at the same time have added some of his own ; if he will reflect on all this, he will be convinced, that, in the natural course of things, the New Testament could not possibly have been preserved from a vast number of literal, verbal, and other errors.

To describe the causes of various readings minutely, would be to take up too much of our readers' time. Suffice it to observe, that every one who has had occasion to copy pieces of considerable length, will become acquainted with most of them by trial. He will find that sometimes he will repeat a word, and sometimes he will omit one, and sometimes he will mispel one ; that now and then he will unintentionally introduce a word of his own instead of the synonymous one used by his author ; that again he will transpose the words in a sentence ; and that again he will wholly pass over a line or a sentence, misled by its termination or other circumstances. These are some, and only some of the causes of various readings, which are common to all writings, ancient and modern. But there were difficulties peculiar to the transcription of ancient works, arising from the mode in which they were written. The old-

est manuscripts extant are written without any intervals between the words, or any stops, or any breaks at the close of paragraphs. That is to say, a book, the Gospel of Matthew, for instance, is written in unbroken continuity, as if it were one long entire word from its first letter to its last. This method would of course give rise to some errors, which would not occur in modern writings, executed in the modern way.

As it has now been shown, and we presume, satisfactorily, that the books of the New Testament could not, in the common course of transcription, have been preserved from almost innumerable errors, we shall now proceed, in the second place, to show, that it is unreasonable to require for it an exemption from that course.

It is unreasonable to require this, because it is to require that a greater miracle should be performed to effect it, than any which the sacred volume itself records. It is to require a constant miracle ; a miracle operating visibly and wonderfully in a thousand different and distant parts of the globe, and at almost every hour of time, through a period of fourteen hundred years. It is to require a miracle which should confer the gift of infallibility, in one particular at least, on hosts of monks and scribes, whether good or bad, indolent or active, ignorant or learned, through a long series of ages, and in all varieties of situation and condition. Now to require this, is to make a requisition without reason, and without occasion. If there were any end, of vast, of inconceivable importance to be answered by such an extraordinary deviation from the natural order of events, then the requisition might not be so absurd ; but there is, in reality, no such end to be answered. This assertion we are next to prove.

We are to exhibit, in the third place, the kind and degree of alteration which the received text should undergo, in consequence of the various readings of manuscripts ; or, to state the point in another form, we are to answer the question, How far the New Testament, as it is in common use, will be changed, or its integrity affected, by a careful and impartial comparison of the manuscripts which remain to us.

Before we proceed to do this, however, it will be proper to meet the inquiry which might naturally be made, Whether our received text itself was not formed from a careful and impartial examination of manuscripts ; and if it was not, why it was not so formed ? We answer to this inquiry, that our received

text was *not* the result of a thorough examination of manuscripts ; and the reasons why it was not, are, that the principles of criticism were not so well understood at the time of the appearance of the first printed Greek Testament, as they have been since, and that only a few manuscripts were consulted by the first editors, compared with the numbers which have been since collated * with diligence. The present Greek Text was adopted by the world from the edition of Elzevir the printer, more on account of the beauty of its execution, than any conviction of its critical worth ; and though the Greek Testaments which preceded it, and according to which it was formed, were edited by learned men, as, for instance, Erasmus, Robert Stephens, and Beza ; these scholars drew their materials from about fifteen or twenty manuscripts, while the edition of Griesbach, now universally allowed to be the best, was prepared from the collation of about four hundred. Now it will be conceded, that if the received text was not made up from the best sources and on the best principles, it ought to be corrected by those who are competent to the office. How much correction is needed ? This is the question which we were to answer under the present head.

A person not versed at all in this subject, might readily suppose that a hundred and thirty thousand various readings, if they were not enough to render the whole body of the christian scriptures doubtful, were at least sufficient to cut the received text in pieces, and destroy its integrity and authority utterly. A few words will prove that this is not the case.

Let us see how these various readings are brought together ; how they came to amount to such a serious sum. On examination, we find that all the variations which are discovered in the ancient versions or translations, such as the Syriac, Ethiopic, or Arabic, whether they appear to have been faithfully or carelessly executed ; and all those too which occur in the quotations of the New Testament by the earlier Fathers, wherever they seem to have intended to quote accurately ; all are carefully noted down, and added to the variations of manuscripts, to swell the account of various readings. We likewise find that every degree and description of variation, even in the smallest and most unimportant words, is noted, and the results are thrown upon the general heap of various readings.

* To *collate* manuscripts, is to read them in order to discover and note down their variations from each other, or from a received text.

With this preliminary knowledge, we approach the formidable sum of one hundred and thirty thousand ; and the first fact which presents itself to us, is, that we may at once deduct one half of the whole, as being of no consequence, or as being supported by only one or two comparatively unimportant and modern manuscripts. Of the remaining half, we shall be told that at least two thirds are readings which have about as much evidence in their support as the corresponding ones in the received text, and no more, and therefore are not permitted to disturb the preoccupied places of these latter. The hundred and thirty thousand are now brought down to about twenty thousand. Of these about half may be thought by an editor to be inferior in goodness to the received text, and the other half may be thought to be better. But of this remaining half he will think that thousands are not so decidedly better, not accompanied by so weighty a preponderance of evidence, as to give them a clear title to eject the established readings. There will then be one or two thousand, or, perhaps, a less number, which must be adopted into an improved text, instead of the old ones. But what is the nature of these preferred readings ? The greater part of them, by far the greater part, are of critical importance merely, not affecting the sense of the passages, in which they occur, in the least degree. They will consist of expletives, or in the absence of expletives, of synonymous words, and of differing collocations. A very few may alter the sense of a passage, or the aspect of a fact, and one or two will have some, though not an essential bearing on doctrine. Thus dwindle down the hundred and thirty thousand various readings of the New Testament. And thus it is evident that they furnish no ground of alarm for the integrity of the sacred text. Why then should we call for a miraculous exertion of divine power, to put a stop to a natural course of things, which has done, and probably could do no injury ?

But not only is there no injury done by the examination of the four hundred manuscripts of the New Testament, and the collection and comparison of all their various readings, but there is absolutely great good effected by these circumstances. Of this we were to speak under the fourth head.

By the collation of all these manuscripts, then, and the preparation of an emended text from them, we are assured that we have the sacred books in a much more perfect form than we had them before, and more nearly as they came from the

hands of their writers. It is invariably found, that those ancient classics, which are edited from the smallest number of manuscripts, are the most full of errors, some of which cannot possibly be corrected except by conjecture, which is always an unsafe guide, and in such a book as the New Testament, almost always an inadmissible one. If we had possessed only one manuscript of our sacred books at the time when they were first put to press, and had never been able to discover any afterwards, there would indeed have been no talk about manuscripts and various readings, but we could not have felt sure that this one copy was a correct one, and we might have been continually tempted to emend it for ourselves. In short, the more manuscripts we have, the more correct we make the book which is prepared from them, because the more sources of correction there will be in our power.

The second advantage which we derive from the possession of numerous manuscripts, is the assurance which we thereby gain, that the sacred text has never been essentially changed or corrupted. We not only have it in a correct, and probably almost perfect state, but we know that it has never been very incorrect, so far as its meaning, its history, or its doctrine is concerned. Possessing manuscripts contributed from almost every country in which Christianity was ever known, and written in almost every age of the church, some of them as far back as the fourth and fifth centuries; possessing versions in almost all the ancient languages, and of the earliest dates; possessing also quotations from our scriptures, in the works of the Fathers, from the most ancient times, and finding that all these essentially agree; that they contain the same histories, the same miracles, the same doctrines, the same exhortations, and the same commandments, we have the great satisfaction and advantage of knowing, that the scriptures were read as we read them, by churches and by individuals, by saints and martyrs, and confessors, and holy men of all tongues, and in every time; and that although the church was very soon, and always continued to be, divided into parties and sects, yet the books of our faith were never altered or corrupted by their prejudices and passions.

And so we see, that this subject of the various readings, instead of being one of uneasiness and alarm, should be one of congratulation. When Mill, the learned Englishman, who was the first to publish any large collection of various readings of

the New Testament, came out with his list of thirty thousand, it was thought a terrible thing. The learned were in confusion and uproar, and many cried out, Why did you publish them, even if they existed? Why did you not keep them back from the people? This has often been the cry, even down to our own times. Why not keep back this, and keep back that, and the other, from the people? It is poor reason, poor religion, and poor morality. We should rather say, Keep back nothing from the people. But when you bring anything forward which may be alarming, bring it forward judiciously and soberly, and with the alarm, present its antidote; and if the proposition is true, we will engage that the alarm will always have an antidote, and if it is not true, that it will be found out to be false or inoffensive.

We have said, that the received text, or Testament in common use, would not be essentially changed by the adoption of the best readings from manuscripts. This is so true, that a person who should take up the amended text, as it is given in the book whose title we have placed at the head of this article, might read in a hundred different pages, without perceiving that he was not reading our common English text. But if the contrary had been true, if ever so much alteration had been called for by the undoubted voice of the best and oldest manuscripts, then we say and insist, that the alteration, to whatever extent, ought to be made in the common Greek text, and in all translations from it, and ought to be universally adopted, and the more important the alteration, the more urgent is the demand for its adoption.

Is there any need that we should explain or enforce this assertion? The general want of knowledge and want of interest with regard to the subject are such, that we believe there is need, and we will therefore go on, and try to produce the conviction of a truth, which ought to approve itself to every serious mind in Christendom, that the best text of our scriptures ought to be the received text; that all christian people ought to possess the records of their faith in a form as near as possible to that in which they were written by the sacred penmen; and that in all christian churches, those words only should be read to the congregation, as the words of evangelists and apostles; which, on an examination of the proper authorities for settling the text, appear to be such.

What is the received text of the English New Testament?

Let us turn to the titlepage of the book, and see. It reads thus;—‘The New Testament of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, *translated out of the original Greek*; and with the former translations diligently compared and revised, *by his majesty’s special command.*’ The titlepage, then, of this book, acquaints us with the fact, that the book does not pretend to give us the words or language of the sacred penmen, but only a translation from them. The expression is, ‘*Translated out of the original Greek.*’ What original Greek? The very copy which the evangelists and apostles wrote with their own hands? The supposition is absurd, for every autograph, or original writing of those holy men, had been lost ages before the time of king James I. of England, by whose ‘special command’ this translation was made. What original Greek then? The Greek of the best and oldest manuscripts? No; but the printed Greek of an edition of the Testament, which had come into common use on account of the beauty of its type, and which had not been prepared from one sixteenth the number of manuscripts which have since that time been examined by the learned. Does this edition, from which James’s translation was made, represent faithfully, or as faithfully as there are means of ascertaining, the ‘original Greek’ of the sacred penmen? No scholar, nobody who knows anything about the matter, pretends that it does. Why then should our English translation continue to be conformed to it? Why, when we have a purer text, why, in the names of common sense and Christianity, do we not make a general and popular use of it? Shall we be forever reading, and preaching, and quoting from a book, which is acknowledged not to be a translation from the best text of the original Greek?

And we would have it carefully noted here, that with the received translation, *considered as an interpretation*, we have, in this article, nothing to do. It is true, that there are many passages in it, which are incorrectly rendered from passages in the Greek, of the genuineness of which there is no doubt. But we now confine ourselves to it, exclusively as a representation in English of the original Greek, and contend, that, as it does not represent the most accurate text of the original Greek, it ought to be altered till it does. We acknowledge ourselves attached to the phraseology of the received English version, but not at all attached to a corrupt original text. Without meddling, therefore, with the diction of our common Testa-

ment, or even, at present, with its misrepresentations of the sense of certain passages of the original, we repeat, that it ought to be conformed to a correct text of that original. Such a text has been presented to us by the labors of the learned Griesbach; and till a faithful representation of that text in English, is brought into common use, we are using in our churches, families, and closets, as sacred scripture, a book, which, as we are obliged to confess, contains expressions and passages which the sacred penmen never wrote.

Should we not manifest a becoming reverence for the scriptures, by reading, and learning, and disseminating them in their purity? As it is, do we not manifest more reverence for old usage and custom, than for the scriptures?

What is called the received text of the original Greek, is daily growing out of use, and Griesbach's text is taking its place in colleges, schools, and libraries. How long shall the received English text contradict, in several passages, the most approved Greek text? Is there any reason why the Greek should be purified, and the English left impure as before?

Have not the christian public a right to the most correct text of their translated scriptures? Ought they not to understand this right, to feel it, to urge it, and cause it to be respected? Have they not a right only, but are they not under a solemn obligation to do this? Is it not our duty to have by us, whether we understand the original Greek or not, a translation of the words actually written down by the evangelists and apostles, as near as we can ascertain them?

If it is objected, that it would be difficult to make the proposed alterations in the common version, our answer is, that the work is already done, and well done. The title of the volume which has called forth these remarks, is, 'The New Testament in the Common Version, conformed to Griesbach's Standard Greek Text.' This is precisely the book which was wanted. This is precisely the book which should be in the hands of every man, woman, and child, in our country, superseding the Testament which is now in common use.

It is very true, that a new translation of the christian scriptures, which would suit all religious denominations, is hardly to be expected, because in translation there is necessarily so much contested interpretation. But the volume before us is not a new translation. It is the old translation conformed to an acknowledged standard text of the original language. The

words of king James's translators are in no case altered, except where a change in the original Greek required it. This rule has been scrupulously adhered to by the gentleman who prepared the volume. He has not departed from it even in instances in which he would have been borne out by the approbation of all christian interpreters, of every mode of faith. He has not trenched in the least, upon debatable ground. To use his own words, he has not 'attempted any such work as that of a revised translation of the New Testament. He has exactly reprinted the Common Version, except in places where the Greek text, from which that version was made, is now understood to have been faulty. In other words, he has aimed to present the Common Version precisely such as it would have been, if the translators could have had access to the standard text of Griesbach, instead of the adulterated text of Beza. In the translations which he has introduced to correspond to the amended Greek, it has been his careful endeavour to imitate the style of the received version, and no one has been admitted without study and consideration.' In reference to a topic which we have just been attempting to enforce, he adds, in the conclusion of his preface;—'A just reverence for scripture, will influence all Christians to desire to see the documents of their faith, in a form as little as possible altered from that in which they came from their authors' hands; and if the restorations here presented, appear to be not of the greatest consequence, they will but afford the more gratifying assurance of the substantial integrity of those records, which, preserved in so great a variety of copies, bear, in the purest and the most corrupt form, so striking a general likeness.'

Here then, we say, is exactly the volume which was wanted, and which ought to be brought immediately into general use. We are convinced, both from the use which we have made of it ourselves, and from the known literary character of the Rev. Mr Palfrey, that it has been prepared with faithful labor, accuracy, and entire impartiality. It is not because this gentleman, who, though his name appears not on the titlepage of the book, is well understood to have given this important work to the public, it is not, we say, because he happens to stand in the same class of Christians with ourselves, and holds the opinions which we maintain, that we thus recommend the fruit of his labors. We have the testimony of our conscience, that if the same work had proceeded from a member,

or a school of any denomination of Christians whatever, executed with the same faithful conformity to the amended original text, we should have received it with the same gladness and thankfulness that we do now, and urged its universal adoption with the same earnestness that we do now. Moreover, we invite all the learned, of every sect and name, to examine this volume critically and thoroughly, and to make known the least deviation which they may find in it, from the standard text of Griesbach, which it purports exactly to follow. When this is done, and the volume is made as perfect as possible, we not only request, but demand that it be adopted by all Christians. We demand this boldly, and yet without presumption, because we make our demand in the name, and with the authority of the pure word of God; and every one who has any right to an opinion on this subject, must know, and ought to confess, that to bring our English Testament into conformity with the standard original, is an undertaking which has not the least connexion with any question of party, and which may as well be performed by one person as another, so that it be performed faithfully. Griesbach himself was a Trinitarian. But do we, as Unitarians, refuse on that account to receive his amended text of the original Greek? On the contrary, Unitarians have been among the most forward to adopt it. If it would be absurd, as it certainly would be, to make the reception of the original a party question, it would be equally absurd to make the reception of an English text conformed to it, a party question. All parties, and those who are of no party, ought to unite, and unite at once, in adopting both. The time is fully come.

We have once or twice already mentioned the fact that there is no very striking difference between the common text, and the amended one. The same fact is briefly stated also by Mr Palfrey, in the last quotation which we made from his preface. This is a subject of congratulation, surely, but it does not alter the truth of another position which we have taken, that be the difference great or little, striking or unobservable, between the common and amended text, the latter ought to supersede the former, in all countries and languages, churches and families, on the plain and simple ground that it is the genuine one, the one which makes the nearest attainable approximation to the actual words of the evangelists and apostles. Moreover, though there is no important general variation be-

tween the two texts, there are some particular instances of difference which are of considerable moment.

We should say that the chief of these instances of various readings, was the celebrated verse 1 John v. 7. 'There are three that bear record in heaven, the Father, the Word, and the Holy Ghost, and these three are one.' The words beginning 'in heaven,' and continuing to the end of the verse, together with a part of the next verse, are found in no ancient manuscripts, nor in any ancient translation, nor are they quoted by any ancient Father. This mass of evidence against the text was so strong, that Griesbach refused it a place in his edition, as being no part of the epistle of John. Consequently, the amended English edition, instead of the words, which, in the common version, occupy the seventh and eighth verses, reads thus; 'For there are three that bear record; the spirit, and the water, and the blood; and these three agree in one.' This reading is important, because the rejected passage is the only one in the whole New Testament, in which the Father, the Word, and the Holy Ghost are asserted to be one, in any sense, and because it is a passage, which, being often brought forward by the uninformed supporters of the doctrine of the trinity, as an irrefragable proof of that doctrine, obliges those who are informed, on either side of the question, to go through the oft told, and always suspected tale of its spuriousness. If it was once fairly out of the common English text, as it ought to be, all this trouble would be at an end. But though important in the above respects, the reading is not important as conclusive of the trinitarian controversy; for, while on the one side, Trinitarians maintain, that, without the spurious passage, there is ample evidence of the trinity in other parts of the scriptures, on the other side, the Unitarians say, that, granting the passage to be genuine, still it does not support the trinitarian doctrine, because the phrase 'these three are one,' does not signify that they are one in substance, one thing, or one being, but one in design, purpose, and operation; and this their explanation is not only reasonable in itself, but is supported by Trinitarians, even by Calvin, who says, 'The expression, "three are one," must signify in agreement, rather than in essence.' It is hardly worth while, however, to investigate the meaning of the passage, when it is so decidedly a spurious one.

And yet, confessedly spurious as it is, it continues to be printed in our bibles, read in our pulpits, studied in our closets.

Once a year it is read, we presume, in all the English and American Episcopal churches; for it stands in the book of Common Prayer as part of the Epistle for the first Sunday after Easter. Yes, in all those churches, periodically, and in many other churches, we suppose, occasionally, a passage is read to the people, as a portion of God's holy word, which the majority of the clergymen who read it, believe to be, what it most probably is, a gloss interpolated by some transcribing monk.* Such apathy surprises us. We do not know what to make of it. We do not understand how men, who, for the most part believe, that the genuine words of the scripture were dictated by the spirit of God, can read, as scripture, a set of words which they confess are not genuine. On their own principles, are they not in danger? On any principles, do they not contradict themselves?

If this passage, the text of the three heavenly witnesses, as it is called, had never been inserted in our English bibles, and some one should now come forward and demand its insertion on the authority of the Latin Vulgate, would it not be instantly rejected, by Trinitarian and Unitarian, with surprise and indignation at the effrontery of the proposal? And with the same promptness with which it would have been rejected in such a case, ought it not to be omitted, as the case is now? Does the circumstance of its having long occupied a place to which it had no right, give it any authority? Does the fact of its having been printed in millions of English bibles, or French, or Italian, or Latin bibles, make it any more a part of the original Greek, and the words of St John, than it was before a single bible in any language was printed on the earth?

We have given a reading of importance, in which the amended differs from the common text. Various readings of equal, or nearly equal importance, are extremely rare. An example of another omitted passage, of no importance but in a critical point of view, occurs in the same chapter of the first epistle of John, in the thirteenth verse. We give it merely as an example of the class of various readings which do not affect either doctrine or fact. In the common version we read, 'These things have I written unto you *that believe on the name of the Son of God*, that ye may know that ye have eternal life, &c.'

* Some transcriber of a Latin version, not of the original Greek, because, though the passage appears in the Latin Vulgate, it is found in the text of no Greek manuscript of any authority whatever.

In the amended version, the words which we have italicized are omitted, and the verse reads, 'These things have I written unto you, that ye may know that ye have eternal life, &c.' As a specimen of readings of still less importance, we may mention one in 1 Thess. ii. 15. In the common version we read, 'Who both killed the Lord Jesus, and *their own* prophets.' In the amended version we read, 'Who both killed the Lord Jesus, and *the* prophets.' There are, as we have said, many more various readings of this last very unimportant description, than of any other.

It was not our intention, however, to enter into an examination of the English version as amended according to Griesbach's standard text, but to press its general adoption, on the firm, broad, and conceded ground of its genuineness. If it is an object that we should all possess, read, and study the christian scriptures in all possible purity, we cannot too strongly urge the claims of the amended English version of the New Testament, to the exclusion of the text now commonly received.

We presume that many, and many of those who feel the importance of having an amended text in use, will say that such an event is impossible; that it is impossible to effect any alteration in the received text, widely circulated as it is, and holding possession, as it does, of all churches, and families, wherever the English tongue is spoken. We answer, that nothing but a proper understanding of the subject and a proper sense of its importance, is wanted, to cause the immediate introduction of the amended Testament. It is not to be desired, by any means, that the copies of the English New Testament now in use, should be destroyed or given up by those who hold them, but it is to be desired that all copies printed hereafter should be corrected according to Griesbach's text. Thus the old text would gradually go out of use. We do not expect that this will be done, but it might be done, if there was only a disposition to do it.

How easily might the authorities of the English Established Church issue their decree, that all the New Testaments printed under their control, should be, after a certain period, conformed to the standard Greek text?

How easily might all Bible Societies determine, that, after a certain period, they would issue no copies of the New Testament, but such as were conformed to the standard Greek text? We are told that the American Bible Society at New York

have formed the grand design of printing two millions of bibles forthwith, in order to furnish a bible to every destitute family in our country. Would not their design be yet more grand, if they were to resolve to print all the copies of the New Testament according to a pure original? Could not such a resolution be easily carried into effect? We call upon the Society to do this. We beseech them to send forth among the people no more acknowledged adulterations of the christian scriptures.

How easily might all christian societies resolve to hear, and all christian ministers resolve to read from the pulpit or desk, none but an amended text of the New Testament? We earnestly desire them to form such a resolution, and to carry it into execution.

How easily might all translations of the christian scriptures be made from a pure, instead of an impure original? Why will translators diffuse and perpetuate, in various languages, what they know to be errors, instead of using their power and opportunity to amend them?

Why should not individuals, who wish to purchase copies of the New Testament for themselves or families, ask for the amended, instead of the common version? Will they not prefer a correct to an incorrect text? Do they wish to read for scripture what in all human probability is not scripture?

If these various and simple means were pursued, would not the amended English Testament be gradually introduced, and become itself the common one?

Either the changes made in the present version to conform it to a pure original, are very great and numerous, or they are inconsiderable in magnitude and number. If they are very great, then the adoption of the amended version is the more loudly called for; if they are inconsiderable, as we know them to be, then its adoption will be the more easy, as the change will be an almost imperceptible one.

ART. VIII.—*The Republic of Cicero, translated from the Latin, and accompanied with a Critical and Historical Introduction.* By G. W. FEATHERSTONHAUGH, Esq., Fellow of the Geological Society of London; of the American Philosophical Society; of the Lyceum of Natural History of New York, &c. New York. G. & C. Carvill. 1829.

BEFORE speaking of this translation, we shall give a brief history of the original, and a general account of its contents.

Cicero, in his work *De Divinatione*, enumerates several books which he had written, and others that he proposed to write or finish, for the benefit of his countrymen, thinking it would be glorious to raise them above dependence on the philosophical writings of the Greeks. This he promises to accomplish, if he shall complete the plan marked out for himself. Among these works, he mentions a treatise in 'six books, *de Republicâ*, which he was writing when he was at the helm of government; a great subject, intimately connected with philosophy, and richly treated by Plato, Aristotle, Theophrastus, and the whole school of the Peripatetics.' He speaks of this work, in its progress, in several of his letters. In a letter to his brother Quintus, he says, that he was engaged in writing what he calls *πολιτικά*, a great and laborious work, but one on which, if he shall satisfy himself, the labor will be well bestowed. In another letter to the same person, it appears that he intended to divide the work into nine books; and that, having completed two, he read them to several of his friends at his Tusculan Villa, among whom was Sallust. Sallust advised him to abandon the form of dialogue, to write in his own name, and thus give the work that authority and influence to which it was entitled as the production of a consular senator, employed in the highest affairs of state, alleging that the introduction of Scipio and Lælius, &c., men of a former age, would give the work an air of fiction. He acknowledges that he was affected by the advice of Sallust, and perceived that he could not bring into view commotions which took place after the time of the persons whom he had introduced as speakers; but he concluded to abide by his first plan, and keep clear of the turbulent times of his own age. He made no alteration, therefore, except reducing the work to six books.

As might be expected, little notice was taken of this work

by the poets, philosophers, and historians of the Augustan age, and of after periods of the Roman empire. Cicero's was not a name to be recurred to with pleasure or praise, in connexion with civil affairs, by the supporters of imperial tyranny, or by those who enjoyed its patronage. It was left for some of the christian Fathers, who breathed the spirit of liberty, to appeal to Cicero's thoughts on government, with ardent commendation, and to preserve some passages for after ages. Lactantius, so remarkable for his Latinity and the approximation of his style to that of the great Roman orator, as to have acquired the appellation of the Christian Cicero, adverts often to the philosophical opinions of Tully, and cites several passages from his Republic. He sometimes quotes his author from recollection, thus implying a great familiarity with his writings. In the works of Augustin, about a century later, are found several passages quoted from the Republic, and a pretty full analysis of the third book. Besides these, numerous small fragments are gleaned from Nonius, Diomedes, and other grammarians and scholiasts. But the most remarkable fragment, of considerable length, is the celebrated passage preserved, and largely commented upon, by Macrobius, entitled the Dream of Scipio. Such being the scanty remains of Cicero's Republic, and yet sufficiently remarkable to excite a desire to find it complete, it might well be classed, by the great scholars of modern times, among the *opera valde deflenda*. Little hope seemed to remain that it would be found entire, in any unpublished manuscript, after the lapse of so many centuries since the revival of letters. The prospects from Herculeaneum, which had roused the hopes of the sanguine, became discouraging in regard to any valuable discoveries; and those from Pompeii are remote, if not faint. Such being the case, the expectation of recovering any valuable works of the ancients, seems to rest mainly upon the examination of manuscripts, like that from which those portions of the Republic of Cicero, which have lately been presented to the public, have been rescued.

The peculiarities of the manuscripts here alluded to, though they have been described in some of the journals which are widely circulated among us, it is due to our subject briefly to notice. It seems that in very ancient times, either from economy or from the scarcity of parchment, or of other materials for a record of the thoughts, it was a practice to erase, more or

less thoroughly, what had been previously written upon those materials; but it was not done so completely as to obliterate all traces of the former writing. This practice existed as long ago as the time of Cicero. In one of his letters to Trebatius,* he praises the economy of his correspondent, in making use of a *palimpsestus*; and pleasantly expresses his wonder, what it might be that Trebatius would rather obliterate than not write what he had sent, unless it were his own formularies; for, says Cicero, I cannot think you would obliterate my letters, in order to substitute your own. Whatever therefore were the materials, or the process of destroying the former writing, the erasure seems to have been so far complete, that Cicero could not, at least not readily, discover what had been previously written. These *codices rescripti*, as they have sometimes been called, have now received among scholars the technical name, *palimpsests*, from the Greek, the fruitful mother of technical phraseology. It means a second time scraped, rubbed, or in some way prepared for writing.

The palimpsest containing the fragment of Cicero's Republic, was discovered by *Angelo Mai*, head librarian of the Vatican Library at Rome, and published at Rome, Paris, and London, in 1823, and before the close of the same year, in our own country, at Boston. It is a singular circumstance, that the later writing in this manuscript, should be a part of Augustin's commentaries on the psalms; of the same Augustin, who had done more, perhaps, to preserve the remembrance, and portions of the contents of the Republic, than any other writer. Most of the ancient classic remains that have been discovered in manuscripts of this kind, have given place to old treatises upon religious and devotional subjects. The more modern writing being in a smaller character, and being for the most part either contained within the lines, or inscribed on the upper or under extremities of the older and larger letters, when the chemical substance is applied, which brings out the ancient writing, it can be read without much difficulty, by those who are familiar with the forms of the letter.

M. Mai is the great discoverer in this promising region of antiquarian research. After having been devoted to his studies, in obscurity, for many years, in his own country, Bergamasco, he was appointed, in 1812, keeper of the Ambrosian Library at Milan, containing much curious literature. For at the close

* Ad. Fam. L. vii. 18.

of the sixteenth century, the Archbishop of Milan, wishing to enrich the library, sent distinguished scholars not only into the south of Italy, but also into Greece and Asia, provided with considerable sums of money for purchasing curious books and manuscripts. Though some of these were published, many remained unknown to the scholars of other countries. M. Mai brought to light several works and parts of works, while he continued at the library in Milan, showing a great extent of ingenuity and industrious research, and exciting strong hopes of still further and more important discoveries. The first fruits which the public received from his labors in restoring the obliterated writing on ancient parchments, were portions of Cicero's Orations, which are to be found in no former edition of his works. This was in 1814. He published successively several works obtained in the like manner ; and among them, in 1816, several books, hitherto wanting, of the Romish Antiquities of Dionysius Halicarnassus. In the year 1819 he was promoted to the place of librarian in the Vatican Library at Rome. He there continued to pursue with success the study of the palimpsest manuscripts, and his greatest discovery was that of Cicero's Republic.

Public expectation, so much excited by this discovery, was not a little disappointed in regard to the degree of completeness in the work ; the whole amount, together with the fragments preserved by writers of a later age, not exceeding, perhaps, one third of the treatise.

The first book of Cicero's Republic, which is more perfect than any of the others, commences with an introduction in the author's own person, the beginning of which is wanting. He maintains that there is a tendency in human nature to virtue, and a disposition to support the common good, sufficient to prevail over all allurements to ease and pleasure ; that virtue is essentially active, and should not, when there is work to be done for the public, listen to the invitations of philosophic seclusion. He is willing to meet those who would throw impediments in the way of patriotic efforts, and who represent the hardships to be endured in defending the state and the exposure of life in its cause, by contrasting with such hardships and fears, the nobler qualities of persevering effort and contempt of death, since it is far more glorious to hazard and to sacrifice life in the cause of one's country, than suffer it to be wasted away by old age and inactivity. Nor is he more willing to

listen to the excuses which are urged against taking a part in public affairs, founded in motives of prudence and personal reputation, and in the supposed inequality of the conflict between the good and the bad ; since it is only by the combined efforts of honorable men, that the state can be relieved from subjection to the artful and base.

These notions concerning the duty of engaging in the public service, are regarded by him as a suitable preface to a work on government ; and they are consistent with the language which he holds upon the same subject, in many parts of his philosophical writings. For though, like every man of a cultivated and philosophic mind, he had those yearnings for study and retirement, which afford the happiest refuge from the conflicts of the forum and the senate, yet his sense of public duty, during the continuance of animal and intellectual vigor, is ever paramount in his professions and example. In the proem to the second book, *De Divinatione*, there is a full expression of his opinions on this subject. While he was not employed in the great transactions of state, after Cæsar's accession to all its powers, he declares, that, inquiring with himself how he might be useful to the greatest number of citizens, and not lose sight of the good of the commonwealth, nothing better occurred to him than to impart to his countrymen the best instructions of which he was capable, in philosophy and good learning. According to his own professions, he was not discontented with his lot, nor did he waste his powers in querulous, indignant declamation against the conqueror or the times ; but, waiting till he came to be again consulted on public affairs, he pronounces all his labor and solicitude, his whole powers, to be due to the commonwealth, and promises that no more time shall be bestowed on his favorite studies, than can be spared from his public duties. His constant recurrence to his consulship, and the defeat of Cataline's conspiracy, while it shows his own consciousness of desert, and is free from exaggeration, has subjected him to much ill natured remark. His demands on the praise and gratitude of his countrymen, which he claims mainly for this period of great public service, are the chief occasion of the charge of boastful vanity, so commonly alleged against him. Quintilian seems to come near the truth on this subject, when he says that Cicero boasted rather of his exploits, than of his eloquence, and that he did this not without reason, since he was either defending his coadjutors in the suppression

of the conspiracy, or repelling personal odium. Thus the frequent mention of what he had achieved in his consulship, was made not more for glory, than for defence. In fact he appears to have identified this period with his fame, which was to endure to future ages. It was the burden of his anxious entreaties to Lucceius, that he would write an account of this period, separately from his continued history, that it might thus appear more speedily, and that the hero of the story might enjoy in his lifetime the due praises of the historian. But when Cicero hints to his expected biographer, that he may give a higher coloring to the account than the truth allows, this great orator and patriot needs the apology which his eulogists have sometimes offered; namely, that fearing lest what he cherished with overweening fondness should be undervalued by the historian, he would venture rather to ask too much, than to risk the chance of falling short of merited praise.

After the prologue to the first book, and the courtesies between the interlocutors, and the discoursing upon greater or smaller topics, Scipio, by the general wish, becomes the principal speaker. He defines a commonwealth, speaks of the different kinds of government, of their excellences and their evils, and describes that which is on the whole preferable. A republic, or commonwealth, is *res populi*, the affairs of the people, their state, condition, weal,—of the people associated for the observance of common laws, and for the sake of common benefits. Every people thus associated, must, for the sake of permanency, have some government. After describing the simple forms of government, and the necessary want of firmness and durability in each, he gives the preference on the whole to the regal form.

‘Nevertheless,’ we give the passage as it is translated by Mr Featherstonhaugh, ‘one which shall be well tempered and balanced out of those three kinds, is better than that (the regal;) yet there should be always something royal and preeminent in a government, at the same time that some power should be placed in the hands of the better class, and other things reserved for the judgment and will of the multitude. Now we are struck first with the great equability of such a constitution, without which a people cannot be free long; next with its stability. The three other kinds of government easily fall into the contrary extremes; as a master grows out of a king, factions from the better class, and mobs and confusion from the people.

The changes, too, are perpetual, which are taking place. This cannot well happen in such a combined and moderately balanced government, unless by the great vices of the chief persons. For there is no cause for change, where every one is firmly placed in his proper station, and never gives way, whatever may fall down or be displaced.*

The second book is mainly historical, and contains an account of the fabric of the Roman commonwealth. Towards the close of the book, the question again comes up in regard to the comparative excellences of the different simple forms of government, each of which is inevitably subject to abuse, in Scipio's opinion; and though he expresses a preference, he does not vary much from the conclusion, that whichever is best administered, is best. This leads to the discussion how far a just and upright administration is beneficial or injurious. For, says Scipio, according to Augustin's account, we have made no advances in our discussions upon this subject, and can make none, unless the position, that a republic cannot be managed without injustice, shall be proved to be false, and the contrary position, that a republic cannot be managed without the greatest uprightness, shall be proved to be true. This was the principal subject discussed in the third book, of which the most valuable part remaining is that well known passage on natural law, preserved by Lactantius.

In the preem to the third book, as in that to the first, Cicero speaks in his own person. A very small fragment only is here found, from which it appears, and more fully from Augustin's analysis of the contents of the book, that Cicero spoke at some length concerning the natural condition of man, and the origin of language and society. It is a curious speculation, which seems to have had some charms for his philosophical mind, and one which he touches upon in his writings upon other subjects. Divested of some of its absurdities and poetical extravagance, he appears to adopt in substance the opinions of Lucretius upon this subject. The outlines of the theory of Lucretius, are, that at a remote, undefined period, the woods being in some manner inflamed, creatures in the form of man, who had lived scattered and speechless, were so

* 'And never gives way, whatever may fall down or be displaced.'—In the original—'et non subest quò præcipitet ac decidat.'—'Non subest, i.e. *causa*.—Quò, *wherefore, for which cause*. Individuals, in a government thus balanced, are not liable to lose their respective power and weight.

annoyed and enfeebled by the heat and smoke, as to flee for shelter to holes and caves; that they associated themselves into families, whence ensued domestic order; that becoming somewhat improved as rational beings, they established more fixed principles of right and wrong; and that feeling the necessity of promises and compact, they invented certain signs of thought, which conveyed a more definite meaning than the cries and gestures to which they had been accustomed. Horace gives in substance the same theory in his Satires.

‘Cum prorseperunt primis animalia terris,
Mutum et turpe pecus, glandem atque cubilia propter,
Unguibus et pugnīs, dein fustibus, atque ita porrò
Pugnabant armis, quæ post fabricaverat usus;
Donec verba, quibus voces sensusque notarent,
Nominaque invenire; dehinc absistere bello, &c.’*

Cicero appears to incline to a similar account of the origin of speech, laws, and policy. In speaking of the history of eloquence, in the proem to the first book *De Inventione*, he says, there was a time, when men wandered everywhere in the fields, and supported life like other animals, managing everything, not by reason, but bodily strength. Again, in his *Tusculan Questions*, he apostrophizes Philosophy, as the guide of life, who had conducted the scattered race of men into the social state, united them by the ties of local situation and of marriage, and at length by community of language. Such, of course, are only the musings of poetry, and the uncertain vagaries of philosophy. But it is curious to see whither the

* This passage (Sat. Lib. i. 3.) is pleasantly paraphrased by Beattie; ‘not,’ as he says, ‘with the elegance of Horace or Lucretius, but with as much elegance as so ridiculous a doctrine deserves.’

‘When men out of the earth of old
A dumb and beastly vermin crawled;
For acorns first, and holes of shelter,
They, tooth and nail, and helter skelter,
Fought fist to fist; then with a club
Each learned his brother brute to drub;
Till more experienced grown, these cattle
Forged fit accoutrements for battle.
At last (Lucretius says, and Creech),
They set their wits to work on speech;
And that their thoughts might all have marks
To make them known, these learned clerks
Left off the trade of cracking crowns,
And manufactured verbs and nouns.’

mind will wander, when thus left to its own unassisted imagination.

Of the fourth and fifth books of the Republic, scarcely anything is found in M. Mai's discovered fragment; and of the sixth, nothing. The fourth book appears to have contained much variety of matter, in which Scipio is made to speak with the voice of a censor, in regard to manners and customs. According to Lactantius, it seems to have been Cicero's design to point out the duties of man, as a being composed of animal and intellectual qualities, in his private and social relations; but, he adds, this copious subject was comprised within narrow limits, and Cicero gathered only what was to be found on the surface of things. It is difficult to ascertain the design of the fifth book; but it appears that Cicero, in the commencement of it, lamented, in strong expressions, the wretched condition of the commonwealth, at the time then present. Of the sixth book, nothing is found. Nothing remains of it, except that extraordinary fragment which is preserved in Macrobius; namely, the Dream of Scipio, which he is made to relate to Lælius and the other interlocutors. The commentaries of Macrobius upon this fragment, considerably exceed in quantity all the recovered remains of the Republic.

The translation of Mr Featherstonhaugh seems to us, as far as we have compared it with the original, distinguished for fidelity; a primary requisite of a good translation. Occasional failures in the vernacular idiom, and a faulty arrangement of circumstances here and there, are to be expected, and treated with clemency. It supposes a vigilance on the part of the translator, next to impossible, that his work should exhibit a complete transcript of the ideas of the original, and at the same time possess all its ease and gracefulness. For, while he is seeking for this ease or gracefulness, consisting so much as it does in arrangement, and in the happy combinations of terms, he is extremely liable to express a little more or a little less than his author, or what is a little different from the original. At any rate Mr Featherstonhaugh has performed more than he promised. He aimed at fidelity, free from all ambitious display; and though he has not made Cicero speak as he would have spoken in English, which it would be hard to require or expect, yet he has made him, and the personages through whom he utters himself, speak for the most part intelligibly and agreeably.

The passages collected from the various sources which we have mentioned, and which are inserted by M. Mai, in order to fill up, in some measure, the chasms in the newly discovered fragment, or to furnish some knowledge of the general contents of the most imperfect books, are not translated in the work before us. As a compensation for what would otherwise appear to be a great defect, Mr Featherstonhaugh gives an analysis of the different books of the Republic, in the introduction to his translation. Here he avails himself of these means, to furnish the English reader with the best account that can be given of the work. The Dream of Scipio, however, he has translated in its place, and translated very well.

Mr Featherstonhaugh has also given in his introduction a judicious sketch of the character of Cicero, and of the transactions of his times, intended 'to aid the general reader to form an adequate estimate of the great object which Cicero had in view, when he drew up this celebrated treatise; which was to revive the veneration of the Roman people for their ancient institutions, now in danger from the machinations of lawless men.'

The purpose of the translator is of that laudable kind, which we could wish to see imitated by gentlemen of literary leisure. If the reading and study of the ancient classics are confined to the school or the university, they will never, we fear, be in such favor as they richly deserve, nor command that due portion of time, the expense of which,—we appeal to all who have made the experiment—will be so amply remunerated. The value of classical learning is often disputed, and the dispute will perhaps often be revived in future, as it has been in past times. But, it would seem, there must be a period when this dispute shall be decided. And if anything can be sanctioned by time, by the opinions of the wise, of statesmen, of those employed in the learned professions, it may be regarded as already decided. It is among the rare things, if not unexampled, to hear a scholar, a man of substantial acquirements, regret the time spent in studying the ancient classics. And if in the course of a busy life, or even in retirement, his bright recollections and vivid associations fade, or become obscured by other objects, there still occur occasions to revive his remembrances of what he has enjoyed in his classic hours, and to produce the pleasing conviction, that such instructive and tasteful studies have shed a benignant influence upon his life and character.

ART. IX.—*Essays on the Pursuit of Truth, on the Progress of Knowledge, and on the Fundamental Principles of all Evidence and Expectation.* By the AUTHOR of *Essays on the Formation and Publication of Opinions.* London. R. Hunter. 1829. 12mo. pp. 302.

THIS writer has acquired considerable reputation by a former work, 'On the Formation and Publication of Opinions,' and two or three treatises on Political Economy. He is a keen observer of men and things, an original and close thinker, and in his style, clear, polished, and forcible. His faults are those of a mind inclining to skepticism and gloom, the natural consequences of speculating much on the absurdities and abuses which still prevail.

He begins his essay 'On the Pursuit of Truth,' by insisting on the importance of the subject.

'The overwhelming importance of this knowledge, is attested by the sad tale of error and suffering, which every page of history presents to our observation. What possible problem can mankind have to solve but one, how to make themselves conjointly as happy, and for that purpose as noble-minded and virtuous as they can during the short term of their mortal existence? And how have they hitherto solved this problem? In what numerous ways have they proved themselves totally blind to their real interests, perverted their resources, exasperated the unavoidable evils of their condition, and inflicted gratuitous and unprofitable misery on each other, and on themselves? It is clear that men can have no interest in suffering, no preference for unhappiness in itself, and wherever they are found in head-long career after it, it must be under an impression that they are in pursuit of a different object. It is error therefore, it is illusion, it is an incapacity on their part to see the real consequences of actions, the real issues of events, that gives rise to all those evils which desolate the world, except such as can be traced to the physical circumstances of man's nature and condition.'—pp. 8, 9.

The states of mind favorable and unfavorable to the pursuit of truth are next considered; and the qualities which an inquirer should aim to possess, are shown to be, a simple desire to arrive at the truth, and a freedom from disturbing passions, and preconceived errors.

'The preoccupation of the understanding by erroneous opinions, is one of the greatest impediments which offer themselves in the pursuit of accurate knowledge. The mere preoccupancy itself, is an obstacle scarcely to be overcome; but as the opinions thus lodged are generally the objects of awe and veneration, the task of removing them becomes almost hopeless. No language can describe with sufficient force, the tenacity with which early received notions are retained: they seem to enter into the very essence of the soul, to weave themselves into the tissue of the understanding, till it transcends the power of conception to imagine them erroneous. Of those notions in particular, which are coeval with our earliest recollections, and the origin of which we cannot trace, we seem incapable of suspecting the falsity.

'When such notions are combined with that kind of fear and awe which we have already described, there is no degree of absurdity to which they may not rise. A modern writer, in his travels through Mesopotamia, relates that at Orfah (the ancient Ur of the Chaldees) the river, and the fish in it, are regarded as sacred to Abraham, and the inhabitants firmly believe, that if any of the fish were caught, no process of cooking could make any impression on their bodies. Here is a notion which any one might at once put to the test by direct trial; a fact, which they have only to stretch out their hands to verify or disprove; yet so thoroughly preoccupied are the minds of the people by the prejudice instilled in early infancy, such awe do they feel in relation to it, that they have not the slightest suspicion of its absurdity, and would think it profane to attempt to submit it to the ordeal of actual experiment.'—pp. 20-22.

The third chapter states in what circumstances inquiry is a duty, and this duty is shown to be incumbent on all men, so far as they have the means and opportunity, in regard to subjects having an important bearing on their conduct and happiness. Several prejudices adverse to inquiry are then examined and exposed, particularly those which represent it as likely to contaminate the mind, as being presumptuous, and as being morally wrong.

'There is contamination in preposterous and obscene images crowding before the intellectual vision, notwithstanding a full and distinct perception of their character; but there is no contamination, no evil in a thousand false arguments coming before the mind, if their quality is clearly discerned. The only possible evil in this case is mistaking false for true; but the

man who shrinks from investigation, lest he should mistake false for true, can have no reason for supposing himself free from that delusion, in his actual opinions. 'That he should be more likely to escape from error without, than with investigation, is a species of absurdity which requires no exposure.' p. 32.

'The presumption he has to repress, is not any presumption in relation to other beings in possession of secrets, which he is trying clandestinely to wrest from them, but merely the presumption of drawing positive and ample conclusions from doubtful and slender premises, of supposing that he has discovered what he has not, that he has succeeded where he has only failed, that he has done what still remains to be accomplished; in a word, the presumption of overrating his own achievements. Here indeed a man may err in self-confidence, but an evil cannot obviously arise from searching too far, which is best remedied by searching farther, by closer reasoning and more rigorous investigation.'—pp. 38–39.

'If we may contract guilt by inquiry, we may contract guilt by remaining in our present state. The only valid reason which can be assigned, why we may commit an offence by embarking in any inquiry is, that we may miss the right conclusion; but it is obvious that we may equally miss it by remaining in our actual opinions. It is then incumbent on us to know, whether we are committing an offence by remaining in our present opinions; in other words, it is necessary to inquire whether those opinions are true; thus the reason assigned for not inquiring, leads itself to the conclusion that it is necessary to inquire.'—p. 41.

Having shown that inquiry under certain circumstances is a duty, the next question relates to the manner in which it ought to be conducted. Our predilections and prejudices are not to be put off at will, it is true; but we can guard against them, and merely to suspect them, will do much to lessen their power. At any rate, let our predilections and prejudices be what they may, we can resolve and endeavour, whatever subject we undertake to examine, to examine it with diligence and impartiality. The following strictures are severe, but they are just and reasonable.

'While there is so much laxity and want of discrimination in regard to candor and uprightness in the prosecution of our inquiries, while research on the most momentous subjects may be neglected or perverted with impunity, we cannot expect to find the spirit of integrity carried to its highest perfection in

the commerce of life. From one who exhibits a want of proper diligence and scrupulous impartiality in his treatment of evidence in literature or science, it would be vain to look for uncompromising integrity when he is called to adjust the contending claims of his fellow men, or to decide between his own rights and those of others.'—p. 65.

In speaking of many who take upon themselves the office of public instruction, the author asks,—

'Is their language, "Read, examine for yourselves, draw your own inferences, impartially investigate; we present you with our conclusions and the reasons on which they are founded; we believe them to be strong, but put them to the test; assist us by pointing out any fallacies you may descry; let us be co-adjutors in the grand cause of truth?" Is it not on the contrary, "The doctrine we announce is the only one which can be free from error; avoid all those writings which are opposed to it, as you would avoid the contamination of the plague; do everything in your power to banish any opposite suggestions from your own minds; shun the moral turpitude of doubting what we teach; fear and confide?"'—pp. 66, 67.

'On this point,' he proceeds, 'there can be no compromise. It is either right or wrong to be partial in our investigations. If it is wrong to be partial, it is wrong to recommend and enforce partiality; it is a departure from the distinct line of duty, a deviation from candid, upright, and honorable conduct. This representation, it will be observed, by no means implies that a man should refrain from urging his opinions with all the arguments in his power; but the moment he begins to teach the necessity of thinking as he does, to set forth the guilt of dissenting from his doctrine, and to insist on the avoidance of all opposite considerations, that moment he commits an offence against the moral law of truth.'—pp. 67, 68.

The principles advocated in this essay, imply, that no blame is incurred by the disbelief of any set of prescribed doctrines, even though true doctrines, if the investigation which has led to this disbelief, has been conducted with fairness and diligence.

'But the objector replies, "You have suffered your passions to interfere; it is perversity of heart and malignity of disposition, which have rendered propositions incredible to you, that have been admitted by others." If this accusation is meant to apply to the manner in which we have designedly treated the evi-

dence, then as by the supposition we have conducted the examination with fairness and diligence, it is manifestly out of place. But if the intention of it is to charge us with being possessed by passions, which have involuntarily on our parts exaggerated some portions of the evidence and weakened others, and thus led to erroneous conclusions, we reply: 1. This is a mere gratuitous assumption. 2. It is at all events an involuntary error which is charged upon us. 3. Since by the supposition we have conducted the examination with perfect fairness, notwithstanding our suffering under these passions, the greater is our merit. 4. The circumstance of having conducted it fairly, ought to be received in the absence of all other evidence, as conclusive proof that no such passions have prevailed. 5. As we have just the same grounds for throwing such an imputation on our opponent, we may with equal fairness suppose, that in forming an opinion different from ours, he has been influenced by some of these reprehensible passions.'—pp. 72, 73.

Another important topic respects the influence of the institutions and practices of society on the progress of truth. Under this head, the author speaks of the tendency of establishments, civil or ecclesiastical, which bestow emolument on individuals, with the stipulation, that they shall teach, hold, or profess certain doctrines, definitively prescribed. He also offers some very sensible remarks, on what Mr Locke calls 'principling children,' without inculcating, at the same time, the duty of examination, as they become capable of it, and an entire freedom of thought.

'Many things must be taught them for which they can for a while have no other authority than the teacher; but if we really wish to produce in them a love of truth, a desire after knowledge, a spirit of candour, and that integrity of mind which will best preserve them from error, nothing must be taught them as a doctrine, which it is their duty to believe, and of which it is a crime to doubt. All the instruction given them should be accompanied with inducements to exert their own faculties, to seek for reasons of what is asserted. They should be rescued from the mere passive adoption of what is proposed to them by authority, and trained to the habit of drawing their own inferences. All the reverence which they are commonly educated to feel for particular doctrines and authorities, they should be taught to feel for truth itself, and for honesty of investigation. It is under such a discipline that we should expect to see minds of integrity arise which would be blessings to the world.'—p. 90.

The essay concludes with some reflections on the spirit in which we ought to communicate and receive the results of inquiry. The following suggestions are calculated to quiet the apprehensions of one, who hesitates to publish what he regards as important discoveries, from a fear that he has been deceived himself, and may mislead others.

‘By communicating the result of his inquiries, he may possibly be instrumental in promulgating error; his views may wander widely from the truth, and he may lead many astray by the same illusive reasoning which has deceived his own mind. These are things, which, according to the constitution of man and the present state of society, cannot be avoided. Even in this case, nevertheless, he is doing good. His errors are such as have, with more or less distinctness, presented themselves to other minds as truths. To bring them openly forward, with the premises from which they are deduced and the train of reasoning by which they have established themselves as truths in his own understanding, is giving them the best chance of being refuted, and refuted in so full and luminous a manner, that their real character will be conspicuous to every future inquirer.’ pp. 96, 97.

The second essay, ‘On the Progress of Knowledge,’ is in the form of a dialogue, an experiment in composition which we hope our author will not think it necessary to repeat. His views of the character and condition of mankind, as has been hinted before, are discouraging.

‘I have said, and I repeat, that when we look back into the history of the human race we can scarcely help feeling ashamed that we belong to it. Man is an animal in a very slight degree rational by nature. It seems to require ages upon ages to bring the race to anything like a state of reason—a state where prejudice and passion are subordinate to the understanding, where man controls the blind impulse of the present by a view of the future, and distinctly perceives his relative position in the universe. It is certain that mankind have hitherto never reached such a state. Let any one look around him, and what does he observe? A few minds perhaps capable of raising themselves into the pure atmosphere of truth, of emancipating themselves from the domination of mere instinct, of expatiating through the moral and material world with full liberty of intellect, and of appreciating the exact relation in which they stand to the existences around them; but the majority—nine hundred

and ninety-nine in a thousand—the slaves of prejudice and the dupes of passion, inflicting misery upon themselves and others from gross ignorance of the real tendencies of action and the rational object of existence; shrinking from truth as from a spectre; frightened by imaginary terrors; incapable of pursuing more than one step of argument, yet pertinacious in their own infallibility; humbling themselves in the dust as unworthy to approach the God whom they tremble to think of, while they confess his unbounded benevolence, yet assuming their actions to be of such immense importance to him as to require the discipline of eternity at his hands. The meanness of men's reasoning powers in general is almost incredible. Locke, if I mistake not, terms a man who can advance two steps in reasoning a man of two syllogisms. There are few such to be found. The majority of mankind are men of one syllogism, or of less. The faculty of taking two steps in reasoning without assistance—leading strings—is rare; that of taking three belongs to one in an age. It stamps a man as the wonder of his day.

pp. 114–116.

He admits the progressive improvement of society, but thinks it so slow, and so often interrupted, as to be scarcely perceptible. An exception is made in favor of physical science, though Priestley never could give up the doctrines of phlogiston; and in favor of Political Economy, though it was necessary that the cotemporaries of Adam Smith, should be succeeded by another generation, before his principles could prevail. 'No complex or very important truth,' says an able writer, 'was ever yet transferred in full developement from one mind to another. Truth of that kind is not a piece of furniture to be shifted; it is a seed which must be sown and pass through the several stages of growth.' We should remember, however, that men are not only learning every day, but learning how to learn; and that the progress of general information will be continually weakening the power of prejudice and bigotry, two of the greatest obstacles to the advancement of the mind.

There is much good sense and just feeling in the following remarks.

'A. My views have reference chiefly to the state of moral and political intelligence and feeling. I think, for my own part, that society is in a curious condition in these respects. It seems to be laboring with a thousand incongruous principles and opinions.

‘N. I perfectly agree with you. When we examine the actual condition of society, we find amazing discrepancies in moral and political sentiment. We find even great contrariety in the same individual. He will be found perhaps, without being aware of it, maintaining two opinions, mutually repugnant and contradictory; one opinion probably the result of instillation by his preceptors, the other his own acquisition from reading or conversation. Now, not being in the habit of deducing a series of inferences, not being able to follow out any doctrine to its consequences, he is insensible to the contrariety existing between them, and perhaps would regard you with something like horror if you were to attempt to point it out. This is all very well, and cannot be avoided where, without much precision of ideas, there is anything like a determination of the general intellect to moral and political inquiries; where men’s knowledge begins to outstrip their prejudices, and yet is not disentangled from them. The same causes however give rise to other moral phenomena, not quite so free from culpability.

‘A. To what do you allude?

‘N. I allude to the concealment of opinions and feelings, to the insincerity, to the conventional simulation which abound in the present day. Every one must be struck with the discordance of tone between the sentiments of our literature, of our public debates, of our formal documents on the one hand, and those heard in private society and exhibited in the common habits of life on the other. The same individual who has been speaking to the popular prejudices of the day in public, will often let you see by a sneer or a jest, or at all events by the principles which regulate his daily conduct, that he has in reality been playing the actor and duping his audience. Hence our literature does not present us with the actual sentiments entertained. There is nothing like general sincerity in the profession of opinions. The intellect of the age is cowed.’ pp. 160–162.

What he says on the study of old authors will not, perhaps, receive so unhesitating an assent from many of our readers.

‘Much of it is an exhaustion of the strength to no purpose. This obsolete learning is well enough for minds of a secondary cast, but it only serves to hamper the man of original genius. It is unwise in such a one to enter very minutely into the history of the science to which he devotes himself,—more especially at the outset. Let him perfectly master the present state of the science, and he will be prepared to push it farther while the vigour of his intellect remains unbroken; but if he previously at-

tempt to embrace all that has been written on the subject, to make himself acquainted with all its exploded theories and obsolete doctrines, his mind will probably be too much entangled in their intricacies to make any original efforts; too wearied with tracing past achievements to carry the science to a farther degree of excellence.' p. 136.

We must conclude our extracts from this essay, by the following striking observations on the effect which the progress of the human mind, is likely to have on the religion of the world.

'The change in men's religious views will also probably be great. As mankind learn to reason more justly, they will see the absurdity of many of their tenets. They will discover more and more clearly, that instead of the wise and benevolent Author of the Universe, they have been worshipping an image in their own minds, endowed with similar imperfect faculties and passions to their own, nay, even invested with principles of action drawn from human nature in its rudest state. Men's conception of the Deity can never go beyond, although it frequently falls short of their moral opinions. He who has a narrow, confused, and indistinct view of what is really wise and admirable in human qualities, cannot have a clear and comprehensive idea of God. Hence as moral knowledge advances, as mankind come more and more to fix their approbation on actions according to their actual desert, their conception of the Deity will become more refined, more elevated, and more worthy of its object. The proper way to exalt man's veneration of God is to teach him what is really just, benevolent, and magnanimous in his own race.' pp. 152, 153.

The third and last essay in the volume, is 'On the Fundamental Principles of all Evidence and Expectations.' It contains a brief exposition of the doctrine of causation, which Dr Brown has so ably and successfully established in his work on Cause and Effect. The author's aim is to state more explicitly than ever yet has been done, the bearing which this doctrine has on the disputed questions respecting evidence, and liberty, and necessity. He conceives that the admission of Dr Brown's views of uniform sequences, involves and implies the doctrine of philosophical necessity, but we suspect he will not find the controversy on that knotty point so easily put at rest. He also holds that no fact inconsistent with the doctrine that like causes in all cases produce like effects, can possibly be proved by human testimony. This perhaps is true, but he

ought to have conceded expressly, like Dr Brown, that the principle here advanced does not exclude the possibility of proving miracles by human testimony ; because miracles, properly so called, do not conflict with the law abovementioned, but only suppose the introduction of a new and peculiar cause. Here, however, a great subject is opened before us, on which we cannot enter now ; but we hope, in some future number, to give at length our views of the bearing which Dr Brown's speculations on this subject have on the question of miracles, and on the evidence by which the christian miracles are supported.

ART. X.—*Natural Theology: or, Evidences of the Existence and Attributes of the Deity, collected from the Appearances of Nature.* By WILLIAM PALEY, D. D. Arch-Deacon of Carlisle. Illustrated by the Plates, and by a Selection from the Notes of James Paxton, Member of the Royal College of Surgeons, London, with Additional Notes, Original and Selected, for this Edition and a Vocabulary of Scientific Terms. Boston, Lincoln and Edmands. 1829. 12 mo. pp. 308.

THOUGH we have very recently given our opinion of Dr Paley's literary character, we cannot forbear to express our satisfaction at efforts which are likely to increase the circulation of his works. The practical bearing of all his writings, his felicity in selecting illustrations of his arguments, his sound judgment, and the candor, benevolence, and devotion, which he everywhere exhibits, have rendered his name deservedly dear to the christian community. His style may be considered as a model for its grace, simplicity, fluency, and perspicuity. His language is always the most appropriate, though no trace of art is apparent in the selection of his expressions. It is never affected or ambitious, and never oversteps 'the modesty of nature.' He never says anything merely for display. In the present age of scribbling, when we are so often offended with every form of bad taste, pretension, exaggeration, and extravagance, it is delightful to recur to an author who is contented to express himself well, without ever aiming to reason or to write better than he can.

As a reasoner, Dr Paley is always acute, direct, and forcible, and never resorts to needless refinements. He is always ready to admit the full force of opposing arguments, and never claims for his own any greater weight than they merit.

Perhaps no one of our author's works gives greater satisfaction to all classes of readers, the young, the old, the ignorant, and the enlightened, than the *Natural Theology*. Indeed we recollect no book in which the arguments for the existence and attributes of a Supreme Being to be drawn from his works, are exhibited in a manner more attractive or more convincing.

The increased value of the present edition will appear from the preface of the American editor.

' It was the original design of the publishers to have merely attached the plates and references of Paxton, which have been published in England and in this country in a separate volume, to the text of Dr Paley. It was, however, suggested to them that the value of their edition might be increased by the addition of Notes, and they had made arrangements for this purpose and were going on with the work, when Mr Paxton's edition of the *Natural Theology* fell into their hands, containing, beside the plates, a considerable number of Notes. From these Notes a selection has been made of such as seemed most valuable and interesting. A number of Notes have also been made up of quotations from the excellent treatise of Mr Charles Bell on *Animal Mechanics*, published in the *Library of Useful Knowledge*; a tract which cannot be too highly recommended to the perusal of those who take pleasure in studying the indications of a wise and benevolent Providence in the works of creation.

' A few additional Notes have also been subjoined, which have not been before published.

' It seems to be supposed by some, that the progress made in science since the writing of this work must have furnished ample materials for valuable additions to it. It will readily appear, however, upon reflection, that this is not likely to be the case, and that no particular advantage to the *argument* is to be expected from bringing it down, as it is often expressed, to the present state of science. The object of the work is, not to teach science in its connexion with *Natural Theology*, a plan entirely different and one upon which distinct works may, and have been written, but to gather materials from the knowledge communicated by science, wherewith to construct an argument for the existence and attributes of God. The excellence of such a work, then,

will not consist in the number of illustrations, or in the copiousness and completeness of the materials, but in the judgment with which they are selected, and the aptness with which they are made to bear upon the question at issue.

'So far, therefore, as the *argument* is concerned, no additional strength will be given to it by new discoveries in science. As Dr Paley has himself admitted, a single case thoroughly made out, proves all that can be proved, and, generally speaking, the most familiar instances which can be selected and made intelligible are the best for this purpose, and will have the greatest influence upon men's minds. All the knowledge, therefore, which is necessary for the completeness and strength of the argument was possessed long ago.

'Still there is an advantage in selecting and arguing from a variety of examples, arising out of the different constitutions of men's minds, or their different habits of thinking and reasoning. Some are more affected by examples of one kind, and some by those of another. In this way much more might be done in the way of illustrating and enforcing the argument, and holding it up in every possible light, than has been attempted in the present edition. The principal object here had in view, has been to make such additions, as with the help of the engraved views, would bring the argument, as stated by the author, clearly within reach of all readers.

'To give a correct edition, various English and American copies have been consulted, in which variations have been found; but those readings have been adopted, which appeared best to comport with that familiarity, and originality of expression, which gives its principal charm, and its great force and clearness to Dr Paley's style.' pp. iii-iv.

The vocabulary of scientific terms appended to the volume by the editor, will be found very convenient to most readers; and the few notes which he has given are so appropriate, judicious, and well written, that we regret that he has not favored us with more. Mr Paxton's illustrations, with the descriptions, have already been published in a separate form in this country. The plates no doubt add to the interest of the work, even where the argument was sufficiently intelligible without them, and serve to impress on the memory the statements which they are intended to illustrate. It has struck us, however, that Mr Paxton's descriptions are not always made so clear and intelligible as they should have been. The drawing, as far as we can judge of it, appears to be correct, and the cheapness of

the present volume, which, in addition to more than three hundred duodecimo pages of compact printing, contains thirty-nine plates, shows the advantages which science may hope to derive from the invention of lithography.

The object of the publishers of the present edition, as stated in a notice prefixed to the volume, is, to give the work 'a more extended circulation in our colleges and high schools.' We trust that they will succeed in their design. The *Natural Theology* is an admirable manual for students. The divisions of the subject are always natural, distinct, and convenient. The general design of the treatise, and the plan of each division, are presented fully and precisely. The object of the author is always definitely marked, requiring no effort on the part of the student to ascertain it, and the reasoning clear and convincing. These qualities, together with the honesty and good faith with which everything is said, can scarcely fail to command attention, and make a deep impression on the memory. Though the *Natural Theology* may be read at any period of life with profit and delight, it is particularly adapted to that season when the character is forming. It may serve to relieve the doubts of the existence of a superintending Providence, which at that age sometimes obtrude upon the mind, and to infuse in their place a rational and well grounded piety. Although the direct object of the work is not to convey scientific information, yet the acquaintance with anatomy, physiology, and natural history which may be derived from it, is valuable to general students, while the interesting lights in which these sciences are surveyed, can hardly fail to inspire the reader with zeal in the pursuit of these and their kindred branches of knowledge.

Two other works of Dr Paley, the *Evidences of Christianity* and the *Moral Philosophy*, have been in use as manuals for students; and we believe that there are no books of which they retain a more vivid or more agreeable recollection in after life. The *Natural Theology* has at least equal claims for an introduction into schools and colleges. The *Moral Philosophy*, however, we should not be sorry to see banished from the collegiate course of study. We have not long since adverted to the objections which lie against this work, yet in this connexion they seem to us so important, that we must be allowed again to recur to the subject. Notwithstanding the decided excellence of the greater part of the volume, the

usual soundness of Dr Paley's moral judgment, and the irresistible charm which his peculiar style and manner of thinking shed over every page, we cannot but feel that a treatise which rests moral obligation on utility, a treatise in which this unsound principle is frequently brought forward, and in which some questionable positions of an important practical tendency are maintained, ought not to be presented to young persons, with the authority which it must have when stamped with the apparent approbation of their instructors. If it is used at all, it should be with notes in which the unsafe foundation of his system is exposed, and the errors into which he has fallen are carefully corrected. We fear that the tendency of some of his speculations is to encourage a very dangerous casuistry, especially in immature minds.

ART. X.—*The Journal of a Naturalist.* London. John Murray. 1829. 12mo. pp. 396.

‘In a moral point of view,’ says Paley, ‘I shall not, I believe, be contradicted when I say, that if one train of thinking be more desirable than another, it is that which regards the phenomena of nature with a constant reference to a Supreme Intelligent Author. To have made this the ruling, the habitual, sentiment of our minds, is to have laid the foundation of everything which is religious. The world thenceforth becomes a temple, and life itself one continued act of adoration.’ The state of mind here contemplated by Paley, is exactly that which would seem to have led to the production of such a work as the *Journal of a Naturalist*; and on the other hand, the perusal of such works is calculated, as much, perhaps, as anything but the observation of nature itself, to excite and form in us this state of mind. A book like this is valuable as a contribution to natural history. It contains very little, to be sure, of the technical part of the science. It adds little or nothing to our knowledge of genera and species. We do not recollect that the author lays claim to more than one or two items of discovery in science, and these he asserts in so modest and diffident a manner, that the veriest tyro of

classes and orders and specific distinctions, might cheat him out of his title to them, with a small array of hard words. To mere technical naturalists, and too many of them are only such, this book has few attractions. It will teach them little that they want to know. But it contains a great share of that which is the most interesting, and the most important part of natural history, the history of nature. It describes to us, not the systematic arrangement of animals and vegetables, but their modes and habits of life and growth, their characters, their relations, their wants, their uses; the influences under which they exist, and by which their manner of existence is modified. Knowledge of this kind is desirable, and should be interesting to all of us, whatever may be our pursuits, or our habits of thought and study.

But such books are also valuable as religious publications; and were they read with right views and in a right frame of mind, we are not sure that they would not be far more useful to mankind in this way than in any other. No man reads of God so often as he who reads of him in the volume of nature; for this book is always before us and is always open, and he who can understand the language in which it is written, may at all times refresh his mind with new knowledge of his Maker, and elevate his affections by contemplating the exhibition of his unbounded beneficence. A vast amount of what is called religious reading, is far less religious and edifying than this. We have heard worse 'sermons' than those found 'in stones,' and 'tongues in trees,' which discoursed of the works of God, to more purpose than those of many men. There is no subject, however remote from religion in appearance, which may not be made subservient to religious purposes, by a proper consideration of it; and, on the other hand, none so closely connected with religion, but that it may be perverted, and made to exercise an influence which is anything but religious. The author of the *Journal of a Naturalist*, would seem to be a man of taste and education, a careful observer, and one whose mind is deeply impressed with the bearing which everything in nature may in this way be made to have upon the noblest and highest of subjects. His work consists, as he modestly tells us, of 'but brief and slight sketches; plain observations of nature, the produce often of intervals of leisure and shattered health, affording no history of the country; a mere outline of rural things; the journal of a traveller through the inexhaustible

regions of nature.' Still it contains no inconsiderable amount of valuable observation, and the more valuable because entirely independent, upon the common objects and occurrences which draw the attention in rural life. This is conveyed in so simple and unpretending a manner as to command our confidence. His own language will, however, best illustrate his views of the nature and purposes of his pursuits.

'It is rather a subject of surprise, that in our general associations and commixtures in life, in times so highly enlightened as the present, when many ancient prejudices are gradually flitting away, as reason and science dawn on mankind, we should meet with so few, comparatively speaking, who have any knowledge of, or take the least interest in, natural history; or if the subject obtain a moment's consideration, it has no abiding place in the mind, being dismissed as the fitting employ of children and inferior capacities. But the natural historian is required to attend to something more than the vagaries of butterflies, and the spinnings of caterpillars; his study, considered abstractedly from the various branches of science which it embraces, is one of the most delightful occupations that can employ the attention of reasoning beings; and perhaps none of the amusements of human life are more satisfactory and dignified, than the investigation and survey of the workings and ways of Providence in this created world of wonders, filled with his never absent power: it occupies and elevates the mind, is inexhaustible in supply, and, while it furnishes meditation for the closet of the studious, gives to the reflections of the moralizing rambler, admiration and delight, and is an engaging companion that will communicate an interest to every rural walk. We need not live with the humble denizens of the air, the tenants of the woods and hedges, or the grasses of the field; but to pass them by in utter disregard, is to neglect a large portion of rational pleasure open to our view, which may edify and employ many a passing hour, and by easy gradations will often become the source whence flow contemplations of the highest orders. Young minds, cannot, I should conceive, be too strongly impressed with the simple wonders of creation by which they are surrounded: in the race of life they may be passed by, the occupation of existence may not admit attention to them, or the unceasing cares of the world may smother early attainments—but they can never be injurious—will give a bias to a reasoning mind, and tend, in some after thoughtful, sobered hour, to comfort and to soothe. The little insights that we have obtained into nature's works, are many of them the offspring of scientific research;

and partial and uncertain as our labors are, yet a brief gleam will occasionally lighten the darksome path of the humble inquirer, and give a momentary glimpse of hidden truths: let not then the idle and the ignorant scoff at him who devotes an unemployed hour—

“No calling left, no duty broke,”

to investigate a moss, a fungus, a beetle, or a shell, in “ways of pleasantness, and in paths of peace.” They are all the formation of supreme intelligence, for a wise and a worthy end, and may lead us by gentle gradations to a faint conception of the powers of infinite wisdom. They have calmed and amused some of us worms and reptiles, and possibly bettered us for our change to a new and more perfect order of being.’

pp. 50-52.

This volume is made up, as its title indicates, of selections from a journal kept probably without any distinct purpose of publication. It does not therefore consist of a regular series of observations, and in our selections we shall pay little regard to arrangement or connexion.

In giving some account of the use of lime as a manure, the author relates the following remarkable occurrence.

‘A travelling man one winter’s evening laid himself down upon the platform of a lime-kiln, placing his feet, probably numbed with cold, upon the heap of stones newly put on to burn through the night. Sleep overcame him in this situation; the fire gradually rising and increasing until it ignited the stones upon which his feet were placed. Lulled by the warmth he still slept; and though the fire increased until it burned one foot (which probably was extended over a vent hole) and part of the leg above the ankle entirely off, consuming that part so effectually, that no fragment of it was ever discovered, the wretched being slept on! and in this state was found by the kiln-man in the morning. Insensible to any pain, and ignorant of his misfortune, he attempted to rise and pursue his journey, but missing his shoe, requested to have it found; and when he was raised, putting his burnt limb to the ground to support his body, the extremity of his leg bone, the tibia, crumbled into fragments, having been calcined into lime. Still he expressed no sense of pain, and probably experienced none, from the gradual operation of the fire, and his own torpidity during the hours his foot was consuming. This poor drover survived his misfortunes in the hospital about a fortnight; but the fire having extended to other parts of his body, recovery was hopeless.’

pp. 15, 16.

It will be interesting to compare the progress made by an industrious and honest cottager in England, with what may be effected by an individual of the same character and habits in our own country.

'I may perhaps be pardoned in relating here the good conduct of a villager, deserving more approbation than my simple record will bestow; and it affords an eminent example of what may be accomplished by industry and economy, and a manifestation that high wages are not always essential, or solely contributive to the welfare of the laborer.—When I first knew A. B. he was in a state of poverty, possessing, it is true, a cottage of his own, with a very small garden; but his constitution being delicate, and health precarious, so that he was not a profitable laborer, the farmers were unwilling to employ him. In this condition he came into my service: his wife at that time having a young child contributed very little to the general maintenance of the family: his wages were ten shillings per week, dieting himself, and with little besides that could be considered as profitable. We soon perceived, that the clothing of the family became more neat and improved; certain gradations of bodily health appeared; the cottage was whitewashed, and enclosed with a rough wall and gate; the rose and the corchorus began to blossom about it; the pig became two; and a few sheep marked A. B. were running about the lanes: then his wife had a little cow, which it was "hoped his honor would let eat some of the rough grass in the upper field;" but this was not entirely given: this cow, in spring, was joined by a better; but finding such cattle difficult to maintain through the winter, they were disposed of, and the sheep augmented. After about six years' service, my honest, quiet, sober laborer died, leaving his wife and two children surviving; a third had recently died. We found him possessed of some money, though I know not the amount; two fine hogs, and a flock of fortynine good sheep, many far advanced in lamb; and all this stock was acquired solely with the regular wages of ten shillings a week, in conjunction with the simple aids of rigid sobriety and economy, without a murmur, a complaint, or a grievance!'—pp. 18–20.

The sense of sight was formerly supposed to be wanting in the mole, and it is even now doubted whether its eyes are of much use to it in its ordinary pursuits. The 'naturalist' believes it to depend chiefly upon the senses of hearing and feeling for the information derived by other animals from that of sight. He adds the account of an interesting fact with regard to the structure of its fur.

'Whoever will examine the structure of the body of a mole will, perhaps, find no creature more admirably adapted for all the purposes of its life. The very fur on the skin of this animal manifests what attention has been bestowed upon the creature, in providing for its necessities and comforts. This is singularly, almost impalpably, fine, yielding in every direction, and offering no resistance to the touch. By this construction the mole is in no degree impeded in its retreat from danger while retiring backwards, as it always does upon suspicion of peril, not turning round, which the size of its runs does not permit, but tail foremost, until it arrives at some collateral gallery, when its flight is head foremost, as with other creatures. If this fur had been strong, as in the rat, or mouse, in these retreats for life it would have doubly retarded the progress of the creature; first by its resistance, and then acting as a brush, so as to choke up the galleries, by removing the loose earth from the sides and ceilings of the arched ways; thus impeding at least, if not absolutely preventing, retreat; but the softness of the fur obviates both these fatal effects.'—pp. 146, 147.

The author gives his testimony to a fact, which has often been regarded as problematical and ridiculed as absurd.

'It was a very ancient observation, and modern investigation seems fully to confirm it, that many of the serpent race captured their prey by insatiation or intimidation; and there can be no doubt of the fact, that instinctive terror will subdue the powers of some creatures, rendering them stupified and motionless at the sudden approach of danger. We have two kinds of petty hawks, the sparrow-hawk (*falco nisus*) and the kestrel (*falco tinnunculus*), that seem fully to impress upon their destined prey this species of intimidation. A beautiful male bullfinch, that sat harmlessly pecking the buds from a black-thorn by my side, when overlooking the work of a laborer, suddenly uttered the instinctive moan of danger, but made no attempt to escape into the bush, seemingly deprived of the power of exertion. On looking round, a sparrow-hawk was observed on motionless wing gliding rapidly along the hedge, and passing me, rushed on its prey with undeviating certainty. There was fully sufficient time from the moment of perception for the bullfinch to escape; but he sat still, waiting the approach of death an unresisting victim. We have frequently observed these birds, when perched on an eminence, insidiously attentive to a flock of finches and yellow-hammers basking in a hedge, and after due consideration apparently single out an individual. Upon its moving for its prey, some wary bird has given the alarm, and most of the little troop

scuttle immediately into the hedge; but the hawk holds on its course, and darts upon a selected object. If baffled, it seldom succeeds upon another; and so fixed are its eyes upon this one individual, that, as if unobservant of its own danger, it snatches up its morsel at our very sides. A pigeon on the roof of the dovecot seems selected from its fellows, the hawk rarely snatching at more than one terror-stricken bird. The larger species of hawks appear to employ no powers excepting those of wing, but pursue and capture by celerity and strength.'—pp. 207, 208.

The following fact seems to show the existence of a sentiment of friendship between animals, independent of that which unites them in pairs.

'We observed this summer two common thrushes frequenting the shrubs on the green in our garden. From the slenderness of their forms, and the freshness of their plumage, we pronounced them to be birds of the preceding summer. There was an association and friendship between them, that called our attention to their actions: one of them seemed ailing, or feeble from some bodily accident; for though it hopped about, yet it appeared unable to obtain sufficiency of food: its companion, an active, sprightly bird, would frequently bring it worms, or bruised snails, when they mutually partook of the banquet; and the ailing bird would wait patiently, understand the actions, expect the assistance of the other, and advance from his assylum upon its approach. This procedure was continued for some days, but after a time we missed the fostered bird, which probably died, or by reason of its weakness met with some fatal accident. We have many relations of the natural affection of animals; and whoever has attended to the actions of the various creatures we are accustomed to domesticate about us, can probably add many other instances from their own observation.'—pp. 213, 214.

The following is an instance of the very serious injury which may be sometimes sustained from the most insignificant creatures.

'I am neither inclined to seek after, nor desirous of detailing, the little annoyances that these wildings of nature, in their hard struggles for existence, may occasionally produce; being fully persuaded that the petty injuries we sometimes sustain from birds, are at others fully compensated by their services. We too often, perhaps, notice the former, while the latter are remote, or not obtrusive. I was this day (Jan. 25.) led to reflect upon the extensive injury that might be produced by the agency of a very

insignificant instrument, in observing the operations of the common bunting (*emberiza miliaris*); a bird that seems to live principally, if not entirely, upon seeds, and has its mandibles constructed in a very peculiar manner, to aid this established appointment of its life. In the winter season it will frequent the stacks in the farm-yard, in company with others, to feed upon any corn that may be scattered about; but, little inclined to any association with man, it prefers those situations which are most lonely and distant from the village. It could hardly be supposed that this bird, not larger than a lark, is capable of doing serious injury; yet I this morning witnessed a rick of barley, standing in a detached field, entirely stripped of its thatching, which this bunting effected by seizing the end of the straw and deliberately drawing it out, to search for any grain the ear might yet contain; the base of the rick being entirely surrounded by the straw, one end resting on the ground, the other against the mow, as it slid down from the summit, and regularly placed as if by the hand; and so completely was the thatching pulled off, that the immediate removal of the corn became necessary. 'The sparrow and other birds burrow into the stack, and pilfer the corn; but the deliberate operation of unroofing the edifice appears to be the habit of this bunting alone.'—pp. 244–246.

Birds appear to have been the favorite subjects of our author's inquiries, but he seems also to have been no inattentive observer of the habits of insects, worms, &c., as the following extracts will show.

'On whatever side we turn our attention in this world of wonders by which we are surrounded, we constantly find some subject that calls forth our admiration; and, as far as our very imperfect vision is permitted to penetrate, we observe the same unremitting order and provision for a seemingly mean and worthless purpose, as is bestowed upon a higher and apparently more worthy object. We consider insects as one of the lower orders of creation, but are as perfectly unacquainted, generally speaking, with the objects of their being, though they have for ages crawled and winged their way around us, as the first man Adam was; yet is there a care manifested for the preservation and accommodation of these, which we often designate as contemptible creatures, that is most elaborate and wonderful. The forethought with which many of them have been furnished to deposit their eggs in safety from the contingencies of seasons and hostile incidents, and precisely in the situation most fitting, must call forth the admiration of all who have observed it. Some of these are lodged in summer and autumn deep in the earth, on that part of a

plant which in due time is to be raised up, constituting a stalk or blade, bearing with it by gentle steps these eggs, to be vivified by the summer's air and warmth. Others fix them on some portion of an herb hidden beneath the mud in the pool; and this being elevated by the warmth of spring, conveys them with its growth above the element that protected them, and they hatch, the infants feeding on the substance, that has borne them to the air. In their chrysalis state, a cradle of preparation for a final change, the same wisdom and care are more particularly obvious, from their size and frequent occurrence; but to enlarge sufficiently upon the contrivances and manifestations of regard brought to our observance in all the stages of an insect's life, would almost require a detail of the race.

'A particularly curious covering for a moth, or butterfly (*phalæna pavonia*?), fell into my hands, which might be well known to a more experienced entomologist, but was new to me. The species I do not know, as it never arrived at perfection. This case was formed of the fine silky substance that wraps up so many of the race. The summit, for some cause, was less closed than usual; but to obviate any injury to the creature from this circumstance, a conical hood of similar materials was placed over the exposed part of the aurelia, through which it received air in perfect security. This veil being formed of elastic threads, and opening upon pressure, would constitute no impediment to the escape of the fly when perfected. More care and forethought than these contrivances manifest, we are not acquainted with for any order of beings. I conjecture it would have produced the emperor moth.'—pp. 271-273.

'That pretty sparkler of our summer evenings, so often made the ploughboy's prize, the only brilliant that glitters in the rustic's hat, the glowworm (*lampyris noctiluca*), is not found in such numbers with us, as in many other places, where these signal tapers glimmer upon every grassy bank; yet, in some seasons, we have a reasonable sprinkling of them. Everybody probably knows, that the male glowworm is a winged, erratic animal, yet may not have seen him. He has ever been a scarce creature to me, meeting, perhaps, with one or two in a year; and, when found, always a subject of admiration. Most creatures have their eyes so placed, as to be enabled to see about them; or, as Hook says of the house fly, to be "circumspect animals;" but this male glowworm has a contrivance, by which any upward or side vision is prevented. Viewed when at rest, no portion of his eyes is visible, but the head is margined with a horny band, or plate, being a character of one of the genera of the order coleoptera, under which the eyes are situate. This prevents all upward

vision; and blinds, or winkers, are so fixed at the sides of his eyes, as greatly to impede the view of all lateral objects. The chief end of this creature in his nightly peregrinations, is to seek his mate, always beneath him on the earth; and hence this apparatus appears designed to facilitate his search, confining his view entirely to what is before or below him. The first serves to direct his flight, the other presents the object of his pursuit: and as we commonly, and with advantage, place our hand over the brow, to obstruct the rays of light falling from above, which enables us to see clearer an object on the ground, so must the projecting hood of this creature converge the visual rays to a point beneath. This is a very curious provision for the purposes of the insect, if my conception of its design be reasonable. Possibly the same ideas may have been brought forward by others; but as I have not seen them, I am not guilty of any undue appropriation, and no injury can be done to the cause I wish to promote, by detailing again such beautiful and admirable contrivances.—pp. 291–293.

‘Wonderful as all the appointments and endowments of insects are, there is no part of their economy more extraordinary than the infinite variety of forms and materials to which they have recourse in the fabrication of their nests; and, as far as we can comprehend, their expediency for the various purposes required. Among those, with which I am acquainted, none pleases me more than that of a solitary wasp (*vespa campanaria*), which occasionally visits us here. It is not a common insect; but I have met with their nests. One was fixed beneath a piece of oak bark, placed in a pile; another was pendent in the hollow of a bank of earth. The materials, which composed these abodes, seemed to be particles scraped or torn from the dry parts of the willow, sallow, or some such soft wood, and cemented again by animal glue, very similar in texture to that provided by the common wasp, which makes great use of the half decayed wood of the ash, and will penetrate through crevices in the bark to abrade away the dry wood beneath. They seem to have but small families, ten or twelve cells only being provided. These are situate at the bottom of an eggshaped cup, contracted at the lower end, where an orifice is left for the entrance. This again is covered, in the part where the cells are placed, by a loose hood, or shed, extending about half way down the inner one. The pendent situation of the whole, and this external hood, round which the air has a free circulation, are admirably contrived for securing the cells from injury by water. The nest, when hanging in its proper situation, is like the commencement of some paper-work flower, and can never

be observed but with admiration at the elegance of its structure; and the unusual appearance of the whole must excite the attention of the most incurious observer of such things. pp. 321, 322.

'This year (1826) the hornet (*vespa crabo*) abounded with us in unusual numbers, and afforded constant evidence of its power and voracity, that could not have been exceeded by any ravenous beast. In our gardens the imperious murmur of four or five of them at a time might be frequently heard about our fruit trees. They would occasionally extract the sweet liquor from the gage, or other rich plums; but the prime object of their visit was to sieze the wasps, that frequented the same places. This they not only did when the creature was feeding on the fruit, but would hawk after them when on the wing; capture them with a facility, to which their heavy flight seemed unequal; bear them to some neighbouring plant, and there feed on the insect, which seemed perfectly overpowered by the might of the hornet. The first operation was to snip off the head, then to cut away the lower part by the waist; and, when near, we could hear them shearing away the outer coat from the body, and crushing it with their strong mandibles; sometimes devouring it, but generally only sucking the juices it contained. Their avidity for this sort of food is very manifest, when the grape ripens on the wall: being commonly the only remaining fruit, the wasp abounds there; the hornets flock to the prey, and we may see them in constant progress, bearing their victims from the bunches. The wasp itself seizes the house fly; but this seems rather the display of wanton power than for food, as it bears the fly about with it for a length of time, and drops it unconsumed. The fly, in its turn, is conducive after its manner to the death of many an animal. We know not any insect that destroys the hornet; but its power and being are terminated by some very effective agent, as in particular years it is almost unknown. Though we may not often perceive the means, by which certain races are reduced in number, more than their multiplication effected, yet we are frequently sensible, that it is accomplished.' pp. 323-325.

It may be interesting to some of our readers to compare the following account of the effect of different seasons on vegetation with their own experience.

'Seasons arrive and pass away, the general features alone remaining impressed upon our minds; but they often produce consequences not commonly expected, and a departed summer or winter has frequently been the cause of some event, which we consider as exclusively occasioned by atmospheric changes,

or present temperature. A warm, dry summer generally occasions a healthy spring blossom the ensuing year, the bearing wood being ripened and matured to produce in its most perfect state. A wet, damp one usually effects the reverse, by occasioning an abundant flow of sap, producing wood and foliage rather than blossom; and the following spring, in such cases, from the floral vigor being diverted, has generally its blossom weak, and, though perhaps not defective, incompetent to mature the germs. This is mere reasoning upon general consequences; but so imperfect are our theories, and so many circumstances counteract the calculations, the predictions of human wisdom, which can rarely even "discern the face of the sky," that results must more often be looked for, than known. The recording of events is the province of the naturalist; and perhaps occasionally by comparing existing circumstances with past events, something approximating to probability may be obtained. The two burning summers of 1825 and 1826 are remembered by all; but it was in the succeeding year only, that the result of this heat and drought was manifested to us, by effects upon our pasture lands, which we did not expect. Not only in those on the limestone substratum, but in many that were sandy, and in the clayey which were chapped by the heat, the roots of the grasses, which we have generally considered as not being subject to such injuries, were destroyed in some cases, and greatly injured in others; and in their places frequently sprang up crowfeet (*ranunculus acris*, and *bulbosus*), and dandelions, a mere useless vegetation, which, as long as the grasses flourished, were kept in subordination and obscurity by their superior growth; while bare patches in other places told us of aridity and failure: the meadow grass (*poa*) and ray grass (*lolium perenne*) were great sufferers; the dog's tail (*cynosurus*) supported itself better; the cockfoot (*dactylis*), though not killed, was so much hurt, that its ensuing vegetation, instead of the coarse luxuriance it generally manifests, was dry, hard, and deficient in succulency, or, as our labourers emphatically say, was "stunned;" and bent grass (*agrostis vulgaris*), that certain indicator of a dry soil, appeared more than it commonly does. But this destruction of the roots in very many places was not obvious, the turf, as it was, remaining; yet some injury was apparent in the succeeding summer and autumn. The crop cut for hay was unusually abundant, and seemed to have exhausted the roots by its growth, as no aftergrass sprang up; nor did the pastures, which were fed, afford more than a dry, hard, yellow provender, looking tanned, as if seared by severe frost; and in September, when in general we expect our fields to yield

an abundance of grass, as food for months, they presented commonly the aspect of hard-fed lands in March, though so much rain had fallen, both in July and August, as to lead us to expect profusion. It did not appear, that the roots had actually perished; which could not have been the case, by producing the mowing crops that they did; but this was a single effort: the injury was manifested by the deficiency of the autumnal vigor; this was the actual result, difficult as it is to assign a satisfactory reason. Perhaps these effects upon our pasture lands were unprecedented; but these things pass away, unless recorded; and though we may resort to the oldest memory for evidence, yet memory is oblivious, often exaggerative, and cannot safely be trusted.—pp. 344–347.

We suspect most persons who have lived much in the country have noticed phenomena something like that here described.

‘That purely rural, little noticed, and indeed local occurrence, called by the country people “humming in the air,” is annually to be heard in one or two fields near my dwelling. About the middle of the day, perhaps from twelve o’clock till two, on a few calm, sultry days in July, we occasionally hear, when in particular places, the humming of apparently a large swarm of bees. It is generally in some spacious, open spot, that this murmuring first arrests our attention. As we move onward the sound becomes fainter, and by degrees is no longer audible. That this sound proceeds from a collection of bees, or some such insects, high in the air, there can be no doubt; yet the musicians are invisible. At these times a solitary insect or so may be observed here and there, occupied in its usual employ, but this creature takes no part in our aerial orchestra. We investigators, who endeavour to find a reason and a cause for all things, are a little puzzled sometimes in our pursuits, like other people; and, perhaps, would have but little success in attempting an elucidation of this occurrence, which, with those circles in our pastures and on our lawns, that produce such crops of fungi (*agaricus oreades*), and are called by the common name, for want of a better or more significant one, of “fairy rings,” we will leave as we find them, an *odium physiologicum*.’—pp. 357, 358.

The whole work exhibits the author in an amiable light, and particularly in regard to the anxiety he manifests, that even those sacrifices of animal life which are absolutely necessary to the pursuits of the naturalist, should be conducted with as little expense of suffering as the nature of the case admits.

The method which he recommends may perhaps be new to some of our readers who are engaged in similar pursuits.

‘That the death of any creature should be required by the naturalist, to perfect his examination, or arrange it in his collection, and without a collection the investigation of any branch of natural history can be but partially undertaken, may be regretted; but still the epithet of “cruel employ” must not be attached to this pursuit. We do not destroy in wantonness, or unnecessarily; and that life, of which it is expedient to deprive a creature, is taken by the most speedy, and in the least painful manner known. Some of our methods, if speedy, are at the same time injurious, such as hot water, the stifling box, &c.; and some, that are not painful, such as stupefaction by spirits, ether, &c., and suffocation by carbonate of ammonia, are occasionally not effectual. But there is one process, which I believe to be neither painful nor injurious, yet decisive, and communicate with pleasure; I mean the prussic acid. This fluid may be imbibed by the insect without producing any particular effect; but, if brought to act upon the spinal cord, or what at least is analogous to that part of a vertebrate animal, whatever it may be called, and which seems to be the most vital part of the creation, instant death ensues. A crowquill must be shaped into a point, like a rather long pen, this point dipped into the prussic acid, and an incision made with it immediately beneath the head into the middle of the shoulders of the creature, so as to permit the fluid it contains to enter into the body of the insect. Immediately after this, in every instance in which I have tried it, a privation of sensation appears to take place, the corporeal action of the creature ceasing, a feeble tremulous motion of the antennæ being alone perceptible; and these parts seem to be the last fortress that is abandoned by sensation, as they are the primary principle of sensibility when life is perfect: extinction of animation ensues, not a mere suspension, but an annihilation of every power, muscular and vital.’—‘The sudden effect of this liquor is not so generally known as from humanity and expediency might be wished. Who first devised the experiment I am ignorant; but any repetition of means whereby a necessary end can be obtained by the least painful and brief infliction, will hardly be considered as superfluous.’ pp. 373-376.

In making these extracts we have not sought to select that which was peculiarly striking and curious and remote from common remark. The whole work consists of observations, precisely like those we have quoted. And their excellence and